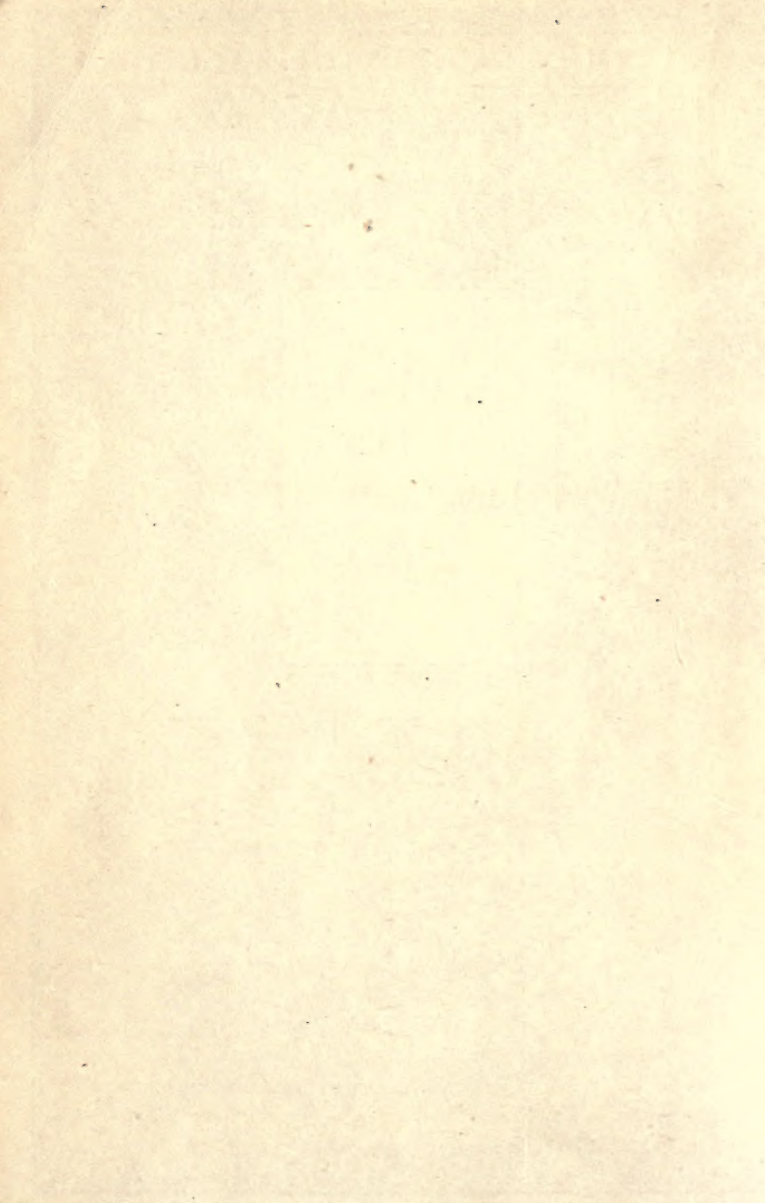


"The virtue
of books is the
perfecting of
reason, which is
indeed the hap-
piness of man."

*Richard De
Bury.*

"On bokès for
to rede I me
delyte."

Chaucer.

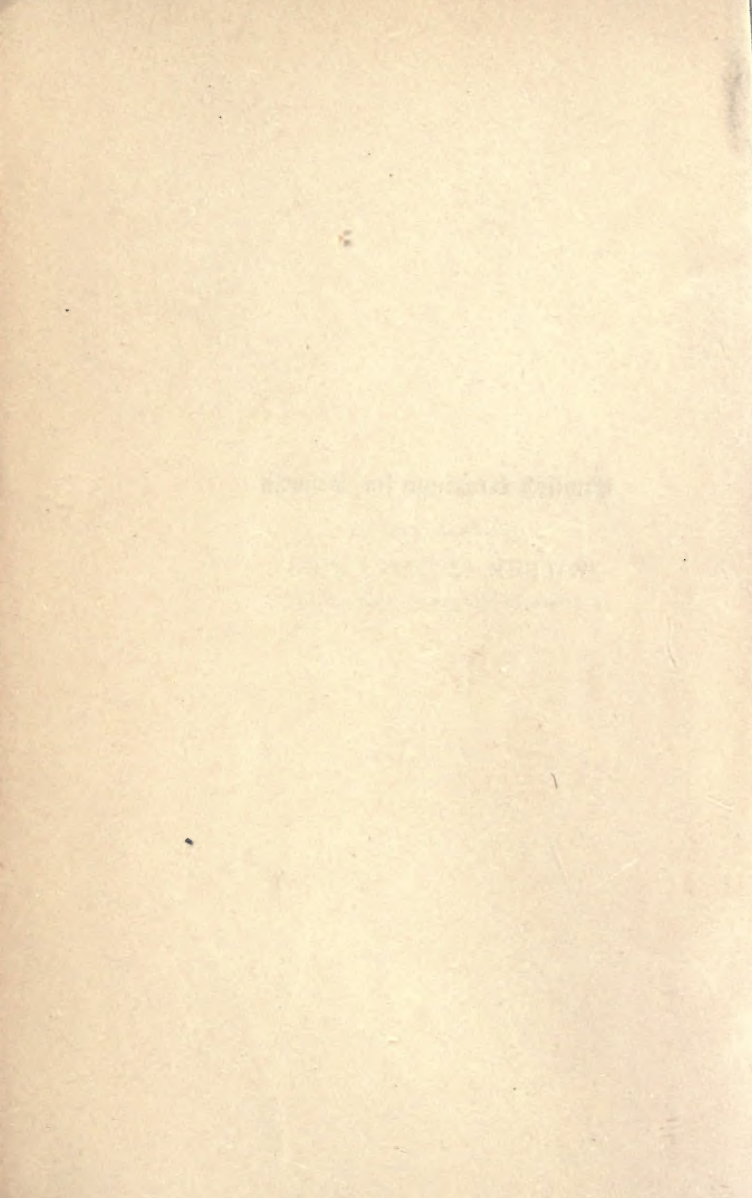


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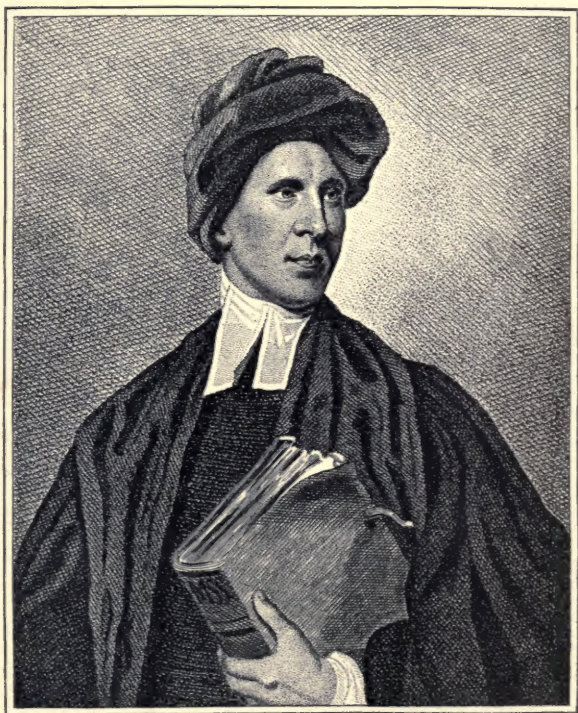
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Bishop Percy
After the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

E.C
247b

A BOOK OF BALLADS OLD AND NEW

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
GUIDO H. STEMPEL

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY
IN INDIANA UNIVERSITY



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Cordial thanks are due besides to the living authors and their publishers, whose permission to use copyrighted matter is duly noted *in loco*.

So far as this volume is mine to do with, I dedicate it to my parents and my wife, in the name of that Tradition through which days *are*

“Bound each to each by natural piety.”

G. H. St.

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INTRODUCTION

A BALLAD is a song that tells a story. Of the ballads in this book, some have been handed down by oral tradition, some are the productions of known poets. The traditional ballads belong to popular or folk poetry, the others to the poetry of art.

Traditional poetry differs greatly from artistic poetry. People of to-day who read such poetry for the first time, are apt to feel that it is inferior and even without merit. But when they know it better, they realize that it is in some ways more beautiful and interesting than the polished work of literary artists. This is a discovery that students need to make for themselves. It is to help them make it that this little book is presented to them.

The best way is to read ballads, to read them aloud, over and over again, to learn them by heart, if possible to sing them.* But it may help the student somewhat if he knows beforehand some of the peculiar features of popular ballads.

* . . . The whole ballad is the thing. One would . . . bid the seeker after excellent differences of the ballads to read *Child Waters*, . . . *Babylon*, *Lord Randal*, *Spens*, *Glasgerion*, *The Wife of Usher's Well*; to read *Johnie Cock*, *Robin Hood and the Monk*, *Jock o' the Side*, the *Cheviot*; and to sing out loud and bold whatever else commends itself, like the lilt of *St. Stephen* or the crooning air of the *Queen of Elfan's Nourice*. One must live one's way into balladry, must learn to love it as a whole and not by elegant extracts.—GUMMERE.

The beauty of the ballad is uncertain and often corrupted by forgetfulness and the ordinary accidents of oral tradition. It is not always true that the right subject has the right form. But the grace of the ballads is unmis-

I

WHAT POPULAR BALLADS ARE LIKE

The characteristics here discussed can best be studied in the first dozen or so ballads on our list. We shall call these and similar ballads *typical* or *more primitive*.

Refrain. The word ballad, which is only another form of the word ballet, means dance-song. Of the dance we shall say nothing at present. Our ballads do not suggest unmistakably any connection with dancing. They do, however, suggest singing, particularly in the refrain. A refrain is entirely in place in a song and entirely out of place in a poem to be read or recited. When ballads cease to be sung, they slough off their refrain, or change it into something more suitable to reading and recitation.

Sometimes the refrain is hummed or, as in No. 278 of Child's collection, whistled. If this humming becomes articulate, it takes the form of meaningless syllables and words, as in *Hind Horn* and *The Three Ravens*. A further advance is seen in such phrases as furnish the refrain of *The Cruel Brother* and *The Twa Sisters*. Such a phrase may be made to carry a suggestion: the scene of action, the nature background, the keynote of the story. Thus "Binnorie" may originally have been mere articulate takable; it is unlike anything in the contemporary romances, because it is lyrical poetry. It is often vague and intangible. It is never the same as narrative romance.

"He's tane three locks o' her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And wi' them strung his harp so fair
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

It is the singing voice that makes the difference; and it is a difference of thought as well as style.—KER.

humming, a series of musically liquid syllables; but "By the bonnie mills dams of Binnorie," in several versions of *The Twa Sisters*, reiterates in a highly suggestive way the place name connected with the story. "Edward, Edward" and "Mither, Mither" constitute the refrain of *Edward*, but they also reveal to us the tenseness of the dramatic situation.

Finally we have numerous ballads in which the second and fourth lines of many stanzas have a meaning so feeble that they can be omitted: they are more than refrain, but less than verses. Such lines show how the four-line stanza developed out of the two-line stanza. In *The Douglas Tragedy*, e. g., the second and fourth lines would scarcely be missed in stanzas 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 16, and perhaps two or three others. In *Proud Lady Margaret* and *Sweet William's Ghost* about a third of the stanzas are of this type; in *The Wife of Usher's Well* and *Sir Patrick Spens* about half.

The chorus is a refrain that comes wholly after each stanza. A burden or undersong is sung as an accompaniment to each stanza.

Not strictly a refrain, but serving the same musical purpose, is the repetition of lines, as in our version of *The Twa Sisters*, in *Edward*, and in *The Three Ravens*. This, like the refrain, may vary from a mere device for supplying words for the air, as in *The Three Ravens*, up to emphasizing the whole intent and purpose of the stanza, as in *Edward*.

"Of the 305 ballads in Child's collection, 106 show in some version evidence of chorus or refrain. Of some 1250 versions in all, about 300 have a refrain; but among the old ballads in couplets, out of 31 only 7 lack the refrain as they stand, and even these show traces of it."—Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*.

Incremental Repetition. Of the several kinds of repetition found in ballads, the most striking and characteristic is the kind called by Professor Gummere incremental repetition. It consists in repeating a stanza with the change of a significant word or phrase. Thus in *The Two Sisters*, the "yellow hair" of the first line of stanza 20 becomes the "middle sma'" of 21 and the "fingers white" of 22, with corresponding incremental variation in the second line of each of the stanzas.

Incremental repetition is the ballad way of dwelling on a point and emphasizing it. It does this by mere cumulative force, as in the example above, or by an added stanza of antithesis, as in stanzas 11-13 of the same ballad, or by climax, as in stanzas 26-28.

The Cruel Brother, as pointed out in the notes, is made up almost wholly of sets of incremental stanzas. *The Hangman's Tree* (Child, No. 95; see also Kittredge's Introduction to the one-volume edition, pp. xxv-xxvi) contains nothing else. The condemned maid sees her father (stanza 1), mother (stanza 4), sister (stanza 7) coming. She asks each in turn (stanzas 2, 5, 8) if he or she has come to save her, and receives from each (stanzas 3, 6, 9) a negative answer. The corresponding stanzas are quite identical, except for the name of the relative addressed. So far the effect is merely cumulative. The antithesis comes, pointedly, in stanzas 10-12, in which the sweetheart is seen coming, is asked the question as before, and answers in the affirmative.

Parallel Repetition. Incremental repetition is but one, though the most characteristic form of repetition. A message is repeated in full when delivered by the messenger; or, as in *King Estmere*, the message (stanzas 31-32) repeats the narrative account (stanzas 26-27) of the

events that made the message necessary. Similarly in *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury* the riddles are repeated in full each time they are referred to. Answers are given as nearly as possible in the words of the question: thus in *Sweet William's Ghost* stanza 3 echoes stanza 2 and stanza 13, stanza 12; and in *Proud Lady Margaret* the rejoinder of stanzas 16-17 is in terms of the provocation, stanzas 14-15. Again, instructions are repeated in narrative form in *The Jew's Daughter*, stanza 16 compared with stanza 15, in *The Gay Goshawk*, stanzas 24-25 compared with stanzas 17-18. An action or situation once described, the description is apt to be used again wherever it will serve: compare stanzas 10 and 14 of *The Douglas Tragedy* with 3 and 11 respectively.

Commonplaces. In the last example a stanza that has been used in one part of a ballad is used again in another part. But it may also turn up in an entirely different ballad; not because one ballad steals or borrows from another, but because such stanzas belong to the common stock of balladry and may be used by anyone. Such stock stanzas, lines, etc., are called commonplaces. To realize the part they play in ballad-making, one must have access to a larger collection of ballads. But a few examples may be cited here; others will be referred to in the notes. Stanzas 17-19 of *The Douglas Tragedy* occur in some form in twenty-six versions of nine ballads. Stanza 4 of *Sir Patrick Spens* occurs similarly in thirty-one versions of seven ballads. ✓

Commonplaces let us into the secret of ballad repetition. It is easier to use a ready-made line or stanza than to invent a new one. Even the incremental stanza is primarily merely a repetition with variation to escape the necessity of composing something new. But we saw, in

our analysis of *The Hangman's Tree*, that incremental repetition has become a structural feature of the ballad. Other forms of repetition, too, may do something for the ballad besides keeping it going, may in one way or another add to the effectiveness of the whole. The *Laily Worm* sings his song, is asked to sing it again, and does so; it is the same song, but it has gained in dramatic value. Why? Stanzas 13-15 of *Hind Etin* also gain in dramatic force when repeated as stanzas 17-19. Why? Would there be this gain if stanzas 17-19 came first and stanzas 13-15 after? The refrain-like repetition of the second line of stanza 4 of *St. Stephen and Herod* in stanza 6 and stanza 8 is highly effective. In these examples we have emphasis. In *Barbara Allan* stanzas 3 and 7, and in *The Douglas Tragedy* stanzas 3 and 10, 11 and 14, the repetitions serve to mark divisions of the story. But even when repetition is just the readiest way, just to fill in or keep things going, it usually has a charm of quaint simplicity. It is more than a manner, it is a good part of the stuff of balladry.

Dialogue. *The Hangman's Tree* was described to show how a ballad may consist wholly of incremental stanzas; incidentally, the same account of it shows how a ballad may be wholly in dialogue. *Edward* and *The Bonnie Wee Croodlin Dow* are further examples. In *Sweet William's Ghost* practically every stanza not in dialogue is obviously a later addition and could be dropped without detriment to the whole and even to manifest advantage. The same is true of many other ballads. Dialogue is the primitive fact; scenario, character, and other explanatory matters come later. The older or more primitive a ballad is, generally speaking, the greater the proportion of dialogue. *The Earl o' Bran* is an earlier version, *The Douglas Tragedy* a later: one reason for believing this is that the ratio of

dialogue to narrative is three to two in the former, two to three in the latter.

Leaping and Linging. A ballad story advances by what has aptly been termed leaping and lingering. The transition from one part of the story to another is abrupt; each part is dwelt on or lingered over rather than worked out and developed. A spot-light is turned here, then there—the rest is darkness, but often an eloquent darkness.

These several characteristics are not separate facts, but parts of one general scheme. Repetition is the groundwork of it all. Refrains are merely a very elementary form of repetition. Dialogue is worked out by means of repetition. Lingering is repetition viewed as a narrative method. And when one series of repetitions ends and another begins, abruptly, we call it leaping. Repetition is the one pervasive fact. A ballad is thus really a pattern that suggests a story. We defined a ballad as a song telling a story; in a truer sense, it is a song that flashes a story at us. To think of it as a narrative poem is to rob ourselves of the very pleasure ballads can give us.

Situation and Plot. Properly speaking, the story of these older ballads is not a story at all, but merely a situation. And if we think of it as a situation, we shall understand better what a ballad really is, with all these curious traits of leaping and lingering, repetition and dialogue, and refrain. All are but aspects of the same process. We shall show presently that ballad growth starts with a chorus dancing and singing; the song, at first a mere refrain of ululation, gives articulate expression to some momentarily strong idea; and this, if at all dramatic, takes on the form of a situation. First the dance, then the song, lastly the situation. Plot comes very much later.

II

WHY POPULAR BALLADS ARE SO CALLED

The terms ballad and popular ballad can best be explained after a preliminary sketch of the history of ballad collecting.

Broadsides. The first-fruits of the printing press, for the common people, were broadsides. A broadside was a single sheet containing some piece that found a ready sale among common folk. We get a glimpse of the traffic in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. Broadsides, and especially broadside ballads, were prized in many a humble home, were preserved in bundles or pasted on the walls of cottages. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, extensive collections were made by such men as Samuel Pepys, the diarist, and Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. Of the hundreds of ballads in these large collections only a small part are popular ballads.

Garlands. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, numerous little song-books were issued, called garlands. Among these songs are some popular ballads.

Percy Folio. Of the three old manuscript collections, the most important, though latest, is the one now known as the Percy Folio. It was compiled about 1650, and contains some fifty popular ballads together with between two and three times as many other pieces. "This very curious old manuscript . . .," Percy tells us, "I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of . . . Humphrey Pitt, Esq., then living at Shiffnal, in Shropshire, . . . I saw it lying dirty on the floor, under a Bureau in y^e Parlour: being used by the maids to light the fire." The finding of this manuscript book about the middle of the

seventeenth century marks the beginning of the serious study of ballad literature.

Percy. Thomas Percy, later Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, published in 1765 *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and Other Pieces of our Earlier Poets, together with Some Few of Later Date*. This publication was suggested by the discovery of the manuscript above described. But in planning the work Percy followed the excellent advice of the poet William Shenstone. He included, besides some forty-five ballads and romances from the manuscript, ballads sent in to him by various correspondents, reprints of broadsides, and poems by Marlowe, Raleigh, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and several later poets. The purpose was to induce educated readers to become acquainted with popular poetry by interspersing among the old ballads a number of poems more to the average liking of the times. In this the book succeeded. Interest was aroused by Percy's *Reliques* not only in England but also in Germany.

Collectors. Percy had gathered in several ballads from various sources. Others now became active in this field. Ritson not only made and published extensive collections of Robin Hood ballads, old romances, etc., but supplied in his notes a tremendous mass of antiquarian information. Collectors were especially active in Scotland, which had more and better ballads than any other part of the kingdom. In the unbroken line of Scotch collectors we must name Herd, Jamieson, Laing, Cunningham, Kinloch, Motherwell, and Aytoun.

Scott. The greatest of these Scotch collectors was Sir Walter Scott. His first-hand knowledge of popular tradition remains probably without a parallel. He had besides, the sympathetic power to make it all seem alive to

the reader. Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802-3. Wheatley in his edition of Percy's *Reliques* speaks truly of it when he calls it "the only work which is worthy to stand side by side with the *Reliques*."

• **Child.** Professor Francis James Child of Harvard University became preëminently the scholar of the ballad. His authority in ballad lore was, and is, recognized throughout the world of learning. He published a fairly complete collection of English and Scottish ballads in 1858-59, in eight small volumes. But his great achievement and one of the great monuments reared by American scholarship is his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, in five quarto volumes. This appeared in ten parts, the first in 1882, the last in 1898, two years after his death. In this great work he was loyally supported by American and European scholars. He succeeded therefore in getting and printing practically every version of every ballad. Possibly one newly discovered ballad is to be added to the 305 he printed; and while other versions of some of his ballads have been found since his death, they add little to the work he left us. Besides printing every known version of every known ballad, Child compared each ballad with similar ballads and folk-tales current in various parts of Europe and the world. He thus laid a solid foundation for the comparative study of ballad literature and of folk literature in its broadest aspects. Some idea of the labor he expended on the subject may be derived from these figures: the index of *Titles of Books* (foreign) containing ballads numbers about 500 titles in thirty languages; the index of other books consulted contains about 3000 titles. Consulting these books was of course but a small part of all he did.

A one-volume edition of Child's work was published

in 1904, edited by Child's daughter, Mrs. Sargent, and Professor George L. Kittredge; it is described in the Bibliography appended to this Introduction.

Our use of the term ballad is not much older than the



Francis James Child

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Reliques. Originally ballad or ballet was a dance, then a song sung as an accompaniment to the dance, then any kind of song. What we now know as *The Song of Songs* was in the Bishops' Bible of 1568 entitled *The Ballet of Ballets of Solomon*. Percy himself meant by ballad a simple narrative song of the people. He had no idea of connecting it with the dance. We shall soon see, however,

that our ballads, even though they received this name rather by accident, may very well be thought of as dance-songs. One of Percy's editors, Wheatley, says justly: "As a *ballad* is now a story told in verse, so a *ballet* is now a story told in a dance. Originally the two were one, and the ballad was a song sung while the singers were dancing."

We may now inquire why ballads are called popular ballads, as in the title of Child's great work.

From Percy on, emphasis was laid more and more on getting the ballads as they were actually sung or recited. Let us examine the facts of oral tradition in the case of one of our ballads, *The Two Sisters*.

Of the twenty-five versions printed by Child, sixteen are stated to have been taken down from singing or recitation. Four, taken from collectors' manuscripts, and four more from collectors' editions, may unhesitatingly be assumed to have come the same way, as probably did also the single broadside version. Besides Scotland, the countries represented in this oral tradition are England, Wales, Ireland, and America.

Most instructive is what we read about the persons who recited the ballads. Nine of them are unnamed: "an old woman," "traced to an old nurse," "repeated by an ignorant woman in her dotage," "sung by an old cotter-woman fifty years ago; learned by her from her grandmother," "taken down from the mouth of the spinning wheel, if I may be allowed the expression." When the reciter is named or, like Mrs. Brown of Falkland, is a person of some note, the case is not greatly altered. Mrs. Brown, as Scott tells us, owed her taste for ballads and tales of chivalry to her aunt, Mrs. Farquhar, "a good old woman, who spent the best part of her life among flocks

and herds," and whose "tenacious memory . . . retained all the songs she had heard from nurses and country-women."

Our typical ballads have thus come to us pretty straight from unlettered people living in out of the way places, people of no converse with literature. Most of these, but not all, were women, because women were the last to forget their ballads. If Herd and Scott and Jamieson and Kinloch had collected ballads a century or two earlier, they would have found men as well as women, shepherds as well as milkmaids, who knew them and sang them. Ballads, then, are poetry of the people, learned by ear and transmitted orally, known and sung by the whole community. Not only did they exist, as they do to a limited extent still, independent of written and printed literature, but the introduction of printing and education kills them. "They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair," the mother of the Ettrick Shepherd said to Scott. Some of the old ballads are still sung here and there in remote places. But they are dying out, and as they die, there are no new ones to take their place. Child's collection is complete. Balladry is a "closed literary account."

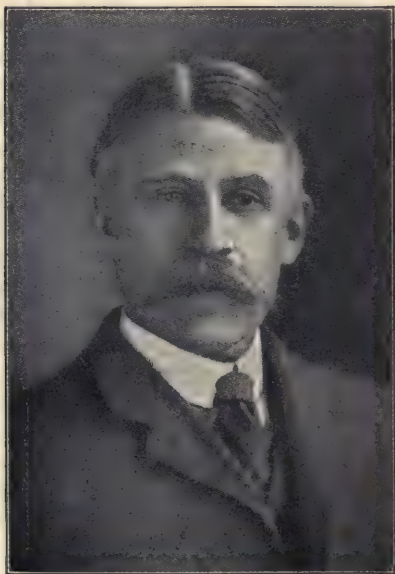
III

WHERE THE FOLK GOT ITS BALLADS

The enthusiasm awakened by Percy's *Reliques* ran even higher in Germany than in England. The Germans saw in ballads not only poetry of the people but poetry by the people. Herder eloquently set forth the contrast between poetry that sprang spontaneously out of the

heart of the folk and the poetry produced by the individual efforts of men of letters. Jacob Grimm gave currency to the belief that the folk produces its poetry.

That popular poetry is produced by the people as a



Francis B. Gummere

whole and not by individual poets, was a statement that many students, quite naturally, found hard to believe. It remained for an American scholar, Professor Francis B. Gummere of Haverford College, to restate it in such a way as to render it acceptable even to the most literal-minded.

The beginnings of poetry must be looked for in the

dance—"the pantomimic dances which are, almost all over the world, so striking a feature in savage social and religious life." To quote further from Jane Ellen Harrison's *Ancient Art and Ritual*: "When a savage wants sun or wind or rain, . . . he summons his tribe and dances a sun dance or a wind dance or a rain dance. When he would hunt or catch a bear, . . . he rehearses his hunt in a bear dance." Savages "do what they want done" for them. But they also reënact what they themselves have done and experienced, a hunt or a battle. The magical dance is a kind of prayer, the commemorative dance a kind of ballad or history. But whether it is the one or the other, the important thing is that it is choral: the whole tribe takes part in it. We have, then, what Gummere calls the communal dancing throng, and usually singing as well as dancing.

What the dance gives to poetry is rhythm. The collective howl of the tribal chorus catches the regular rise and fall of the feet. How this collective howl becomes articulate and finally rises to sensible utterance, we have already indicated in describing the refrain. Once it is sensible utterance, it is poetry. It is poetry of a very low order, but like poetry of the highest order, it is a rhythmic expression of emotion in speech.

An example of choral poetry of this most primitive kind comes to us from Brazil. The Aymorès or Botocudos¹ are described as little better than leaderless hordes living

¹The student should, if possible, hear Victor record 17611-B played. It records the Medicine Song, White Dog Song, and Grass Dance as performed by the Glacier Park tribe of Blackfeet Indians. Though by no means as primitive as the Botocudan dance-songs, these Indian analogues will bring home to the student as nothing else the points under discussion.

in the lowest state of savagery. "On festal occasions the whole horde meets by night round the camp fire for a dance. Men and women alternating . . . form a circle; . . . the entire ring begins to turn to the right or to the left, while all the dancers stamp strongly and in rhythm the foot that is advanced, and drag after it the other foot. Now with drooping heads they press closer and closer together; now they widen the circle. Throughout the dance resounds a monotonous song to the time of which they stamp their feet. Often one can hear nothing but a continually repeated *Kalauī ahā!* . . . again, however, short improvised songs in which are told the doings of the day, the reasons for rejoicing, what not, as 'Good hunting,' or 'Now we have something to eat,' or 'Brandy is good.' Now and then, too, an individual begins a song, and is answered by the rest in chorus. . . . They never sing without dancing, never dance without singing, and have but one word to express both song and dance." (Ehrenreich cited by Gummere.)

This is one example out of many. We give it in full because it may and—for the present purpose of this book—must represent all. None are quite so primitive, yet all are like it in essentials. The only traits we need add are of the following types:

1. An individual not only begins a song, but improvises a whole stanza; chorus as above.
2. One individual after another improvises a stanza; chorus as above.
3. The chorus is divided for responsive singing, for contests, etc.
4. Few savages are so entirely without history or tradition as the Botocudos: everywhere else, then, memory aids and enriches improvisation.

5. One individual sings or recites most of what we should call the ballad or story.

But in all this variety (5. excepted) one fundamental fact is constant: The whole tribe sings and dances, and whatever improvisation there may be, all have some share in it. The gift of improvisation is common, and memory is active and accurate. In all popular poetry, therefore, we accordingly have, as Ten Brink phrases it, production and reproduction intermingled, new and old in a living flow.

We can now understand what Gummere calls communal composition and can see the significance of such things as incremental repetition, commonplaces, and leaping and lingering, such things as refrain and dialogue. They are principles of composition. They make possible the production of a fairly well ordered ballad by the common activity of the whole tribe.

The tribe is gathered in dance to celebrate, say, a day's hunt. The incidents of the day are vividly present to all minds. Some salient feature occurs to all at once, and with it even the verbal expression comes to many lips at once, since all think alike and feel alike. In many instances the verbal expression would be a commonplace stanza, the stereotyped expression resulting from many previous acts of communal composition. The refrain eases the stress of improvisation. Repetition does the same. Incremental repetition, which again may consist in part of remembered commonplace, varies the theme and dwells on it. One incident suggests another, either to the whole throng or to someone who for the moment takes the lead. The song leaps to the new interest and lingers upon it. If the incident is dramatic, the singing may take the form of dialogue between individuals or between half-choruses.

Here again memory plays quite as important a part as improvisation. In time it plays a larger part. The ballad of the hunt sets and settles to a fixed order and form, yet not so fixed that improvisation and variation are precluded. The interplay of production and reproduction continues through communal life. That is why, as Kirtledge says, there are texts of ballads, but no one final and authoritative text.

The individual reciter is a late development. He is not a poet in our sense of the word. He recites the connected story with choral accompaniment and does most of the improvisation. But the traditions are so detailed in phrase and form, that improvisation has none of the marks of originality. The reciter varies the old song, shortens it or lengthens it, but it is the old tribal song, a traditional ballad and not a brand-new product. Such is the general outline of the situation so long as the tribe or community is one and joins in the communal song and dance. When the community ceases to act as a unit, the situation changes. The old songs linger on among the least progressive members, the simple shepherd folk, the dairy-maids and nurses. They are still handed down from generation to generation. But in modern conditions of life they are remembered more and more imperfectly and finally not at all. Happily for us, the collectors came along and wrote down for us many of the good old ballads while yet someone remained here and there to sing them. How many equally good ballads were lost, we can of course never know.

To what extent such a ballad as *The Two Sisters* represents communal composition, no one can say. For no one has ever seen a given ballad grow from Botocudan simplicity to a well-ordered narrative that could stand

by itself, without music and dance. The account given above is a general account pieced out by Gummere and other scholars from innumerable known facts. In nearly all the traditional ballads in this little book there are hints and suggestions of the ordering hand of some individual mind, and in a few instances that mind was the mind of a poet. But though the communal throng is somewhat or even very far in the background, it is still discernible. It formed and conserved the traditions of style, method, and content, even where the particular ballad seems impossible of achievement as a true communal composition. The singing, dancing throng is a fact. What a recent poet has claimed for himself with audacity, it could claim for itself quite simply:

For I who hear am he who sings;
 And what is sung, that too is Me;
 For I am one and yet am three,—
 The listener, singer, and the strings.

WILLIAM RUFUS PERKINS: *Eleusis*.

But for communal coöperation, *The Twa Sisters*, *The Cruel Brother*, etc., would have been far different things from what we have here printed. Certain it is that no known poet has ever succeeded in producing a ballad that could pass for genuine tradition. Percy almost succeeded in producing "missing" stanzas. Scott almost succeeded in whole ballads. But somewhere there always remained the thumb-print of the conscious artist, the personal touch of the lord of song, who, however much he might be one with his people, still sat apart on the dais at the upper end of the long hall.

IV

BALLAD THEMES AND BALLAD DISTRIBUTION

The stories told in the old ballads fall quite naturally into certain groups, which reflect the life and interests of people living together in clans or similar close social groups. This grouping can better be studied in a larger collection. But a careful review of our ballads with regard to the following (fairly complete) classification will show: first, that every head is represented by at least one of our ballads; and secondly, that every one of our ballads can be referred to one of the heads.

1. Ballads of the dance.
2. Riddle ballads; wit contests.
3. Domestic tragedy; bride-stealing; the bad mother-in-law or stepmother; conflict of duties or of duty and interest.
4. Loyalty and treachery.
5. Coronach, or Lament for the dead.
6. Last good-night.
7. Fairies, spells, and transformation.
8. Return of the dead.
9. Legend; biblical and classical stories; romances.
10. Border raids; battles and other historical events.
11. Outlaws and life in the greenwood.

The oldest ballads, those in two-line stanzas, come mostly under the first three or four heads. Ballads of the ninth group are stories of outside origin which the folk has made its own. Historical ballads are late and often on the dividing line between popular poetry and the poetry of art. In other words, any such classification as we have attempted, lends emphasis and point to what we have already said about the characteristics of ballads and the origin and development of ballads.

Additional light comes from the study of the ballads of other countries. In Scandinavia, Germany, France, Italy, Servia, Russia, all over Europe and beyond, we find many of the same stories told in the same way, in dance-songs with refrain, with incremental repetition, dialogue, abrupt transitions; and everywhere we see the ballads becoming poorer and weaker as civilization breaks up the old communal life. Literature follows fashions, but ballads do more, they constitute a part of the custom of the people, a part of that which binds a people together. Literature belongs to the refinements of life, ballads at the time of their most vigorous growth are a part of life itself.

The study of ballad distribution is far beyond the scope of this little volume. A few illustrative facts are given in the notes on *The Cruel Brother*, *The Twa Sisters*, *Bonnie Wee Croodlin Dow*, and *The Devil and the Girl*. The whole matter is summed up, incisively and suggestively, by Andrew Lang in Ward's *English Poets*.

We cannot arrange them by date of composition, for, while the plots and situations are often of immemorial age, the language is sometimes that of the last century. . . . About the authors of the ballads, and their historical date, we know nothing. Like the *Volkslieder* of other European countries, the popular poems of England were composed by the people for the people. Again, the English ballads, and those of the Lowland Scotch, deal with topics common to the peasant singers of Denmark, France, Greece, Italy, and the Slavonic countries. The wide distribution of these topics is, like the distribution of *märchen* or popular tales, a mark of great antiquity. We cannot say when they originated, or where, or how; we only know that, in one shape or other, the themes of romantic ballads are very ancient. There are certain incidents, like that of the return of the dead mother to her oppressed children; like the sudden recovery of a fickle bridegroom's heart by the patient affection of his first love; like the adventure of May Colvin with a lover who has slain seven

women, and tries to slay her; like the story of the bride who pretends to be dead that she may escape from a detested marriage, which are in all European countries the theme of popular song. Again, the pastimes and labors of the husbandmen and shepherd[s] were, long ago, a kind of natural opera. Each task had its old song,—ploughing, harvest, seed-time, marriage, burial, had appropriate ballads or dirges. Aubrey, the antiquary, mentions ‘a song sung in the ox-house when they *wassel* the oxen.’ . . . Further, each of the rural dance-tunes had its ballad-accompaniment, and the dance was sometimes a rude dramatic representation of the action described in the poem. Many of the surviving *volks-lieder* are echoes from the music of this idyllic world of dance and song from the pleasant England in which

“When Tom came home from labor,
And Cis from milking rose,
Merrily went the tabor,
And merrily went their toes.”

V

METER AND STYLE

First a word of warning. Ballad verse is not smooth and measured; it even suggests doggerel. But these first impressions should be ignored; and they are quickly forgotten when the ballads are read right.

Ballads must be read with strong animation, suggesting rather the shouts on the play-ground than the subdued conversation about the tea table. Metrically this will mean strong stress on the accented syllables and in consequence a strongly marked rhythm. So strong is the rhythm that an unaccented syllable more or less does not signify. The total effect is one of life and vigor.

Ballad Stanza. The ballad stanza technically so called consists of four lines, the first and third with four stresses, the second and fourth with three; the second and fourth line rime. The ballad stanza is essentially the same stanza

as the common meter of the hymn-books. On the development of the ballad stanza out of the two-line stanza of the oldest ballads, see the section on the refrain (p. xiii).

Either the ballad stanza or the older two-line stanza may be swelled to six lines with the aid of refrain and repetition; and here again refrain and repetition give rise to full verses. But stanzas of six verses are rare. Other occasional forms are: a stanza like the long meter of the hymnals, i. e., four lines of four stresses each; and the jingling nursery stanza of four three-stressed lines.

Rime. The ballad stanza rimes the second and fourth verse; occasionally there is internal rime in the third line, rarely are the first and third lines rimed. Rime is often, especially in the oldest ballads, of the kind known as vowel rime, or assonance. In a few instances the rime is quite wanting.

Style and Diction. Both style and diction are almost bare of ornament. The language holds close to the everyday speech of the people who sang the ballads. Each line is generally a clause, and the sentence pause comes at the end of the stanza or both at the middle and the end. There are few figures and almost no inversions. Even alliteration, so essential to Old English verse, occurs only (as in proverbs) in set phrases, never as a conscious embellishment.

But diction and style of ballads, if somewhat bare, have the qualities of simplicity and naturalness, straightforwardness and concreteness. These are the qualities Wordsworth admired and imitated, to be in turn imitated by Tennyson, in his *Dora*. Burns, Scott, Longfellow, Whittier, Kipling, and Riley have all been affected, indirectly if not directly, by the homely appeal of ballad style and diction.

VI

THE SCOTCH DIALECT

Our best ballads come from Scotland. They therefore contain a considerable number of words and forms that are strange to us. These are all explained in the notes and glossary. But if the student will learn the following rules and word-lists, he will need to look up only one word in the glossary where he would otherwise have to look up several:

1. a for o: sae for so, mair for more.
2. k (or hard c) for ch: sic for sich (such), kirk for church.
3. i is often a mark of vowel length; dois should be pronounced dose, not doys.
4. die, eye, high, etc., are pronounced dee, ee, hee, etc., and often so spelled.
5. Consonants are lost in:
 - (a) hae for have, taen for taken;
 - (b) a', ha', fa', etc., for all, hall, fall, etc.

VII

HOW TO STUDY THE BALLADS

Story. Is there a plot or only a situation? If the latter, what plot is suggested? Is the situation developed, or merely emphasized by reiteration, contrast, or climax? Are the characters individual or typical? Are the motives clear or implied? Is there a setting? Are the beginning, ending, and transitions abrupt?

Ballad Characteristics. Point out refrain, incremental (and other) repetition, dialogue, leaping and lingering. Are any of these particularly well marked in the given

ballad? Which seems to you to suggest the best reason for calling the given ballad a popular ballad? Point out instances where any of these characteristics seem to be meaningless, or nearly so—employed just to keep the song moving. Point out other instances where any of them helps the story along—emphasizing a point by climax or contrast, suggesting the tone or character of the story, indicating pauses or changes, etc.

Ask yourself similar questions as regards the employment of: three questions, three colors, three gifts, three similar characters, etc., two (or three) horses, gold and silver, birth and breeding of the hero or heroine, the ballad testament, other commonplaces.

Presentation. Point out any hint that the given ballad may have been a dance-song (such hints are few); any hint that it was sung; anything that suggests an individual singer or reciter or a chorus. Riddles were probably asked and answered in a mere dance-game, i. e., without a story: can you find any other ballad in which you believe the story was perhaps of later invention? Give reasons for your belief.

Literary Touches. Introductory, explanatory, and descriptive stanzas are often later additions; they often contain words or phrases that suggest written composition or the self-consciousness of someone through whose hands the ballad has passed. Look for illustrations of these facts.

Make a good, connected prose story using the plot or situation of some ballad as a basis.

Clip a news story from some paper and show how it might be treated in a ballad.

Compare the narrative method of some ballad with that of some other story. Compare the narrative method

of a group of ballads with the method of some narrative writer: Scott, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Kipling, etc.

Folklore. What can you learn from our ballads about: the belief as regards the dead; paradise; the binding force of the troth-plight; spells and charms and their effectiveness; dead-naming; various kinds of supernatural beings; beliefs about animate and inanimate nature; other beliefs; curious customs? Do you find any distinctly Christian or heathen beliefs?

Comparative Study. Older students, even in high schools, can profitably compare different versions of certain ballads. The one-volume Child contains sufficient material for such study and should be accessible where ballads are studied in high schools. The aim of such study should be to show change from dance-song to story, the loss or blurring of features of a ballad, the introduction of new features, the welding of two or more ballad stories into one, the indications of literary touches, the general differences between genuine oral tradition and broadsides, the general character of Mrs. Brown's versions, Percy's, Scott's, Buchan's, etc.

DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

Two books should be in every high school library: Sargent and Kittredge's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* and Gummere's *The Popular Ballad*, both published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Sargent and Kittredge's edition is often referred to as the one-volume Child (see p. xx). It contains 300 of the 305 ballads in Child's great collection, and where there are two or more versions it contains the most striking ones. With each ballad is given a generous extract from Professor Child's editorial matter. In the appendix are contained notes, a list of sources, and a glossary by Professor Allan Neilson. Professor Kittredge has prefixed a suggestive and illuminating account of ballad collecting and ballad theories. The whole is thus an indispensable handbook for the serious student.

Professor Gummere's book is the first volume in the series of *Types of Literature* edited by Professor Allan Neilson. It presents to the general reader an account of his theory of ballads and his plea for a "definition by origins," together with delightful criticism of the ballads themselves. The first part is based upon his *Beginnings of Poetry* (Macmillan Co., New York), which is a technical discussion intended for the specialist. Professor Gummere has also issued a selection of the ballads with notes and a learned introduction, *Old English Ballads* (Athenæum Press: Ginn and Company, Boston), and has contributed the chapter on the ballads to the *Cambridge History of Literature* (XIV volumes, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

The Ballad in Literature by T. F. Henderson (*Cambridge Manuals of Literature*) is a convenient summary of the views of those opposed to Gummere's theory.

An account of the Danish ballads, somewhat on the lines of

the first named book of Gummere's, is now available in *The Medieval Popular Ballad* (Ginn & Co., Boston), translated from the Danish of Professor Steenstrup by Professor Edward G. Cox of the University of Washington. It is however written in a less popular vein than Gummere's *The Popular Ballad*, and will interest chiefly the advanced student.

Percy's *Reliques* and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (pp. xix-xx) are still deservedly popular and are obtainable in various editions. The standard library editions are that of the *Reliques* by H. B. W. Wheatley in three volumes (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London) and that of the *Minstrelsy* by T. F. Henderson in four volumes (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York).

Of the popular collections the most satisfactory in many ways is that in the *Everyman's Series* made by R. Brimley Johnson, entitled *A Book of British Ballads*. It contains both traditional and literary ballads and also a number of "peasant ballads."

A valuable collection, of especial interest to Americans, *Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads* (Sturgis & Walton, New York), has been made by Professor John A. Lomax of the University of Texas. Professor Lomax is also a successful collector of Negro "reels" and "spirituals," as the Negroes themselves call their ballads, secular and spiritual respectively. Fortunately Professor Lomax has been able to get phonographic records of the actual singing of many of these ballads.

Survivals of balladry and other folk customs can best be studied in the suggestive and interesting volume by William W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, published by Harper & Brothers. In connection with Newell may be read Alastair St. Clair Mackenzie's *Evolution of Literature* (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York), which covers in a more popular way much the same ground as Gummere's *Beginnings of Poetry* and Jane Ellen Harrison's *Ancient Art and Ritual* (Home University Library, Henry Holt and Company, New York; see page xxv).

OLD BALLADS

BABY LON

- 1 THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh vow bonnie
And they went out to pull a flower.
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie
- 2 They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
When up started to them a banisht man.
- 3 He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.
- 4 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
- 5 "It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."
- 6 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
- 7 He's taken the second ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.
- 8 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
- 9 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife,"

Old Ballads

- 10 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
- 11 He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.
- 12 Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
- 13 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
- 14 "For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee."
- 15 "What's thy brother's name? come tell to me."
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."
- 16 "O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!
- 17 "O since I've done this evil deed,
Good sall never be seen o' me."
- 18 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twined himsel' o' his ain sweet life.

THE CRUEL BROTHER

- 1 A GENTLEMAN came o'er the sea,
Fine flowers in the valley
And he has courted ladies three
With the light green and the yellow.
- 2 One o' them was clad in red:
He asked if she wad be his bride.

- 3 One o' them was clad in green:
He asked if she wad be his queen.
- 4 The last o' them was clad in white:
He asked if she wad be his heart's delight.
- 5 "Ye may gae ask my father, the king:
Sae maun ye ask my mither, the queen.
- 6 "Sae maun ye ask my sister Anne:
And dinna forget my brither John."
- 7 He has asked her father, the king:
And sae did he her mither, the queen.
- 8 And he has asked her sister Anne:
But he has forgot her brither John.
- 9 Her father led her through the ha',
Her mither danced afore them a'.
- 10 Her sister Anne led her through the closs,
Her brither John set her on her horse.
- 11 It's then he drew his little penknife,
And he reft the fair maid of her life.
- 12 "Ride up, ride up," said the foremost man;
"I think our bride comes hooly on."
- 13 "Ride up, ride up," said the second man;
"I think our bride looks pale and wan."
- 14 Up then came the gay bridegroom,
And straucht unto the bride he came.
- 15 "Does your side-saddle sit awry?
Or does your steed . . .

- 16 "Or does the rain run in your glove?
Or wad ye chuse anither love?"
- 17 "The rain runs not in my glove,
Nor will I e'er chuse anither love.
- 18 "But O an I war at Saint Evron's well,
There I wad licht, and drink my fill!
- 19 "Oh an I war at Saint Evron's closs,
Ther I wad licht, and bait my horse!"
- 20 Whan she came to Saint Evron's well,
She dought na licht to drink her fill.
- 21 Whan she cam to Saint Evron's closs,
The bonny bride fell aff her horse.
- 22 "What will ye leave to your father, the king?"
"The milk-white steed that I ride on."
- 23 "What will ye leave to your mother, the queen?"
"The bluidy robes that I have on."
- 24 "What will ye leave to your sister Anne?"
"My guid lord, to be wedded on."
- 25 "What will ye leave to your brither John?"
"The gallows pin to hang him on."
- 26 "What will ye leave to your brither's wife?"
"Grief and sorrow a' the days o' her life."
- 27 "What will ye leave to your brither's bairns?"
"The meal-pock to hang o'er their arms."
- 28 Now doth she neither sigh nor groan:
She lies aneath yon marble stane.

THE TWA SISTERS

- 1 THERE was twa sisters in a bower,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh
There was twa sisters in a bower,
Stirling for aye
There was twa sisters in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer.
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay
- 2 He courted the eldest wi' glove an' ring,
But he loved the youngest above a' thing.
- 3 He courted the eldest wi' brooch an' knife,
But loved the youngest as his life;
- 4 The eldest she was vexèd sair,
An' much envied her sister fair;
- 5 Into her bower she could not rest,
Wi' grief an' spite she almost brast.
- 6 Upon a morning fair an' clear
She cried upon her sister dear:
- 7 "O sister come to yon sea-stran',
And see our father's ships come to lan'."
- 8 She's ta'en her by the milk-white han',
And led her down to yon sea-stran'.
- 9 The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an' threw her in;
- 10 She took her by the middle sma',
An' dashed her bonny back to the jaw;

- 11 "O sister, sister, take my han',
An I'se make you heir to a' my lan'.
- 12 "O sister, sister, take my middle,
And ye's get my goud and my gouden girdle.
- 13 "O sister, sister, save my life,
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife."
- 14 "Foul fa' the han' that I should take,
It twinned me an' my wardle's make.
- 15 "Your cherry cheeks and yallow hair,
Gars me gae maiden for evermair."
- 16 Sometimes she sank, an' sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.
- 17 O out it came the miller's son,
An' saw the fair maid swimmin' in.
- 18 "O father, father, draw your dam!
Here's either a mermaid, or a swan."
- 19 The miller quickly drew the dam,
An' there he found a drowned woman;
- 20 You couldna see her yallow hair,
For goud and pearl that were sae rare;
- 21 You couldna see her middle sma',
For gouden girdle that was sae braw;
- 22 Ye couldna see her fingers white
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

- 23 An' by there came a harper fine,
That harpèd to the king at dine.
- 24 When he did look that lady upon,
He sighed and made a heavy moan;
- 25 He's ta'en three locks o' her yallow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.
- 26 The first tune he did play and sing
Was—"Farewell to my father the king."
- 27 The nexten tune that he played syne
Was—"Farewell to my mother the queen."
- 28 The lasten tune that he played then
Was—"Wae to my sister, fair Ellen!"

EDWARD

- 1 "WHY dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
And why sae sad gang ye O?"
"O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
Mither, Mither,
O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
And I had nae mair but he O."
- 2 "Your hawkis bluid was never sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your hawkis bluid was never sae reid,
My deir son, I tell thee O."

“O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, Mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free O.”

3 “Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair.
Some other dule ye dree O.”
“O I hae killed my fader deir,
Mither, Mither,
O I hae killed my fader deir,
Alas, and wae is me O.”

4 “And whatten penance wull ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance wull ye dree for that?
My deir son, now tell me O.”
“I’ll set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, Mither,
I’ll set my feit in yonder boat,
And I’ll fare over the sea O.”

5 “And what wull ye do wi’ your towers and your ha’,
Edward, Edward,
And what wull ye do wi’ your towers and your ha’,
That were sae fair to see O?”
“I’ll let them stand tul they down fa’,
Mither, Mither,
I’ll let them stand tul they down fa’,
For here never mair maun I be O.”

6 “And what wull ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward,
And what wull ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang over the sea O?”

"The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
 Mither, Mither,
 The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
 For them never mair wull I see O."

7 "And what wull ye leive to your ain mither deir,
 Edward, Edward,
 And what wull ye leive to your ain mither deir?
 My deir son, now tell me O."
 "The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir,
 Mither, Mither,
 The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir,
 Sic counsails ye gave to me O."

THE BONNIE WEE CROODLIN DOW

- 1 "O WHARE hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?
 O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?"
 "I've been at my step-mother's; oh mak my bed, mammie,
 now!
 I've been at my step-mother's; oh mak my bed, mammie,
 now!"
- 2 "O what did ye get at your step-mother's, my bonnie wee
 croodlin dow?
 O what did ye get at your step-mother's, my bonnie wee
 croodlin dow?"
 "I gat a wee, wee fishie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!
 I gat a wee, wee fishie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!"
- 3 "O whare gat she the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?
 O whare gat she the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?"
 "In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!
 In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!"

- 4 "What did ye wi' the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?
 What did ye wi' the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?"
 "I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!
 I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!"
- 5 "Wha gied ye the banes o' the fishie till, my bonnie wee
 croodlin dow?
 Wha gied ye the banes o' the fishie till, my bonnie wee crood-
 lin dow?"
 "I gied them till a wee doggie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!
 I gied them till a wee doggie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!"
- 6 "O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin
 dow?
 O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin
 dow?"
 "It shot out its fit and died, and sae maun I do too;
 Oh mak my bed, mammie, now, now, oh mak my bed, mam-
 mie, now!"

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

- 1 "RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
 "And put on your armor so bright;
 Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
 Was married to a lord under night."
- 2 "Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
 And put on your armor so bright,
 And take care of your younger sister,
 For your eldest 's away the last night."
- 3 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And lightly they rode away.

- 4 Lord William looked o'er his left shoulder,
 To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
 Come riding over the lea.

- 5 "Light down, light down, Lady Margaret," he said,
 "And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
 And your father, I make a stand."

- 6 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
 And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,
 And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

- 7 "O hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
 "For your strokes they are wondrous sore;
True lovers I can get many a one,
 But a father I can never get more."

- 8 O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
 It was o' the holland so fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
 That were redder than the wine.

- 9 "O choose; O choose, Lady Margaret," he said,
 "O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
 "For ye have left me no other guide."

- 10 He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And slowly they both rode away.

- 11 O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.
- 12 They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear,
And down the stream ran his good heart's blood,
And sore she gan to fear.
- 13 "Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain;"
"T is nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water so plain."
- 14 O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's hall door,
And there they lighted down.
- 15 "Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.
- 16 "O make my bed, lady mother," he says,
"And make it broad and deep,
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."
- 17 Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Margaret long ere day,
And all true lovers that go together,
May they have more luck than they!

- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
 Lady Margaret in Mary's choir;
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
 And out o' the knight's a briar.
- 19 And they two met, and they two plait,
 And fain they would be near;
 And a' the world might ken right well
 They were two lovers dear.
- 20 But by and rode the Black Douglas,
 And wow but he was rough!
 For he pulled up the bonny briar
 And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY

- 1 OUR king he has a secret to tell,
 And ay well keepit it must be;
 The English lords are coming down
 To dance and win the victory.
- 2 Our king has cried a noble cry,
 And ay well keepit it must be:
 "Gar saddle ye, and bring to me
 The bonny lass of Anglesey."
- 3 Up she starts, as white as the milk,
 Between him and his company:
 "What is the thing I hae to ask,
 If I should win the victory?"
- 4 "Fifteen ploughs but and a mill
 I gie thee till the day thou die,
 And the fairest knight in a' my court
 To choose thy husband for to be."

- 5 She's ta'en the fifteen lord[s] by the hand,
Saying, "Will ye come dance with me?"
But on the morn at ten o'clock
They gave it o'er most shamefully.
- 6 Up then raise the fifteenth lord—
I wat an angry man was he—
Laid by frae him his belt and sword, '
And to the floor gaed manfully.
- 7 He said, "My feet shall be my dead
Before she win the victory;"
But before't was ten o'clock at night
He gaed it o'er as shamefully.

THE DEVIL AND THE GIRL

- 1 WILL ye hear a wonder thing
Betwixt a maid and the foul fiend?
- 2 This spake the fiend to the maid:
"Believe on me, maid, to-day:
- 3 "Maid, mote I thy leman be,
Wisdom I will teach thee:
- 4 "All the Wisdom of the world,
If thou wilt be true and forward hold.
- 5 "What is higher than is the tree?
What is deeper than is the sea?
- 6 "What is sharper than is the thorn?
What is louder than is the horn?
- 7 "What is longer than is the way?
What is rather than is the day?

- 8 "What is better than is the bread?
What is sharper than is the dead?
- 9 "What is greener than is the wood?
What is sweeter than is the nut?
- 10 "What is swifter than is the wind?
What is richer than is the king?
- 11 "What is yellower than is the wax?
What is softer than is the flax?
- 12 "But thou now answer me,
Thou shalt forsooth my leman be."
- 13 "Jesu, for thy mild might,
As thou art king and knight,
- 14 "Lene me wisdom to answer here right,
And shield me from the foul wight!
- 15 "Heaven is higher than is the tree,
Hell is deeper than is the sea.
- 16 "Hunger is sharper than is the thorn,
Thunder is louder than is the horn.
- 17 "Looking is longer than is the way,
Sin is rather than is the day.
- 18 "God's flesh is sweeter than is the bread,
Pain is stronger than is the dead.
- 19 "Grass is greener than is the wood,
Love is sweeter than is the nut.

20 "Thought is swifter than is the wind,
Jesus is richer than is the king.

21 "Sulphur is yellower than is the wax,
Silk is softer than is the flax.

22 "Now, thou fiend, still thou be;
Nill ich speak no more with thee."

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT

1 An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was callèd King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

2 And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

3 An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

4 "How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

5 "My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

- 6 "Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.
- 7 "And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.
- 8 "Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."
- 9 "O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."
- 10 "Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."
- 11 Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.
- 12 Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

- 13 "Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three
My head will be smitten from my bodie.
- 14 "The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.
- 15 "The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."
- 16 "Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.
- 17 "Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."
- 18 "Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."
- 19 "Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

- 20 "And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."
- 21 "For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."
- 22 The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."
- 23 "You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."
- 24 The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."
- 25 "Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."
- 26 The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read."

- 27 "Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

PROUD LADY MARGARET

- 1 'T WAS on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.
- 2 She looked east and she looked west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.
- 3 "You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so side."
- 4 "I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee.
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."
- 5 "If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mean;
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.
- 6 "But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer my questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.

- 7 "O wherein leems the beer?" she said,
 "Or wherein leems the wine?
O wherein leems the gold?" she said,
 "Or wherein leems the twine?"
- 8 "The beer is put in a drinking-horn,
 The wine in glasses fine,
There's gold in store between two kings,
 When they are fighting keen,
And the twine is between a lady's two hands
 When they are washen clean."
- 9 "Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
 Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Sings on the evening gale?"
- 10 "The primrose is the ae first flower
 Springs either on moor or dale,
And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird
 Sings on the evening gale."
- 11 "But what's the little coin," she said,
 "Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
 "Can sail the world all round?"
- 12 "O hey, how mony small pennies
 Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony salt fishes
 Swims a' the salt sea round?"
- 13 "I think you maun be my match," she said,
 "My match and something mair;
You are the first e'er got the grant
 Of love frae my father's heir.

- 14 "My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.
- 15 "And round about a' thae castles
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will maw."
- 16 "O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"For loud I hear you lie;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.
- 17 "And round about a' thae castles
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.
- 18 "I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae mony die."
- 19 "If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."
- 20 "O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie;
For ye've unwashen hands and unwashen feet,
To gae to clay wi' me.

- 21 "For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets,
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

- 1 THERE came a ghost to Margret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirlèd at the pin,
But answer made she none.
- 2 "Is that my father Philip?
Or is 't my brother John?
Or is 't my true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"
- 3 "'T is nat thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 't is thy true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home.
- 4 "O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."
- 5 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."
- 6 "If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

- 7 "O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."
- 8 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring."
- 9 "My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margret,
That's now speaking to thee."
- 10 She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And, for to do her best,
"Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."
- 11 Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.
- 12 "Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"
- 13 "There's no room at my head, Margret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin's made so meet."

- 14 Then up and crew the red, red cock,
 And up and crew the gray:
 "'T is time, 't is time, my dear Margret,
 That you were going away."
- 15 No more the ghost to Margret said,
 But, with a grievous groan,
 Evanished in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.
- 16 "O stay, my only true-love, stay,"
 The constant Margret cried;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
 Stretched her soft limbs, and died.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

- 1 THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
 And a wealthy wife was she;
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,
 And sent them o'er the sea.
- 2 They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely ane,
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her three sons were gane.
- 3 They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three,
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her sons she'd never see.
- 4 "I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fashes in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me,
 In earthly flesh and blood."

- 5 It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.
- 6 It neither grew in sike nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.
- 7 "Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."
- 8 And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.
- 9 Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray,
The eldest to the youngest said,
"T is time we were away."
- 10 The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa."
- 11 "The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

- 12 "Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire."

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

- 1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba';
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he play'd o'er them a'.
- 2 He kick'd the ba' with his right foot,
And catch'd it wi' his knee;
And through-and-through the Jew's window,
He gar'd the bonny ba' flee.
- 3 He's done him to the Jew's castle,
And walk'd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter
At the window looking out.
- 4 "Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba' to me!"
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
"Till up to me come ye."
- 5 "How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye'll do to me."
- 6 She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple, red and green;
'Twas a' to wile him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

- 7 She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she through nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table,
And stickit him like a swine.
- 8 And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.
- 9 She's row'd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw well,
Was fifty fathom deep.
- 10 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.
- 11 She's ta'en her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand;
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wander'd o'er the land.
- 12 She's done her to the Jew's castle,
Where a' were fast asleep:
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."
- 13 She's done her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit:
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."
- 14 She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep:
"Where'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

- 15 "Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear;
Prepare my winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The morn I will you meet."
- 16 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame;
Made him a winding sheet;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The dead corpse did her meet.
- 17 And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
Were read without man's tongue;
And ne'er was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

- 1 **THE** king sits in Dumferling town,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this ship of mine?"
- 2 Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's richt knee:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."
- 3 The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the strand.
- 4 The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

- 5 "O wha is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea!
- 6 "Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid ship sails the morn."
"O say na sae, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.
- 7 "Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm."
- 8 O our Scots nobles were richt laith
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play were play'd,
Their hats they swam aboon.
- 9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spence
Come sailing to the land.
- 10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
For they'll see them na mair.
- 11 Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fadom deep,
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ST. STEPHEN AND HEROD

- 1 SAINT Stephen was a clerk in King Herodès hallè,
And servèd him of bread and cloth, as every king befallè.
- 2 Stephen out of kitchen came, with borè's head on hondè;
He saw a sterre was fair and bright over Bedlem stondè.
- 3 He kist adown the borè's head and went into the hallè:
"I forsake thee, king Herodès, and thy werkès allè.
- 4 "I forsake thee, King Herodès, and thy werkès allè;
There is a child in Bedlem born is better than we allè."
- 5 "Quat aileth thee, Stephen? quat is thee befallè?
Lacketh thee either meat or drink in king Herodès hallè?"
- 6 "Lacketh me neither meat ne drink in King Herodès hallè;
There is a child in Bedlem born is better than we allè."
- 7 "Quat aileth thee, Stephen? art thou wood, or thou ginnest
to breedè?
Lacketh thee either gold or fee, or ony richè weedè?"
- 8 "Lacketh me neither gold ne fee, ne none richè weedè;
There is a child in Bedlem born shal helpen us at our
needè."
- 9 "That is all so sooth, Stephen, all so sooth iwis,
As this capon crouwè shall that li'th here in mine dish."
- 10 That word was not so soonè said, that word in that hallè,
The capon crew: Christus natus est! among the lordès
allè.

- 11 "Riseth up, mine turmenturès, by two and all by onè,
And leadeth Stephen out of this town and stoneth him with
stonè!"
- 12 Tooken he Stephen, and stoned him in the way,
And therefore is his even on Christè's ownè day.

KEMP OWYNE

- 1 HER mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.
- 2 She servèd her with foot and hand,
In everything that she could dee;
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.
- 3 Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."
- 4 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.
- 5 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he;

- 6 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."
- 7 "Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea:
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."
- 8 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."
- 9 "Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."
- 10 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted aince about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me."
- 11 "Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;

And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be:
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

- 12 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

THE LAILY WORM AND THE MACHREL OF THE SEA

- 1 "I WAS bat seven year ald
Fan my mider she did dee,
My father married the ae warst woman
The wardle did ever see.
- 2 "For she has made me the laily worm
That lays at the fit of the tree,
An' o' my sister Maisry
The machrel of the sea.
- 3 "An' every Saturday at noon
The machrel comes to me,
An' she takes my laily head,
An' lays it on her knee,
An' kames it wi' a silver kem,
An' washes it in the sea.
- 4 "Seven knights ha' I slain
San I lay at the fit of the tree;
An' ye war na my ain father,
The eight an ye sud be."

The Laily Worm and the Machrel of the Sea 35

- 5 "Sing on your song, ye laily worm,
That ye sung to me."
"I never sung that song
But fat I wad sing to thee.
- 6 "I was but seven year aul'
Fan my mider she did dee,
My father married the ae warst woman
The wardle did ever see.
- 7 "She changed me to the laily worm
That lays at the fit of the tree,
An' my sister Maisry
To the machrel of the sea.
- 8 "And every Saturday at noon
The machrel comes to me,
An' she takes my laily head,
An' lays it on her knee,
An' kames it with a siller kame,
An' washes it in the sea.
- 9 "Seven knights ha' I slain
San I lay at the fit of the tree;
An' ye war na my ain father,
The eight ye sud be."
- 10 He sent for his lady
As fast as sen' coud he:
"Far is my son,
That ye sent fra me,
And my daughter,
Lady Maisry?"
- 11 "Yer son is at the king's court,
Sarving for meat an' fee,
And yer daughter is at our quin's court,
A mary sweet an' free."

- 12 "Ye lee, ye ill woman,
Sa loud as I hear ye lee,
For my son is the laily worm
That lays at the fit of the tree,
An' my daughter Maisry
The machrel of the sea."
- 13 She has ta'en a silver wan
An' gi'en him strokes three,
An' he started up the bravest knight
Your eyes did ever see.
- 14 She has ta'en a small horn,
An' loud and shill blew she,
An' a' the fish came her till but the proud machrel,
An' she stood by the sea:
"Ye shaped me ance an unshemly shape,
An' ye's never mare shape me."
- 15 He has sent to the wood
For hawthorn and fun,
An' he has ta'en that gay lady,
An' there he did her burn.

THOMAS RYMER

- 1 TRUE Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a lady gay,
A lady that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the ferny brae.
- 2 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantel of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3 True Thomas he took off his hat,
And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did see."

4 "O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

* ° * * * * *

5 "But ye maun go wi' me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or wae as may chance to be."

6 She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And ay whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

7 For forty days and forty nights
He wade through red bluid to the knee,
And he saw neither sun or moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

8 O they rade on, and further on,
Until they came to a garden green:
"Light down, light down, ye lady free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

9 "O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

- 10 "But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."
- 11 When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady said, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you ferlies three.
- 12 "O see not ye yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.
- 13 "And see not ye that braid, braid road,
That lies across yon lilly leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.
- 14 "And see not ye that bonny road,
Which winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.
- 15 "But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will ne'er get back to your ain countrie."
- 16 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

HIND ETIN

1 MAY Margret stood in her bower door,
 Kaming down her yellow hair;
She spied some nuts growin' in the wud,
 And wish'd that she was there.

2 She has plaited her yellow locks
 A little abune her bree,
And she has kilted her petticoats
 A little below her knee,
And she's aff to Mulberry wud
 As fast as she could gae.

3 She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,
 A nut but barely ane,
Till up started the Hind Etin,
 Says, "Lady, let thae alane!"

4 "Mulberry wuds are a' my ain,
 My father gi'ed them me,
To sport and play when I thought lang;
 And they sall na be ta'en by thee."

5 And ay she pu'd the tither berry,
 Na thinking o' the skaith,
And said, "To wrang ye, Hind Etin,
 I wad be unco laith."

6 But he has ta'en her by the yellow locks,
 And tied her till a tree,
And said, "For slichting my commands,
 An ill death sall ye dree."

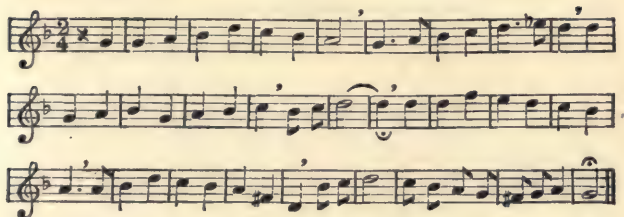
- 7 He pu'd a tree out o' the wud,
The biggest that was there,
And he howkèd a cave mony fathoms deep,
And put May Margret there.
- 8 "Now rest ye there, ye saucy may,
My wuds are free for thee;
And gif I tak ye to mysel',
The better ye'll like me."
- 9 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,
Sleep she got never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.
- 10 "O tak me out," May Margret cried,
"O tak me hame to thee,
And I sall be your bounden page
Until the day I dee."
- 11 He took her out o' the dungeon deep,
And awa' wi' him she's gane;
But sad was the day an earl's dochter
Gaed hame wi' Hind Etin.
- 12 It fell out ance upon a day
Hind Etin's to the hunting gane,
And he has ta'en wi' him his eldest son,
For to carry his game.
- 13 "O I wad ask ye something, father,
An ye wadna angry be!"
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask ony thing at me."

- 14 "My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;"
"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Though she should brast and die.
- 15 "For your mother was an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame,
And now she's wife o' Hind Etin,
Wha ne'er got christendame.
- 16 "But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin' on the tree,
And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,
And see if she'll comforted be."
- 17 "I wad ask ye something, mother,
An ye wadna angry be;"
"Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
Ask ony thing at me."
- 18 "Your cheeks they are aft times weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;"
"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
Though I should brast and die.
- 19 "For I was ance an earl's dochter,
Of noble birth and fame,
And now I am the wife of Hind Etin,
Wha ne'er got christendame."

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

- 1 AN eartly nourice sits and sings,
And ay she sings, "Ba, lilly wean!
Little ken I my bairnis father,
Far less the land that he staps in."
- 2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,
An' a grumly guest I'm sure was he:
"Here am I, thy bairnis father,
Although that I be not comëlie.
- 3 "I am a man upo' the land,
An' I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I'm far and far frae lan',
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie."
- 4 "It was na weel," quo' the maiden fair,
"It was na weel, indeed," quo' she,
"That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me."
- 5 Now he has ta'en a purse of goud,
And he has pat it upo' her knee,
Saying, "Gie to me my little young son,
And tak thee up thy nourice-fee.
- 6 "And it sall come to pass on a simmer's day,
When the sin shines het on evera stane,
That I will tak my little young son,
An' teach him for to swim the faem.
- 7 "An' thu sall marry a proud gunner,
An' a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,
An' the very first shot that e'er he shoots,
He'll shoot baith my young son and me."

THE THREE RAVENS



- 1 THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down, a down, hay down, hay down
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
With a down, derrie, derrie, down, down, derrie
- 2 The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"—
- 3 "Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield."
- 4 "His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep."
- 5 "His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh."
- 6 Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.
- 7 She lift up his bloody head,
And kist his wounds that were so red.
- 8 She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

- 9 She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.
- 10 God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

- 1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
- 2 He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."
- 3 O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtains by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."
- 4 "O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan:"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spilling.
- 5 "O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

- 6 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."
- 7 And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.
- 8 She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!
- 9 "O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

- 1 O BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
They war two bonny lasses;
They biggèd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekèd it o'er wi' rashes.
- 2 They theekèd it o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekèd it o'er wi' heather;
But the pest cam frae the boroughs-town,
And slew them baith thegither.
- 3 They thought to lie in Methven kirkyard,
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lie in Stronach haugh,
To biek forenent the sin.

- 4 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonny lasses;
They biggèd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekèd it o'er wi' rashes.

KING ESTMERE

- 1 HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall hear;
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brether
That ever boren were.
- 2 The tone of them was Adler Young,
The tother was King Estmere;
They were as bold men in their deeds
As any were, far and near.
- 3 As they were drinking ale and wine
Within his brother's hall:
"When will you marry a wife, brother,
A wife to glad us all?"
- 4 Then bespake him King Estmere,
And answered him heartilie:
"I know not that lady in any land
That's able to marry with me."
- 5 "King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheen;
If I were king here in your stead,
That lady should be my queen."
- 6 Says, "Read me, read me, dear brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us two to send."

- 7 Says, "You shall ride yourself, brother,
I'll bear you company;
Many a man through false messengers is deceived,
And I fear lest so should we."
- 8 Thus they renisht them to ride,
Of two good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.
- 9 And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Before the goodly gate,
There they found King Adland
Rearing himself thereat.
- 10 "Now Christ thee save, good King Adland,
Now Christ you save and see;"
Said, "You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right heartily to me."
- 11 "You have a daughter," said Adler Young,
"Men call her bright and sheen;
My brother would marry her to his wife,
Of England to be queen."
- 12 "Yesterday was at my dear daughter
The king his son of Spain,
And then she nickèd him of nay,
And I doubt she'll do you the same."
- 13 "The king of Spain is a foul paynim,
And 'lieveth on Mahound,
And pity it were that fair ladie
Should marry a heathen hound."

Old Ballads

- 14 "But grant to me," says King Estmere,
"For my love I you pray,
That I may see your daughter dear
Before I go hence away."
- 15 "Although it is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in hall,
She shall come once down for your sake,
To glad my guestès all."
- 16 Down then came that maiden fair,
With ladies laced in pall,
And half a hundred of bold knights,
To bring her from bower to hall,
And as many gentle squires,
To tend upon them all.
- 17 The talents of gold were on her head set
Hanged low down to her knee,
And every ring on her small finger
Shone of the crystal free.
- 18 Says, "God you save, my dear madam,"
Says, "God you save and see:"
Said, "You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto me.
- 19 "And if you love me, as you say,
So well and heartilie,
All that ever you are comen about
Soon sped now shall it be."
- 20 Then bespake her father dear:
"My daughter, I say nay;
Remember well the king of Spain,
What he said yesterday.

- 21 "He would pull down my halls and castles,
And reave me of my life;
I cannot blame him if he do,
If I reave him of his wife."
- 22 "Your castles and your towers, father,
Are strongly built about,
And therefore of the king his son of Spain
We need not stand in doubt.
- 23 "Plight me your troth, now, King Estmere,
By heaven and your right hand,
That you will marry me to your wife,
And make me queen of your land."
- 24 Then King Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his right hand,
That he would marry her to his wife,
And make her queen of his land.
- 25 And he took leave of that lady fair,
To go to his own countree,
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,
That married they might be.
- 26 They had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
But in did come the king of Spain,
With kempès many one.
- 27 But in did come the king of Spain,
With many a bold barone,
Tone day to marry King Adland's daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

- 28 She sent one after King Estmere,
In all the speed might be,
That he must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose his ladie.
- 29 One while then the page he went,
Another while he ran;
Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere,
Iwis he never blan.
- 30 "Tidings, tidings, King Estmere!"
"What tidings now, my boy?"
"O tidings I can tell to you
That will you sore annoy.
- 31 "You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the town,
But in did come the king of Spain,
With kempès many a one.
- 32 "But in did come the king of Spain,
With many a bold barone,
Tone day to marry King Adland's daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.
- 33 "My lady fair she greets you well,
And evermore well by me;
You must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose your ladie."
- 34 Says, "Read me, read me, dear brother,
My read shall rise at thee,
Whether it is better to turn and fight,
Or go home and lose my ladie."

35 "Now hearken to me," says Adler Young,
 "And your read must rise at me;
I quickly will devise a way
 To set thy lady free.

36 "My mother was a western woman,
 And learned in gramarie,
And when I learned at the school,
 Something she taught it me.

37 "There grows an herb within this field,
 And if it were but known,
His color, which is white and red,
 It will make black and brown.

38 "His color, which is black and brown,
 It will make red and white;
That sword is not in all England
 Upon his coat will bite.

39 "And you shall be a harper, brother,
 Out of the north countree,
And I'll be your boy, so fain of fight,
 And bear your harp by your knee.

40 "And you shall be the best harper
 That ever took harp in hand,
And I will be the best singer
 That ever sung in this land.

41 "It shall be written in our foreheads,
 All and in gramarie,
That we two are the boldest men
 That are in all Christiantie."

- 42 And thus they renisht them to ride,
Of two good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.
- 43 And when they came to King Adland's hall
Until the fair hall-yate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himself thereat.
- 44 Says, "Christ thee save, thou proud porter,"
Says, "Christ thee save and see;"
"Now you be welcome," said the proud porter,
"Of what land soever ye be."
- 45 "We been harpers," said Adler Young,
"Come out of the north countree;
We been come hither until this place
This proud wedding for to see."
- 46 Said, "And your color were white and red,
As it is black and brown,
I would say King Estmere and his brother
Were comen until this town."
- 47 Then they pulled out a ring of gold,
Laid it on the porter's arm:
"And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thou wilt say us no harm."
- 48 Sore he looked on King Estmere,
And sore he handled the ring,
Then opened to them the fair hall-yates,
He let for no kind of thing.

- 49 King Estmere he stabled the steed
 So fair at the hall-board;
 The froth that came from his bridle bit
 Light in King Bremor's beard.
- 50 Says, "Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,"
 Says, "Stable him in the stall;
 It doth not beseem a proud harper
 To stable his steed in a king's hall."
- 51 "My lad he is so lither," he said,
 "He will do nought that's meet;
 And is there any man in this hall
 Were able him to beat?"
- 52 "Thou speakest proud words," says the king of Spain,
 "Thou harper, here to me;
 There is a man within this hall
 Will beat thy lad and thee."
- 53 "O let that man come down," he said,
 "A sight of him would I see;
 And when he hath beaten well my lad,
 Then he shall beat of me."
- 54 Down then came the kemperry man,
 And looked him in the ear;
 For all the gold that was under heaven,
 He durst not nigh him near.
- 55 "And how now, kemp," said the king of Spain,
 "And how, what aileth thee?"
 He says, "It is writ in his forehead,
 All and in gramarie,
 That for all the gold that is under heaven,
 I dare not nigh him nigh."

- 56 Then King Estmere pulled forth his harp
And played a pretty thing;
The lady upstart from the board,
And would have gone from the king.
- 57 "Stay thy harp, thou proud harper,
For God's love I pray thee;
For and thou plays as thou begins,
Thou'll till my bride from me."
- 58 He stroke upon his harp again,
And played a pretty thing;
The lady lough a loud laughter.
As she sate by the king.
- 59 Says, "Sell me thy harp, thou proud harper,
And thy stringès all;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As here be rings in the hall."
- 60 "What would ye do with my harp," he said,
"If I did sell it ye?"
"To play my wife and me a fitt,
When abed together we be."
- 61 "Now sell me," quoth he, "thy bride so gay,
As she sits by thy knee;
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree."
- 62 "And what would ye do with my bride so gay,
If I did sell her thee?
More seemly it is for her fair body
To lie by me than thee."

- 63 He played again both loud and shrill,
And Adler he did sing:
"O lady, this is thy own true love,
No harper, but a king.
- 64 "O lady, this is thy own true love,
As plainly thou mayest see,
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim
Who parts thy love and thee."
- 65 The lady looked, the lady blushed,
And blushed and looked again,
While Adler he has drawn his brand,
And hath the sowdan slain.
- 66 Up then rose the kempery men,
And loud they gan to cry:
"Ah, traitors, ye have slain our king,
And therefore ye shall die."
- 67 King Estmere threw the harp aside,
And swithe he drew his brand,
And Estmere he and Adler Young
Right stiff in stour can stand.
- 68 And ay their swords so sore can bite,
Through help of gramarie,
That soon they have slain the kempery men,
Or forced them forth to flee.
- 69 King Estmere took that fair ladie,
And married her to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to lead his life.

YOUNG BEICHAN

- 1 IN London city was Beichan born,
He long'd strange countries for to see;
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handl'd him right cruelly;
- 2 For through his shoulder he put a bore;
An' through the bore has pitten a tree;
An' he's gar'd him draw the carts o' wine
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.
- 3 He's casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
He's shut him up in a prison strong,
And he's handl'd him right cruelly.
- 4 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Susie Pye;
She's do'en her to the prison house,
And she's called Young Beichan one word by.
- 5 "O hae ye ony lands, or rents,
Or cities in your ain countree,
Could free you out of prison strong,
And could maintain a lady free?"
- 6 "O London city is my own,
And other cities twa or three,
Could loose me out o' prison strong,
And could maintain a lady free."
- 7 O she has brib'd her father's men
Wi' meikle goud and white money;
She's gotten the key o' the prison doors
And she has set Young Beichan free.

- 8 She's gi'en him a loaf of good white bread,
But an' a flask o' Spanish wine;
And she bad him mind on the lady's love
That sae kindly freed him out o' pine.
- 9 "Go set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your ain countree;
And before that seven years has an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."
- 10 It was long or seven years had an end,
She long'd fu' sair her love to see;
She's set her foot on good ship-board,
An' turn'd her back on her ain countree.
- 11 She's sail'd up, so has she down,
Till she came to the other side;
She's landed at Young Beichan's gates,
An' I hop this day she sall be his bride.
- 12 "Is this Young Beichan's gates," says she,
"Or is that noble prince within?"
"He's up the stairs wi' his bonny bride,
An mony a lord and lady wi' him."
- 13 "O has he ta'en a bonny bride?
An' has he clean forgotten me?"
An', sighing, said that gay lady,
"I wish I were in my ain countree."
- 14 But she's pitten her han' in her pocket,
An' gi'en the porter guineas three;
Says, "Take ye that, ye proud porter,
An' bid the bridegroom speak to me."

- 15 O when the porter came up the stair,
He's fa'n low down upon his knee;—
“Won up, won up, ye proud porter,
An' what makes a' this courtesy?”
- 16 “O I've been porter at your gates,
This mair nor seven years an' three;
But there is a lady at them now,
The like of whom I never did see;
- 17 “For on every finger she has a ring,
An' on the mid-finger she has three;
An' there's as meikle goud aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom o' lan' to me.”
- 18 Then up it started Young Beichan,
An' sware so loud by Our Ladie,
“It can be nane but Susie Pye,
That has come o'er the sea to me.”
- 19 O quickly ran he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he has made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And I wot he kiss'd her tenderly.
- 20 “O hae ye ta'en a bonny bride?
And hae ye quite forsaken me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her
That gae you life and liberty?”
- 21 She lookèd o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her ee:
“Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,” she says,
“I'll try to think nae mair on thee.”

- 22 "Take back your daughter, madam," he says,
"An' a double dowry I'll gie her wi';
For I maun marry my first true love,
That's done and suffered so much for me."
- 23 He's ta'en his bonny love by the han',
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He's chang'd her name from Susie Pye,
And he's call'd her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

HIND HORN

- 1 IN Scotland there was a baby born,
Lil lal, etc.
And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
With a fal lal, etc.
- 2 He sent a letter to our king
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.
- 3 He's gi'en to her a silver wand,
With seven living laverocks sitting thereon.
- 4 She's gi'en to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.
- 5 "When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane."
- 6 One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.
- 7 He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

- 8 "What news, what news?" said young Hind Horn;
"No news, no news," said the old beggar man.
- 9 "No news," said the beggar, "no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the king's ha'.
- 10 "But there is a wedding in the king's ha',
That has halden these forty days and twa."
- 11 "Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.
- 12 "Will you lend me your beggar's rung?
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon.
- 13 "Will you lend me your wig o' hair,
To cover mine, because it is fair?"
- 14 The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.
- 15 The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.
- 16 When he came to the king's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.
- 17 The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.
- 18 "O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?"
- 19 "I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand."

- 20 "O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi' you frae town to town.
- 21 "O I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread."
- 22 "Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I'll make you lady o' many a town.
- 23 "Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It's only a sham, the begging o' my bread."
- 24 The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

THE GAY GOSHAWK

- 1 "O WELL's me o' my gay goshawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me."
- 2 "O how can I your true-love ken,
Or how can I her know?
When frae her mouth I ne'er heard couth,
Nor wi' my eyes her saw."
- 3 "O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.
- 4 "An' even at my love's bower-door
There grows a bowing birk;
An' sit ye down and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

- 5 "An' four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and to the kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.
- 6 "An' four-and-twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair;
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair."



GENTLEMAN RIDING OUT WITH HIS HAWK
From the Luttrell Psalter, ca. 1340

- 7 And even at that lady's bower-door
There grows a bowin' birk;
And she set down and sang thereon
As she ged to the kirk.
- 8 "O eat and drink, my maries a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An' hear yon bonny bird's song.
- 9 "Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen;
For I ken, by your sweet singin',
Ye're frae my true-love sen."

- 10 O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave;
And then he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.
- 11 "Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.
- 12 "He bids you write a letter to him;
He says he's sent you five;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho' you're the fairest woman alive."
- 13 "Ye bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I'll meet him in fair Scotland,
Lang, lang or it be stale."
- 14 She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me."
- 15 "Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An' granted it sal be;
Except ae squire in fair Scotland,
An' him you sal never see."
- 16 "The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of thee,—
Is, gin I die in southin lands,
In Scotland to bury me.

- 17 "And the firstin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung;
And the nextin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.
- 18 "And the thirdin kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake.
And the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night."
- 19 She has doen her to her bigly bower
As fast as she coud fare;
And she has tane a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.
- 20 She's laid her down upon her bed,
An soon she's fa'n asleep,
And soon o'er every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.
- 21 When night was flown, and day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead,
As ony lady coud be.
- 22 Her father and her brothers dear
Gard make to her a bier;
The tae half was o' guid red gold,
The tither o' silver clear.
- 23 Her mither an' her sisters fair
Gard work for her a sark;
The tae half was o' cambric fine,
The tither o' needle wark.

- 24 An the firstin kirk that they came till,
 They gard the bells be rung;
 The nextin kirk that they came till,
 They gard the mess be sung.
- 25 The thirdin kirk that they came till,
 They dealt gold for her sake,
 An' the fourthin kirk that they came till,
 Lo, there they met her make.
- 26 "Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
 Let me the dead look on;"
 Wi' cherry cheeks and ruby lips
 She lay and smil'd on him.
- 27 "O ae sheave o' your bread, true-love,
 An' ae glass o' your wine;
 For I hae fasted for your sake
 These fully days is nine.
- 28 "Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,
 Gang hame and sound your horn!
 And ye may boast in southin lands
 Your sister's play'd you scorn."

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boil'd them in the pan.
- 2 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife
 "Gae out and bar the door."

- 3 "My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it should nae be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me."
- 4 They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae'er should speak,
Should rise and bar the door.
- 5 Than by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candlelight.
- 6 "Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.
- 7 And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black:
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spake.
- 8 Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."
- 9 "But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo
That boils into the pan?"

- 10 O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he;
“Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi’ pudding bree?”
- 11 O up then started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
“Goodman, you’ve spoken the foremost word;
Get up and bar the door.”

KATHARINE JANFARIE

- 1 THERE leeft a may, an a weel-far’d may,
High, high up in yon glen; O
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courtit by mony men. O
- 2 Up then cam Lord Lauderdale,
Up thrae the Lawland border,
And he has come to court this may,
A’ mountit in gude order.
- 3 He’s tell’d her father, he’s tell’d her mother,
An’ a’ the lave o’ her kin,
An’ he has tell’d the bonny lass hersel’,
An’ has her favor win.
- 4 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,
Out frae the English border,
An’ for to court this well-far’d may,
A’ mountit in gude order.
- 5 He tell’d her father, he tell’d her mother,
An’ a’ the rest o’ her kin,
But he ne’er tell’d the bonny lass hersel’,
Till on her waddin’-e’en.

- 6 When they war a' at denner set,
 Drinkin' the bluid-red wine,
 'T was up then cam Lord Lauderdale,
 The bridegroom soud hae been.
- 7 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,
 An he spak very slee:
 "O are ye come for sport?" he says,
 "Or are ye come for play?
 Or are ye come for a kiss o' our bride,
 An' the morn her waddin'-day?"
- 8 "O I'm no come for ought," he says,
 "But for some sport or play;
 An' ae word o' yer bonnie bride,
 Than I'll horse an' ride away."
- 9 She fill'd a cup o' the gude red wine,
 She fill'd it to the ee:
 "Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,
 An' a' your companie."
- 10 She fill'd a cup o' the gude red wine,
 She fill'd it to the brim:
 "Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,
 My bridegroom should hae been."
- 11 He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 And by the gars-green sleeve,
 An' he has mountit her behind him,
 O' the bridegroom spierd nae leave.
- 12 "It's now take yer bride, Lord Faughanwood,
 Now take her an ye may;
 But if ye take yer bride again
 We will ca' it foul play."

- 13 There war four a' twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad i' the simple grey;
They said the' wad take their bride again,
By the strang hand an the' may.
- 14 Some o' them were fu' willin' men,
But they war na willin' a';
Sae four an twenty ladies gay
Bade them ride on their way.
- 15 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,
An' in by the Cadan brae,
An' there the' gard the piper play
It was a' for foul, foul play.
- 16 A' ye lords in fair England
That live by the English border,
Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife,
Or than ye'll get the scorn.
- 17 They'll keep ye up i' temper guid
Until yer waddin'-day,
They'll thraw ye frogs instead o' fish,
An' steal your bride away.

BEWICK AND GRAHAM

- 1 OLD Graham he is to Carlisle gone,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
In arms to wine they are gone,
And drank till they were both merrie.
- 2 Old Graham he took up the cup,
And said, "Brother Bewick, here's to thee;
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our countrie."

- 3 "Nay, were thy son as good as mine,
And of some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side,
To see how he could save his head,
- 4 "They might have been call'd two bold brethren
Where ever they did go or ride;
They might have been call'd two bold brethren,
They might have crack'd the Border-side.
- 5 "Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,
And bully to my son cannot be;
For my son Bewick can both write and read,
And sure I am that cannot he."
- 6 "I put him to school, but he would not learn,
I bought him books, but he would not read;
But my blessing he's never have
Till I see how his hand can save his head."
- 7 Old Graham called for an account,
And he ask'd what was for to pay;
There he paid a crown, so it went round,
Which was all for good wine and hay.
- 8 Old Graham is into the stable gone,
Where stood thirty good steeds and three;
He's taken his own steed by the head,
And home rode he right wantonly.
- 9 When he came home, there did he espy,
A loving sight to spy or see,
There did he espy his own three sons,
Young Christy Graham, the foremost was he.

- 10 There did he espy his own three sons,
 Young Christy Graham, the foremost was he:
 "Where have you been all day, father,
 That no counsel you would take by me?"
- 11 "Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;
 He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad,
 And a baffled man by thou I be.
- 12 "He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad,
 And bully to his son cannot be;
 For his son Bewick can both write and read,
 And sure I am that cannot thee.
- 13 "I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,
 I bought thee books, but thou would not read;
 But my blessing thou's never have
 Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head."
- 14 "Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;
 That ever such a thing should be!
 Shall I venture my body in field to fight
 With a man that's faith and troth to me?"
- 15 "What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon?
 Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
 Here's my glove thou shalt fight me."
- 16 Christy stoop'd low unto the ground,
 Unto the ground, as you'll understand:
 "O father, put on your glove again,
 The wind hath blown it from your hand."

- 17 "What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon?
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
Here is my hand thou shalt fight me."
- 18 Christy Graham is to his chamber gone,
And for to study, as well might be,
Whether to fight with his father dear,
Or with his bully Bewick he.
- 19 "If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
As you shall boldly understand,
In every town that I ride through,
They'll say, There rides a brotherless man!
- 20 "Nay, for to kill my bully dear,
I think it will be a deadly sin;
And for to kill my father dear,
The blessing of heaven I ne'er shall win.
- 21 "O give me your blessing, father," he said,
"And pray well for me for to thrive;
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll ne'er come home alive."
- 22 He put on his back a good plate-jack,
And on his head a plate of steel,
With sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them well!
- 23 "O fare thee well, my father dear;
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
I swear I'll ne'er eat bread again."

- 24 Now we'll leave talking of Christy Graham,
And talk of him again belive;
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.
- 25 Now when he had learn'd them well to fence,
To handle their swords without any doubt,
He's taken his own sword under his arm,
And walk'd his father's close about.
- 26 He look'd between him and the sun,
To see what farleys he could see;
There he spy'd a man with armor on,
As he came riding over the lee.
- 27 "I wonder much what man yon be
That so boldly this way does come;
I think it is my nighest friend,
I think it is my bully Graham.
- 28 "O welcome, O welcome, bully Graham!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!
For I love thee best in Christendom!"
- 29 "Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
The day is come I never thought on;
Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee."
- 30 "O no! not so, O bully Graham!
That e'er such a word should spoken be!
I was thy master, thou was my scholar;
So well as I have learnèd thee."

- 31 "My father he was in Carlisle town,
Where thy father Bewick there met he;
He said I was bad, and he call'd me a lad,
And a baffled man by thou I be."
- 32 "Away, away, O bully Graham,
And of all that talk, man, let us be!
We'll take three men of either side,
To see if we can our fathers agree."
- 33 "Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy bullyship let me be!
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."
- 34 "O no! not so, my bully Graham!
That e'er such a word should spoken be!
Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?"
- 35 "Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of all that care, man, let us be!
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."
- 36 "Now, if it be my fortune thee, Graham, to kill,
As God's will's, man, it all must be;
But if it be my fortune thee, Graham, to kill,
'T is home again I'll never gae."
- 37 "Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,
And sworn-brethren will we be;
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me."

- 38 He flang his coat off his shoulder,
His psalm-book out of his hand flang he,
He clapp'd his hand upon the hedge,
And o'er lap he right wantonly.
- 39 When Graham did see his bully come,
The salt tear stood long in his eye:
"Now needs must I say that thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.
- 40 "Now I have a harness on my back;
I know that thou hath none on thine;
But as little as thou hath on thy back,
Sure as little shall there be on mine."
- 41 He flang his jack from off his back,
His steel cap from his head flang he;
He's taken his sword into his hand,
He's tied his horse unto a tree.
- 42 Now they fell to it with two broad swords,
For two long hours fought Bewick and he;
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,
But never a drop of blood to see.
- 43 Now Graham gave Bewick an ackward stroke,
An ackward stroke surely struck he;
He struck him now under the left breast,
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.
- 44 "Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,
Arise, and speak three words to me!
Whether this be thy deadly wound,
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee."

- 45 "O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,
And pray do get thee far from me!
Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,
And so no further can I gae.
- 46 "O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,
And get thee far from me with speed!
And get thee out of this country quite!
That none may know who's done the deed."
- 47 "O if this be true, my bully dear,
The words that thou dost tell to me,
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep:
I swear I'll be the first that die."
- 48 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,
Where he lap thirty good foot and three;
First he bequeathed his soul to God,
And upon his own sword-point lap he.
- 49 Now Graham he was the first that died,
And then came Robin Bewick to see:
"Arise, arise, O son!" he said,
"For I see thou's won the victory.
- 50 "Arise, arise, O son!" he said,
"For I see thou's won the victory."
"Father, could ye not drunk your wine at home,
And letten me and my brother be?
- 51 "Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,
And in it us two pray bury;
But bury my bully Graham on the sun-side,
For I'm sure he's won the victory."

- 52 Now we'll leave talking of these two brethren,
 In Carlisle town where they lie slain,
 And talk of these two good old men,
 Where they were making a pitiful moan.
- 53 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:
 "O man, was I not much to blame?
 I have lost one of the liveliest lads
 That ever was bred unto my name."
- 54 With that bespoke my good lord Graham:
 "O man, I have lost the better block;
 I have lost my comfort and my joy,
 I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.
- 55 "Had I gone through all Ladderdale,
 And forty horses had set on me,
 Had Christy Graham been at my back,
 So well as he would guarded me."
- 56 I have no more of my song to sing,
 But two or three words to you I'll name;
 But 't will be talk'd in Carlisle town
 That these two old men were all the blame.

YOUNG WATERS

- 1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule
 And the round tables began,
 A' there is come to our king's court
 Mony a well-favor'd man.
- 2 The queen luikt o'er the castle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw young Waters
 Come riding to the town.

- 3 His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.
- 4 Gowden-graith'd his horse before,
And siller-shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.
- 5 Out then spak' a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"
- 6 "I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
Mine eyne did never see."
- 7 Out then spak' the jealous king
And an angry man was he:
"O if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."
- 8 "You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."
- 9 For a' that she could do or say,
Appeas'd he wad nae be;
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

- 10 They hae ta'en young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They hae ta'en young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.
- 11 "Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind but and the weet;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.
- 12 "Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind but and the rain;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Ne'er to return again."
- 13 They hae ta'en to the heiding-hill /
His young son in his craddle;
And they hae ta'en to the heading-hill
His horse but and his saddle.
- 14 They hae ta'en to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did die.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

- 1 It fell about the Lammas' tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas boun'd him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.
- 2 He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

- 3 And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.
- 4 And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
O wha's the lady o't?"
- 5 But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake high!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."
- 6 "If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die."
- 7 He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiously.
- 8 But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.
- 9 "Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword shall gae wi' me."

- 10 "But gae ye up to Otterburn,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis' end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."
- 11 "The Otterburn's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn,
To feed my men and me.
- 12 "The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.
- 13 "Yet I will stay at Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three dayis' end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."
- 14 "Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladie!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."
- 15 They lighted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.
- 16 And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

- 17 But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn—
 “O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy’s hard at hand.”
- 18 “Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
 Sae loud I hear ye lie:
 For Percy had not men yestreen
 To dight my men and me.



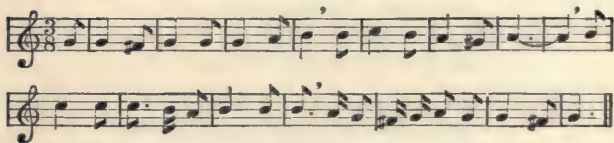
HAYMAKING
 From an old English calendar

- 19 “But I have dream’d a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Sky;
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I.”
- 20 He belted on his guid braid sword,
 And to the field he ran;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.
- 21 When Percy wi’ the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu’ fain;
 They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
 And the blood ran down like rain.
- 22 But Percy with his guid broad sword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

- 23 Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 24 "My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 25 "My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.
- 26 "O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."
- 27 He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merry-men might not see.
- 28 The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.
- 29 The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.
- 30 The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swappèd swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

- 31 "Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
 "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
 "To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
 "Now that I see it must be so?"
- 32 "Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loon,
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
 But yield thee to the bracken bush
 That grows upon yon lily lea."
- 33 "I will not yield to a bracken bush,
 Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
 Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."
- 34 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He struck his sword's point in the ground;
 The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the hand.
- 35 This deed was done at the Otterburn,
 About the breaking of the day;
 Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush
 And the Percy led captive away.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT



- 1 THE Percy out of Northumberland,
 And avow to God made he
 That he wold hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In the maugre of the doughty Douglas,
 And all that ever with him be.

- 2 The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill, and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if that I may."
- 3 Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty meinie,
With fifteen hundrith archers bold of blood and bone;
They were chosen out of shires three.
- 4 This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hillès so hie;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It is the more pitie.
- 5 The drivers thorough the woodès went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.
- 6 Then the wild thorough the woodès went,
On every sidè shere;
Greyhounds thorough the grevès glent,
For to kill their deer.
- 7 This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,
Yerly on a Monen-day;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundrith fat harts dead there lay.
- 8 They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sidès shere;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling of the deer.
- 9 He said, "It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he wold fail, verament;"
A great oath the Percy sware.

- 10 At the last a squire of Northumberland
Lookèd at his hand full nie;
He was ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meinie.
- 11 Both with spear, bill, and brand,
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christiantie.
- 12 They were twenty hundrith spear-men good,
Without any fail;
They were born along by the water o' Tweed,
I' th' boundès of Tividale.
- 13 "Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bowès look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were on your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."
- 14 The doughty Douglas on a steed,
He rode all his men befor;
His armor glittered as did a gleed;
A bolder barn was never born.
- 15 "Tell me whose men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be:
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot chase,
In the spite of mine and of me."
- 16 The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good lord Percy:
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In the spite of thine and of thee."

- 17 "The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away:"
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the tone of us shall die this day."
- 18 Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the lord Percy:
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pitie!
- 19 "But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am a yerl callèd within my countrie;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me."
- 20 "Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day,
- 21 "Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."
- 22 Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To king Harry the Fourth, for shame.
- 23 "I wat you been great lordès twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail, both heart and hand."

- 24 That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fitt here I find;
And you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet there is more behind.
- 25 The English men had their bowès ybent,
Their hearts were good enough;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spear-men they slough.
- 26 Yet bides the lord Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough,
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought hem both woe and wouch.
- 27 The Douglas parted his ost in three,
Like a chief captain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree,
They come in on every side;
- 28 Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they garr'd to die,
Which gainèd them no pride.
- 29 The English men let their bowès be,
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.
- 30 Thorough rich mail and maniple,
Many stern they struck down straight;
Many a freak that was full free,
There under foot did light.

- 31 At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
 Like to captains of might and of main;
 They swapt together till they both swat,
 With swords that were of fine milan.
- 32 These worthy freakès for to fight,
 Thereto they were full fain,
 Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
 As ever did hail or rain.
- 33 "Yield thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
 "And i' faith I shall thee bring
 Where thou shalt have a yerl's wages
 Of Jamy our Scottish king.
- 34 "Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
 I hight thee hear this thing;
 For the manfullest man yet art thou
 That ever I conquerèd in field fighting."
- 35 "Nay," said the lord Percy,
 "I told it thee beforne,
 That I would never yielded be
 To no man of a woman born."
- 36 With that there cam an arrow hastily,
 Forth of a mighty wane;
 Hit hath streaken the yerl Douglas
 In at the breast-bane.
- 37 Thorough liver and lungès baith
 The sharp arrow is gane,
 That never after in all his life-days
 He spake mo wordès but ane:
 That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
 For my life-days been gane."

- 38 The Percy leanèd on his brand,
 And saw the Douglas die;
 He took the dead man by the hand,
 And said, "Woe is me for thee!"
- 39 "To have savèd thy life, I wold have partèd with
 My lands for years three,
 For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
 Was nat in all the north countrie."



A BATTLE SCENE
 From an old MS.

- 40 Of all that see a Scottish knight,
 Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery;
 He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
 He spendèd a spear, a trusty tree.
- 41 He rode upon a courser
 Through a hundrith archery:
 He never stinted, nor never blan,
 Till he cam to the good lord Percy.
- 42 He set upon the lord Percy
 A dint that was full sore;
 With a sure spear of a mighty tree
 Clean thorough the body he the Percy bear,

- 43 O' the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mare:
Two better captains were not in Christiantie
Then that day slain were there.
- 44 An archer of Northumberland
Say slain was the lord Percy;
He bar a bend bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree.
- 45 An arrow that a cloth-yard was lang
To the hard steel halèd he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomery.
- 46 The dint it was both sad and sair
That he of Montgomery set;
The swan-feathers that his arrow bar,
With his heart-blood they were wet.
- 47 There was never a freak one foot wold flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
With many a baleful brand.
- 48 This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battle was not half done.
- 49 They took . . . on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hillès aboon.
- 50 Of fifteen hundrith archers of England
Went away but seventy and three;
Of twenty hundrith spear-men of Scotland,
But even five and fiftie.

- 51 But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on by;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.
- 52 There was slain, with the lord Percy,
Sir Johan of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hind Hartley,
Sir William, the bold Heron.
- 53 Sir George, the worthy Lumley,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Raff, the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.
- 54 For Witherington my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his leggès were hewen in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.
- 55 There was slain, with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomery,
Sir Davy Lowdale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.
- 56 Sir Charles o' Murray in that place,
That never a foot wold flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did they die.
- 57 So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows, with weeping tears,
Cam to fache their makès away.

- 58 Tivydale may carp of care,
 Northumberland may make great moan,
 For two such captains as slain were there
 On the March-party shall never be none.
- 59 Word is comen to Edinboro,
 To Jamy the Scottish king,
 That doughty Douglas, lieftenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.
- 60 His handès did he weal and wring,
 He said, "Alas, and woe is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within,"
 He said, "i' faith shold never be."
- 61 Word is comen to lovely London,
 Till the fourth Harry our King,
 That lord Percy, lieftenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.
- 62 "God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
 "Good Lord, if thy will it be!
 I have a hundrith captains in England," he said,
 "As good as ever was he:
 But, Percy, and I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit shall be."
- 63 As our noble king made his avow,
 Like a noble prince of renown,
 For the death of the lord Percy
 He did the battle of Hombildown;
- 64 Where six and thritty Scottish knights
 On a day were beaten down;
 Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
 Over castle, tower, and town.

- 65 This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
That tear began this spurn;
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.
- 66 At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a Monen-day;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.
- 67 There was never a time on the March-partès
Sen the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it is mervel and the red blude run not,
As the rain does in the street.
- 68 Jesu Christ our balès beet,
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot:
God send us all good ending.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

- 1 THERE dwelt a man in fair Westmoreland,
Johnie Armstrong men did him call,
He had neither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.
- 2 He had horse and harness for them all,
Goodly steeds were all milk-white;
O the golden bands an' about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.
- 3 News then was brought unto the king
That there was sic a one as he,
That livèd like a bold out-law,
And robbèd all the north countrie.

- 4 The king he writ an' a letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signèd with his own hand,
And he promised to do him no wrong.
- 5 When this letter came Johnie until,
His heart it was blithe as birds on the tree:
"Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but me.
- 6 "And if we go the king before,
I would we went most orderly;
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
Laced with silver laces three.
- 7 "Every one of you shall have his velvet coat,
Laced with silver lace so white;
O the golden bands an' about your necks,
Black hats, white feathers, all alike."
- 8 By the morrow morning at ten of the clock,
Towards Edinboro gone was he,
And with him all his eight score men;
Good Lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!
- 9 When Johnie came before the king,
He fell down on his knee:
"O pardon, my sovereign liege," he said,
"O pardon my eight score men and me!"
- 10 "Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traitor strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree."

- 11 But Johnie looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grievous look looked he!
Saying, "Asking grace of a graceless face —
Why there is none for you nor me."
- 12 But Johnie had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the metal so free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside,
He had smitten his head from his fair bodie.
- 13 Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be tane;
For rather then men shall say we were hanged,
Let them report how we were slain."
- 14 Then, God wot, fair Edinboro rose,
And so beset poor Johnie round,
That fourscore and ten of Johnie's best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.
- 15 Then like a mad man Johnie laid about,
And like a mad man then fought he,
Until a false Scot came Johnie behind,
And run him through the fair bodie.
- 16 Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be tane;
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
And then will I come and fight again."
- 17 News then was brought to young Johnie Armstrong,
As he stood by his nurse's knee,
Who vowed if e'er he lived for to be a man,
O' the treacherous Scots revenged he'd be.

CAPTAIN CAR, OR EDMO O' GORDON



- 1 It befell at Martinmas
When weather waxèd cold,
Captain Car said to his men,
"We must go take a hold."

Sick, sick, and too-too sick,
And sick and like to die;
The sickest night that ever I abode,
God Lord have mercy on me.
- 2 "Hail, master, and whither you will,
And whither ye like it best."
"To the castle of Craickernbrough;
And there we will take our rest.
- 3 "I know where is a gay castle,
Is builded of lime and stone,
Within there is a gay lady,
Her lord is ridden and gone."
- 4 The lady she leanèd on her castle-wall,
She looked up and down;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the town.
- 5 "See you, my merry men all,
And see you what I see;
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they be,"

- 6 She thought he had been her wed lord,
As he comed riding home;
Then was it traitor Captain Car,
The lord of Easter-town.
- 7 They were no sooner at supper set,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captain Car and all his men
Were light about the place.
- 8 "Give over this house, thou lady gay,
And I will make thee a band;
To-night thou shall lie within my arms,
To-morrow thou shall heir my land."
- 9 Then bespak the eldest son,
That was both white and red,
"O mother dear, give over your house,
Or ellès we shall be dead."
- 10 "I will not give over my house," she saith,
"Not for fear of my life;
It shall be talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wife;
- 11 "Fetch me my pestilet,
And charge me my gun,
That I may shoot at yonder bloody butcher,
The lord of Easter-town."
- 12 Stiffly upon her wall she stood,
And let the pellets flee,
But then she missed the bloody butcher,
And she slew other three.

- 13 "I will not give over my house," she saith,
 "Neither for lord nor loon,
 Nor yet for traitor Captain Car,
 The lord of Easter-town.
- 14 "I desire of Captain Car,
 And all his bloody band,
 That he would save my eldest son,
 The heir of all my land."
- 15 "Lap him in a sheet," he saith,
 "And let him down to me,
 And I shall take him in my arms,
 His warran' shall I be."
- 16 The captain said unto himself;
 With speed before the rest,
 He cut his tongue out of his head,
 His heart out of his brest.
- 17 He lapt them in a handkerchief,
 And knit it of knots three,
 And cast them over the castle-wall
 At that gay ladie.
- 18 "Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
 And all thy bloody band,
 For thou hast slain my eldest son,
 The heir of all my land."
- 19 Then bespake the youngest son,
 That sat on the nurse's knee,
 Saith, "Mother gay, give over your house,
 It smouldereth me."

- 20 "I would give my gold," she saith,
 "And so I would my fee,
For a blast of the western wind
 To drive the smoke from thee.
- 21 "Fie upon thee, John Hamilton,
 That ever I paid thee hire,
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
 And kindled in the fire."
- 22 The lady gat to her close parlor,
 The fire fell about her head;
She took up her children three,
 Saith, "Babes, we are all dead."
- 23 Then bespake the high steward,
 That is of high degree;
Saith, "Lady gay, you are in close,
 Whether ye fight or flee."
- 24 Lord Hamilton dreamed in his dream,
 In Carvall where he lay,
His hall were all of fire,
 His lady slain or day.
- 25 "Busk and boun, my merry men all,
 Even and go ye with me,
For I dreamed that my hall was on fire,
 My lady slain or day."
- 26 He busked him and bouned him,
 And like a worthy knight,
And when he saw his hall burning,
 His heart was no deal light.

- 27 He set a trumpet till his mouth,
He blew as it pleased his grace;
Twenty score of Hamiltons
Was light about the place.
- 28 "Had I known as much yesternight
As I do to-day,
Captain Car and all his men
Should not have gone so quite away.
- 29 "Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
And all thy bloody band;
Thou hast slain my lady gay,
More worth then all thy land.
- 30 "If thou had ought any ill will," he saith,
"Thou should have taken my life,
And have saved my children three,
All and my lovesome wife."

JOCK O' THE SIDE

- 1 PETER O' WHITFIELD he hath slain,
And John o' Side, he is tane,
And John is bound both hand and foot,
And to the New Castle he is gone.
- 2 But tidings came to the Sybil o' the Side,
By the water-side as she ran;
She took her kirtle by the hem,
And fast she run to Mangerton.
- 3
The lord was set down at his meat;
When these tidings she did him tell,
Never a morsel might he eat.

- 4 But lords, they wrung their fingers white,
Ladies did pull themselves by the hair,
Crying, "Alas and welladay!
For John o' the Side we shall never see more.
- 5 "But we'll go sell our droves of kine,
And after them our oxen sell,
And after them our troops of sheep,
But we will loose him out of the New Castell."
- 6 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spoke these words wondrous hie;
Says, "Give me five men to myself,
And I'll fetch John o' the Side to thee."
- 7 "Yea, thou'st have five, Hobby Noble,
Of the best that are in this countrie;
I'll give thee five thousand, Hobby Noble,
That walk in Tividale trulie."
- 8 "Nay, I'll have but five," says Hobby Noble,
That shall walk away with me;
We will ride like no men of war;
But like poor badgers we will be."
- 9 They stuffed up all their bags with straw,
And their steeds barefoot must be;
"Come on, my brethren," says Hobby Noble,
"Come on your ways, and go with me."
- 10 And when they came to Chollerton ford,
The water was up, they could it not go;
And then they were aware of a good old man,
How his boy and he were at the plow.

- 11 "But stand you still," says Hobby Noble,
 "Stand you still here at this shore,
And I will ride to yonder old man,
 And see where the gate it lies o'er.
- 12 "But Christ you save, father!" quoth he,
 "Christ both you save and see!
Where is the way over this ford?
 For Christ's sake tell it me!"
- 13 "But I have dwelled here three score year,
 So have I done three score and three;
I never saw man nor horse go o'er,
 Except it were a horse of tree."
- 14 "But fare thou well, thou good old man!
 The devil in hell I leave with thee,
No better comfort here this night
 Thou gives my brethren here and me."
- 15 But when he came to his brether again,
 And told this tidings full of woe,
And then they found a well good gate
 They might ride o'er two by two.
- 16 And when they were come over the ford,
 All safe gotten at the last,
"Thanks be to God!" says Hobby Noble,
 "The worst of our perill is past."
- 17 And then they came into Howbram wood,
 And there then they found a tree,
And cut it down then by the root;
 The length was thirty foot and three.

- 18 And four of them did take the plank,
As light as it had been a flea,
And carried it to the New Castle,
Whereas John o' Side did lie.
- 19 And some did climb up by the walls,
And some did climb up by the tree,
Until they came up to the top of the castle,
Where John made his moan trulie.
- 20 He said, "God be with thee, Sybil o' the Side!
My own mother thou art," quoth he;
"If thou knew this night I were here,
A woe woman then wouldest thou be.
- 21 "And fare you well, Lord Mangerton!
And ever I say, God be with thee!
For if you knew this night I were here,
You would sell your land for to loose me.
- 22 "And fare thou well, Much, Miller's son!
Much, Miller's son, I say;
Thou has been better at merk midnight
Then ever thou was at noon o' the day.
- 23 "And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!
Thou art thy father's son and heir;
Thou never saw him in all thy life
But with him durst thou break a spear.
- 24 "We are brother's children nine or ten,
And sister's children ten or eleven.
We never came to the field to fight,
But the worst of us was counted a man."

- 25 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spake these words unto him;
Says, "Sleepest thou, wakest thou, John o' the Side,
Or art thou this castle within?"
- 26 "But who is there," quoth John o' th' Side,
"That knows my name so right and free?"
"I am a bastard brother of thine;
This night I am comen for to loose thee."
- 27 "Now nay, now nay," quoth John o' the Side;
"It fears me sore that will not be;
For a peck of gold and silver," John said,
"In faith this night will not loose me."
- 28 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And till his brother thus said he;
Says, "Four shall take this matter in hand,
And two shall tent our geldings free."
- 29 Four did break one door without,
Then John brake five himsel';
But when they came to the iron door,
It smote twelve upon the bell.
- 30 "It fears me sore," said Much, the Miller,
"That here taken we all shall be;"
"But go away, brethren," said John o' Side,
"For ever alas! this will not be."
- 31 "But fie upon thee!" said Hobby Noble;
"Much, the Miller, fie upon thee!
It sore fears me," said Hobby Noble,
"Man that thou wilt never be."

- 32 But then he had Flanders files two or three,
And he filed down that iron door,
And took John out of the New Castle,
And said, "Look thou never come here more!"
- 33 When he had him forth of the New Castle,
"Away with me, John, thou shalt ride;"
But ever alas! it could not be;
For John could neither sit nor stride.
- 34 But then he had sheets two or three,
And bound John's bolts fast to his feet,
And set him on a well good steed,
Himself on another by him seat.
- 35 Then Hobby Noble smiled and lough,
And spoke these words in mickle pride:
"Thou sits so finely on thy gelding
That, John, thou rides like a bride."
- 36 And when they came thorough Howbram town,
John's horse there stumbled at a stone;
"Out and alas!" cried Much, the Miller,
"John, thou'll make us all be tane."
- 37 "But fie upon thee!" says Hobby Noble,
"Much, the Miller, fie on thee!
I know full well," says Hobby Noble,
"Man that thou wilt never be."
- 38 And when they came into Howbram wood,
He had Flanders files two or three
To file John's bolts beside his feet,
That he might ride more easily..

39 Says, "John, now leap over a steed!"

And John then he lope over five:

"I know well," says Hobby Noble,

"John, thy fellow is not alive."

40 Then he brought him home to Mangerton;

The lord then he was at his meat;

But when John o' the Side he there did see,

For fain he could no more eat.

41 He says, "Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,

That ever thou wast man born!

Thou hast fetched us home good John o' th' Side,

That was now clean from us gone."

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

1 DOWN Dee side came Inverey whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawing.

2 Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin."

3 The lady raise up, to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.

4 "O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by."

5 "How can I rise, lady, or turn them again!
Where'er I have ae man, I wot they hae ten."

6 "Then rise up, my lasses, take rocks in your hand,
And turn back the kye;—I hae you at command.

- 7 "Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye ta'en."
- 8 Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith;
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, tho' to leave you I'm laith.
- 9 "Come kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my spear;
I ay was for peace, though I never fear'd weir.
- 10 "Come kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in!"
- 11 When Brackley was busked, and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.
- 12 When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.
- 13 Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty-and-three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.
- 14 Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;
But against four-and-thirty, wae's me, what is twa?
- 15 Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a wound.
- 16 Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.
- 17 "O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?"
- 18 "O I came by Brackley yates, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

- 19 That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laugh'd wi' the men that her baron had slain.
- 20 "O fie on you, lady! how could you do sae?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."
- 21 She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcom'd him in;
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron!
- 22 She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shaw'd him the road, that he shou'dna be ta'en.
- 23 "Thro' Birss and Aboyne," she says, "lyin' in a tour,
O'er the hills o' Glentinar you'll skip in an hour."
- 24 There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa.

BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL

VERSION B

- 1 SADDLED and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.
- 2 Down cam his auld mither,
Greetin' fu' sair,
And down cam his bonny wife,
Wringin' her hair.
- 3 Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

VERSION D

- 1 HIGH upon Highlands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day.
- 2 "My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build,
And my babe is unborn."

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

- 1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have ye been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.
- 2 "Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."
- 3 He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!
- 4 He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.
- 5 He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love!

- 6 Oh lang will his lady
 Look o'er the castle Down,
 Ere she sees the Earl of Murray
 Come sounding thro' the town!
 Ere she, etc.

JOHNIE COCK



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- 1 JOHNIE he has risen up i' the morn,
 Calls for water to wash his hands;
 But little he knew that his bloody hounds
 Were bound in iron bands, bands,
 Were bound in iron bands.
- 2 Johnie's mother has gotten word o' that,
 And care-bed she has ta'en;
 "O Johnie, for my benison,
 I beg you'll stay at hame;
 For the wine so red, and the well baken bread,
 My Johnie shall want nane.
- 3 "There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,
 At Pickeram where they dwell,
 And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
 They wad ride the fords of hell."
- 4 Johnie he's gotten word of that,
 And he's turn'd wondrous keen;
 He's put off the red scarlett,
 And he's put on the Lincolme green.

- 5 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And a bent bow in his hand,
He's mounted on a prancing steed,
And he's ridden fast o'er the strand.
- 6 He's up i' Braidhouplee, and down i' Bradyslee,
And under a buss o' broom,
And there he found a good dun deer,
Feeding in a buss of ling.
- 7 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemm'd her of her pride.
- 8 He 'as ta'en out the little pen-knife,
'T was full three quarters long,
And he has ta'en out of that dun deer
The liver but and the tongue.
- 9 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johnie and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.
- 10 By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he's away to Pickram Side,
As fast as he can drie.
- 11 "What news, what news?" says the Seven Forsters,
"What news have ye brought to me?"
"I have no news," the palmer said,
"But what I saw with my eye.

- 12 "High up i' Bradyslee, low down i' Bradyslee,
And under a buss of scroggs,
O there I spied a well-wight man,
Sleeping among his dogs.
- 13 "His coat it was of light Lincoln,
And his breeches of the same,
His shoes of the American leather,
And gold buckles tying them."
- 14 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
"O that is Johnie o' Cockley's Well,
And near him we will draw."
- 15 O' the first y stroke that they gae him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Up then bespake his sister's son:
"O the next 'll gar him die!"
- 16 "O some they count ye well-wight men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha' waken'd me,
And ask'd gin I wad be ta'en.
- 17 "The wildest wolf in a' this wood
Wad not ha' done so by me;
She'd ha' wet her foot i' th' wan water,
And sprinkled it o'er my brae,
And if that wad not ha' waken'd me,
She wad ha' gone and let me be.
- 18 "O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up believe,
Manhuid shall fail me nought."

- 19 He has kill'd the Seven Forsters,
 He has kill'd them all but ane,
 And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,
 To carry the bode-words hame.
- 20 "Is there never a boy in a' this wood
 That will tell what I can say;
 That will go to Cockley's Well,
 Tell my mither to fetch me away?"
- 21 There was a boy into that wood,
 That carried the tidings away,
 And many ae was the well-wight man
 At the fetching o' Johnie away.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

- 1 IN summer when the shaws be sheen,
 And leaves be large and long,
 It is full merry in fair forest
 To hear the fowles' song.



"AND SHADOW HEM IN THE LEAVÈS GREEN"

From a wood engraving by Thomas Bewick for Ritson's *Robin Hood*

- 2 To see the deer draw to the dale,
 And leave the hillès hie,
 And shadow hem in the leavès green,
 Under the greenwood tree.

- 3 Hit befell on Whitsuntide,
Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair can shine,
And the briddès merry can sing.
- 4 "This is a merry morning," said Little John,
"By Him that died on tree;
A more merry man then I am one
Lives not in Christiantie."
- 5 "Pluck up thy hert, my dear master,"
Little John can say,
"And think it is a full fair time
In a morning of May."
- 6 "Yea, one thing grieves me," said Robin,
"And does my hert mich woe,
That I may not no solemn day
To mass nor matins go.
- 7 "Hit is a fortnit and more," said he,
"Sin I my Saviour see;
To-day will I to Nottingham," said Robin,
"With the might of mild Mary."
- 8 Then spake Much, the milner son,
Ever more well him betide,
"Take twelve of thy wight yemen
Well weaponed by thy side.
Such one would thyself slon
That twelve dare not abide."
- 9 "Of all my merry men," said Robin,
"By my faith I will none have;
But Little John shall bear my bow
Till that me list to draw."

- 10 "Thou shall bear thine own," said Little John,
"Maister, and I will bear mine;
And we will sheet a penny," said Little John,
"Under the greenwood line."
- 11 "I will not sheet a penny," said Robin Hood,
"In faith, Little John, with thee,
But ever for one as thou sheets," said Robin,
"In faith I hold thee three."
- 12 Thus shet they forth, these yemen two,
Both at busk and broom,
Till Little John wan of his maister
Five shillings to hose and shoon.
- 13 A ferly strife fell them between,
As they went by the way;
Little John said he had won five shillings,
And Robin Hood said shortly nay.
- 14 With that Robin Hood lied Little John,
And smote him with his hand;
Little John waxed wroth therewith,
And pulled out his bright brond.
- 15 "Were thou not my maister," said Little John,
"Thou shouldès 'bye hit full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt,
For thou getès me no more."
- 16 Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself mourning alone,
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knew ilkone,

- 17 When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten lain,
He prayed to God and mild Mary
To bring him out save again.
- 18 He goes into Saint Mary church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.
- 19 Beside him stood a great-headed monk,
I pray to God woe he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin,
As soon as he him see.
- 20 Out at the door he ran
Full soon and anon;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred everychon.
- 21 "Rise up," he said, "thou proud sheriff,
Busk thee and make thee boun;
I have spied the king's felon,
Forsooth he is in this town.
- 22 "I have spied the false felon,
As he stands at his mass;
It is long of thee," said the monk,
"And ever he fro us pass.
- 23 "This traitor name is Robin Hood;
Under the greenwood lind,
He robbèd me once of a hundred pound,
It shall never out of my mind."

- 24 Up then rose this proud sheriff,
And radly made him yare;
Many was the moder son
To the kirk with him can fare.
- 25 In at the dures they throly thrust
With staves full good wone.
"Alas, alas," said Robin Hood,
"Now miss I Little John."
- 26 But Robin took out a two-hand sword
That hangèd down by his knee;
There as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
Thiderward wold he.
- 27 Thrice thoroughout them he ran then,
Forsooth as I you say,
And wounded many a moder son,
And twelve he slew that day.
- 28 His sword upon the sheriff head
Certainly he brake in two;
"The smith that thee made," said Robin,
"I pray to God work him woe."
- 29 "For now am I weaponless," said Robin,
"Alas, again my will;
But if I may flee these traitors fro,
I wot they will me kill."
- 30 Robin in to the churchè ran,
Throughout them everilkone;
.
- 31 Some fell in swooning as they were dead,
And lay still as any stone.
None of them were in here mind
But only Little John,

- 32 "Let be your rule," said Little John,
"For His love that died on tree,
Ye that should be doughty men;
Hit is great shame to see.
- 33 "Our maister has been hard bestood,
And yet 'scapèd away;
Pluck up your hertes and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.
- 34 "He has servèd Our Lady many a day,
And yet will, securelie;
Therefore I trust in her specially
No wicked death shall he die.
- 35 "Therefore be glad," said Little John,
"And let this mourning be,
And I shall be the monkès guide,
With the might of mild Mary.
- 36 "We will go but we two
And I meet him," said Little John,
.
- 37 "Look that ye keep well our tristil tree
Under the leavès smale,
And spare none of this venison
That goes in this vale."
- 38 Forth then went these yemen two,
Little John and Much on fere
And lookèd on Much eamè's house
The highway lay full near.
- 39 Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And looked forth at a stage;
He was ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

40 "By my faith," said Little John to Much,
 "I can thee tell tithingès good,
I see where the monk comes riding,
 I know him by his wide hood."

41 They went into the way these yemen both,
 As courteis men and hende,
They speered tithingès at the monk,
 As they had been his friend.

42 "Fro whence come ye?" said Little John;
 "Tell us tithingès, I you pray,
Of a false outlay [called Robin Hood],
 Was taken yisterday.

43 "He robbèd me and my fellows both
 Of twenty mark in certain.
If that false outlay be taken,
 Forsooth we wold be fain."

44 "So did he me," said the monk,
 "Of a hundred pound and more;
I laid first hand him upon,
 Ye may thonk me therefore."

45 "I pray God thank you," said Little John,
 "And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
 And bring you on your way.

46 "For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
 I tell you in certain;
If they wist ye rode this way,
 In faith ye shuld be slain."

- 47 As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head
Full soon and anon.
- 48 John took the monk's horse by the head,
Forsooth as I you say,
So did Much the little page,
For he shold not 'scape away.
- 49 By the gullet of the hood
John pulled the monk down;
John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.
- 50 Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword in hie;
This monk saw he should be dead,
Loud mercy can he cry.
- 51 "He was my maister," said Little John,
"That thou hast brought in bale;
Shall thou never come at our king
For to tell him tale."
- 52 John smote off the monkè's head,
No longer wold he dwell;
So did Much the little page,
For feard lest he wold tell.
- 53 There they buried hem both
In nouter moss nor ling,
And Little John and Much infere
Bare the letters to our king.

- 54 He kneelèd down upon his knee,
 "God you save, my liege lord,
 Jesus you save and see!
- 55 "God you save, my liege king!"
 To speak John was full bold;
 He gaf him the letters in his hand,
 The king did hit unfold.
- 56 The king read the letters anon,
 And said, "So mote I thee,
 There was never yoman in merry England
 I longèd so sore to see.
- 57 "Where is the monk that these shuld have brought?"
 Our king can say;
 "By my trouth," said Little John,
 "He died after the way."
- 58 The king gaf Much and Little John
 Twenty pound in certain,
 And made them yemen of the crown,
 And bade them go again.
- 59 He gaf John the seal in hand,
 The sheriff for to bear,
 To bring Robin him to,
 And no man do him dere.
- 60 John took his leave at our king,
 The sooth as I you say;
 The next way to Nottingham
 To take he yede the way.

- 61 Whan John came to Nottingham
The yates were sparred each one;
John callèd up the porter,
He answerèd soon anon.
- 62 "What is the cause," said Little John,
"Thou sparrest the yates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said the porter,
"In deep prison is cast.
- 63 "John, and Much, and Will Scathlock,
Forsooth as I you say,
They slew our men upon our walls,
And sawten us every day."
- 64 Little John speered after the sheriff,
And soon he him found;
He opened the king's privy seal,
And gave him in his hand.
- 65 When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the monk that bare the letters?"
He said to Little John.
- 66 "He is so fain of him," said Little John,
"Forsooth as I you say,
He has made him abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbey."
- 67 The sheriff made John good cheer,
And gaf him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

- 68 When the sheriff was on sleep
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Much forsooth
Took the way into the jail.
- 69 Little John callèd up the jailer,
And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.
- 70 The porter rose anon certain,
As soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a swerd,
And bare him to the wall.
- 71 "Now will I be porter," said Little John,
"And take the keys in hond;"
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him unbond.
- 72 He gaf him a good swerd in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep,
And there as the wall was lowest
Anon down can they leap.
- 73 By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring,
The sheriff found the jailer dead,
The common bell made he ring.
- 74 He made a cry throughout all the town,
Wheder he be yeman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison he shuld have.

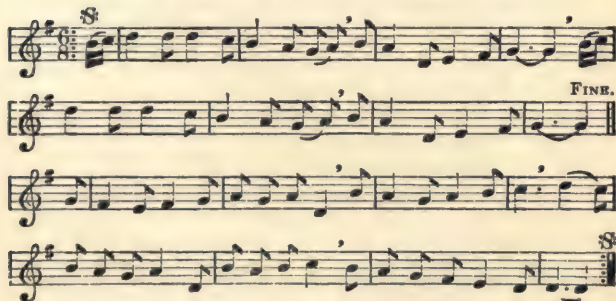
- 75 "For I dare never," said the sheriff,
"Come before our king,
For if I do, I wot certain,
Forsooth he will me heng."
- 76 The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
Both by street and stye,
And Robin was in merry Sherwood
As light as leaf on lind.
- 77 Then bespake good Little John,
To Robin Hood can he say,
"I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
Quit thee when thou may.
- 78 "I have done thee a good turn," said Little John,
"Forsooth as I you say;
I have brought thee under greenwood line;
Farewell, and have good day."
- 79 "Nay, by my trouth," said Robin Hood,
"So shall hit never be;
I make thee maister," said Robin Hood,
"Of all my men and me."
- 80 "Nay, by my trouth," said Little John,
"So shall it never be,
But let me be a fellow," said Little John,
"None other keep I be."
- 81 Thus John gat Robin Hood out of prison,
Certain withouten lain;
Whan his men saw him whole and sound,
Forsooth they were full fain.

- 82 They filled in wine, and made hem glad,
Under the leavès smale,
And yeat pasties of venison,
That good was with ale.
- 83 Than word came to our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham
Durst never look him upon.
- 84 Then bespake our comely king,
In an anger hie,
“Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me.
- 85 “Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hongèd shuld he be.
- 86 “I made hem yemen of the crown,
And gaf hem fee with my hand,
I gaf hem grith,” said our king,
“Thoroughout all merry England.
- 87 “I gaf them grith,” then said our king,)
“I say, so mote I thee,
Forsooth such a yeman as he is one
In all England are not three.
- 88 “He is true to his maister,” said our king,
“I say, by sweet Saint John;
He lovès better Robin Hood,
Then he does us each one.

- 80 "Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall;
Speak no more of this matter," said our king,
"But John has beguiled us all."

- 90 Thus ends the talking of the monk
And Robin Hood i-wis;
God, that is ever a crownèd king,
Bring us all to his bliss.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBURN



- 1 WHEN shaws been sheen, and shrads full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.

- 2 The woodweel sang, and would not cease,
Among the leaves o' line;
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By dear God, that I mean.

.

- 3 "Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro;
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two."
- 4 "Swevens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."
- 5 "Busk ye, boun ye, my merry men all,
For John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where they be."
- 6 They cast on their gowns of green,
A-shooting gone are they;
Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be;
There were they ware of [a] wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.
- 7 A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had been many a man's bane;
And he was clad in his capull hide,
Top and tail and mane.
- 8 "Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this trusty tree,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulie."
- 9 "Ah! John, by me thou sets no store,
And that's a farley thing:
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?

- 10 "It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but hear him speak;
And it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I would thy head break."
- 11 But often words they breeden bale,
That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnèsdale;
The gates he knows each one.
- 12 And when he came to Barnèsdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
He found two of his own fellows,
Were slain both in a slade.
- 13 And Scarlet a-foot flying was
Over stocks and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.
- 14 "Yet one shot I'll shoot," says Little John,
"With Christ his might and main;
I'll make yond fellow that flies so fast,
To be both glad and fain."
- 15 John bent up a good vew bow,
And fettled him to shoot:
The bow was made of a tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.
- 16 "Woe worth thee, wicked wood," said Little John,
"That e'er thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
My boot when thou should be."

- 17 This shoot it was but loosely shot,
The arrow flew in vain,
And it met one of the sheriff's men,
Good William o' Trent was slain.
- 18 It had been better for William o' Trent
To have been upon a gallow,
Then for to lie in the greenwood
There slain with an arrow.
- 19 And it is said, when men be met
Six can do more than three,
And they have ta'en Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.
- 20 "Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down," quoth
the sheriff,
"And hanged high on a hill;"
"But thou may fail," quoth John,
"If it be Christ's own will."
- 21 Let us leave talking of Little John,
For he is bound fast to a tree,
And talk of Guy and Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where they be.
- 22 How these two yeomen together they met,
Under the leaves of line,
To see what marchandise they made,
Even at that same time.
- 23 "Good morrow, good fellow," quoth Sir Guy,
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he:
"Methinks by this bow thou bears in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to be.

- 24 "I am wilful of my way," quoth Sir Guy,
 "And of my morning tide:"
 "I'll lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
 "Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."
- 25 "I seek an outlaw," quoth Sir Guy,
 "Men call him Robin Hood:
I'd rather meet with him upon a day,
 Than forty pound of gold."
- 26 "If you two met, it would be seen whether were
 better,
 Afore ye did part away;
Let us some other pastime find,
 Good fellow, I thee pray.
- 27 "Let us some masteries make,
 And we will walk in the woods even;
We may chance meet with Robin Hood
 Here at some unset steven."
- 28 They cut them down two summer shrogs,
 Which grew both under a briar,
And set them threescore rood in twin,
 To shoot the pricks full near.
- 29 "Lead on, good fellow," said Sir Guy,
 "Lead on, I do bid thee;"
 "Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
 "The leader thou shalt be."
- 30 The first good shot that Robin led
 Did not shoot an inch the prick fro;
Guy was an archer good enough,
 But he could ne'er shoot so,

- 31 The second shot Sir Guy shot,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin Hood shot it better than he,
For he clove the good prick-wand.
- 32 "God's blessing on thy heart," says Guy,
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand
Thou were better then Robin Hood.
- 33 "Tell me thy name, good fellow," quoth Guy,
"Under the leaves of line;"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."
- 34 "I dwell by dale and down," quoth Guy,
"And I have done many a curst turn;
And he that calls me by my right name,
Calls me Guy of good Gisburn."
- 35 "My dwelling is in the wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
A fellow thou has long sought."
- 36 He that had neither been a kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright:
- 37 To have seen how these yeomen together fought
Two hours of a summer's day,
It was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That fettled them to fly away.

38 Robin was reachless on a root,
And stumbled at that tide;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

39 "Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood,
"Thou art both mother and may;
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."



"ROBIN WAS REACHLESS ON A ROOT"

From a wood engraving by Thomas Bewick for Ritson's *Robin Hood*

40 Robin thought on Our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And thus he came with an awkward stroke,
Good Sir Guy he hath slain.

41 He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And stuck it on his bow's end:
"Thou hast been traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

- 42 Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Could tell who Sir Guy was.
- 43 Says, "Lie there, lie there, good Sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."
- 44 Robin did off his gown of green,
Sir Guy he did it throw,
And he put on that capull hide,
That clad him top to toe.
- 45 "The bow, the arrows, and little horn,
And with me now I'll bear;
For I will go to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men do fare."
- 46 Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it he did blow:
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.
- 47 "Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
"I heard no tidings but good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
For he hath slain Robin Hood.
- 48 "For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow;
It blows so well in tide,
For yonder comes that wight yeoman,
Clad in his capull hide.

- 49 "Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Ask of me what thou wilt have:"
"I'll have none of thy gold," says Robin Hood,
"Nor I'll none of it have.
- 50 "But now I have slain the master," he said,
"Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask,
Nor no other will I have."
- 51 "Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou shouldest have had a knight's fee;
Seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."
- 52 But Little John heard his master speak,
Well he knew that was his steven;
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
"With Christ's might in heaven."
- 53 But Robin he hied him towards Little John,
He thought he would loose him belive:
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.
- 54 "Stand aback, stand aback," said Robin,
"Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country,
One's shrift another should hear."
- 55 But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boot.

- 56 But John took Guy's bow in his hand,
 His arrows were rawsty by the root:
 The sheriff saw Little John draw a bow,
 And fettle him to shoot.
- 57 Towards his house in Nottingham
 He fled full fast away,
 And so did all his company,
 Nor one behind did stay.
- 58 But he could neither so fast go,
 Nor away so fast run,
 But Little John with an arrow broad
 Did cleave his heart in twin.



"NOR ONE BEHIND DID STAY"

From a wood engraving by Thomas Bewick for Ritson's *Robin Hood*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR

- 1 BUT how many merry months be in the year?
 There are thirteen, I say;
 The midsummer moon is the merriest of all,
 Next to the merry month of May.

- 2 In May, when maids been fast weepand,
Young men their hands done wring,
.
- 3 "I'll . . . pe
Over may no man for villanie;"
"I'll never eat nor drink," Robin Hood said,
"Till I that cutted Friar see."
- 4 He builded his men in a brake of fern,
A little from that nunnery;
Says, "If you hear my little horn blow,
Then look you come to me."
- 5 When Robin came to Fountains Abbey,
Whereas that friar lay,
He was ware of the friar where he stood,
And to him thus can he say.
- 6 A pair of black breeches the yeoman had on,
His cop all shone of steel,
A fair sword and a broad buckler
Beseemed him very weel.
- 7 "I am a wet weary man," said Robin Hood,
"Good fellow, as thou may see;
Wilt bear me over this wild water,
For sweet Saint Charity?"
- 8 The friar bethought him of a good deed;
He had done none of long before;
He hent up Robin Hood on his back,
And over he did him bear.
- 9 But when he came over that wild water,
A long sword there he drew;
"Bear me back again, bold outlaw,
Or of this thou shalt have enough."

- 10 Then Robin Hood hent the friar on his back,
 And neither said good nor ill;
 Till he came o'er that wild water,
 The yeoman he walkèd still.
- 11 Then Robin wet his fair green hose
 A span above his knee;
 Says, "Bear me o'er again, thou cutted friar,



"HE HENT UP ROBIN ON HIS BACK"

From a wood engraving by Thomas Bewick for Ritson's *Robin Hood*

- 12
 good bowmen
 Came raking all on a row.

- 13 "I beshrew thy head," said the cutted friar,
 "Thou thinks I shall be shent;
 I thought thou had but a man or two,
 And thou hast a whole convent.
- 14 "I let thee have a blast on thy horn,
 Now give me leave to whistle another,
 I could not bid thee no better play
 And thou wert my own born brother."

15 "Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted friar,
I pray God thou ne'er be still;
It is not the futing in a friar's fist
That can do me any ill."

16 The friar set his neave to his mouth,
A loud blast he did blow;
Then half a hundred good bandogs
Came raking all on a row.

17
"Every dog to a man," said the cutted friar,
"And I myself to Robin Hood."

18 "Over God's forbot," said Robin Hood,
"That ever that so shold be;
I had rather be matched with three of the tikes,
Ere I wold be matched on thee.

19 "But stay thy tikes, thou friar," he said,
"And friendship I'll have with thee;
But stay thy tikes, thou friar," he said,
"And save good yeomanry."

20 The friar he set his neave to his mouth,
A loud blast he did blow;
The dogs they couched down every one,
They couched down on a row.

21 "What is thy will, thou yeoman," he said,
"Have done and tell it me;"
"If thou wilt go to merry greenwood,

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

- 1 "BUT hold ye, hold ye," says Robin,
 "My merry men, I bid ye,
 For this is one of the best pinders
 That ever I saw with mine eye.
- 2 "But hast thou any meat, thou jolly pinder,
 For my merry men and me?"

- 3 "But I have bread and cheese," says the pinder,
 "And ale all on the best."
 "That's cheer good enough," said Robin,
 "For any such unbidden guest.
- 4 "But wilt be my man?" said good Robin,
 "And come and dwell with me?
 And twice in a year thy clothing shall be changed,
 If my man thou wilt be;
 The tone shall be of light Lincoln green,
 The tother of Picklory."
- 5 "At Michaelmas comes a well good time,
 When men have gotten in their fee;
 I'll set as little by my master
 As he now sets by me,
 I'll take my benbow in my hand,
 And come into the greenwood to thee."

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

- 1 "I WILL never eat nor drink," Robin Hood said,
 "Nor meat will do me no good,
 Till I have been at merry Churchlees,
 My veins for to let blood."

- 2 "That I read not," said Will Scarlett,
 "Master, by the assent of me,
Without half a hundred of your best bowmen
 You take to go with ye;
- 3 "For there a good yeoman doth abide,
 Will be sure to quarrel with thee,
And if thou have need of us, master,
 In faith we will not flee."
- 4 "And thou be feared, thou William Scarlett,
 At home I read thee be,—"
 "And you be wroth, my dear master,
 You shall never hear more of me,—"
- 5 "For there shall no man with me go,
 Nor man with me ride,
And Little John shall be my man,
 And bear my benbow by my side."
- 6 "You'st bear your bow, master, yourself,
 Nor shoot for a penny with me."
 "To that I do assent," Robin Hood said,
 "And so, John, let it be."
- 7 They two bold children shotten together,
 All day their-self in rank,
Until they came to black water,
 And over it laid a plank.
- 8 Upon it there kneeled an old woman
 Was banning Robin Hood;
 "Why dost thou ban Robin Hood?" said Robin,

- 9 "
 To give to Robin Hood;
We weepen for his dear body
 That this day must be let blood."

- 10 "The dame prior is my aunt's daughter,
And nigh unto my kin;
I know she wold do me no harm this day
For all the world to win."
- 11 Forth then shotten these children two,
And they did never lin
Until they came to merry Churchlees,
To merry Churchlees within.
- 12 And when they came to merry Churchlees,
They knocked upon a pin;
Up then rose dame prioress,
And let good Robin in.
- 13 Then Robin gave to dame prioress
Twenty pound in gold,
And bad her spend while that wold last,
And she shold have more when she wold.
- 14 And down then came dame prioress,
Down she came in that ilk,
With a pair of blood-irons in her hands
Were wrapped all in silk.
- 15 "Set a chafing dish to the fire," said dame prioress,
"And strip thou up thy sleeve."
I hold him but an unwise man
That will no warning 'lieve.
- 16 She laid the blood-irons to Robin Hood's vein,
Alack, the more pitie!
And pierced the veins, and let out the blood
That full red was to see.
- 17 And first it bled the thick, thick blood,
And afterwards the thin,
And well then wist good Robin Hood,
Treason there was within.

- 18 "What cheer, my master?" said Little John;
 "In faith, John, little good."

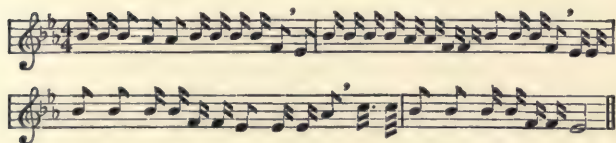
- 19 "I have upon a gown of green
 Is cut short by my knee,
 And in my hand a bright brown brand
 That will well bite of thee."
- 20 But forth then of a shop window
 Good Robin he could glide;
 Red Roger with a grounding glaive
 Thrust him through the milk-white side.
- 21 But Robin was light and nimble of foot,
 And thought to abate his pride;
 For betwixt his head and his shoulders
 He made a wound full wide.
- 22 Says, "Lie there, lie there, Red Roger,
 The dogs they must thee eat;
 For I may have my housle," he said,
 "For I may both go and speak.
- 23 "Now give me mood," Robin said to Little John,
 "Give me mood with thy hand;
 I trust to God in heaven so high
 My housle will me bestand."
- 24 "Now give me leave, give me leave, master," he said,
 "For Christ's love give leave to me
 To set a fire within this hall
 And to burn up all Churchlee!"
- 25 "That I read not," said Robin Hood then,
 "Little John, for it may not be;
 If I shold do any widow hurt, at my latter end,
 God," he said, "wold blame me;

26 "But take me upon thy back, Little John,
And bear me to yonder street,
And there make me a full fair grave,
Of gravel and of greet.

27 "And set my bright sword at my head,
Mine arrows at my feet,
And lay my vew-bow by my side,
My met-yard wi

AMERICAN BALLADS ¹

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL



- ¹ COME along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

- ² I started up the trail October twenty-third,
I started up the trail with the 2-U herd.
- ³ Oh, a ten dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle,—
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.
- ⁴ I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
- ⁵ I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight,
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.
- ⁶ Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the gals on a sore-backed hoss.

¹ From Lomax's *Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads*, copyright, 1910, by Sturgis and Walton. Words and music reprinted by permission.

- 7 Old Ben Bolt was a fine old man,
And you'd know there was whiskey wherever he'd land.
- 8 We hit Caldwell and we hit her on the fly,
We bedded down the cattle on the hill close by.
- 9 No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,
And I swear, by god, I'll never night-herd again.
- 10 Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
I hung and rattled with them long-horn cattle.
- 11 Last night I was on guard and the leader broke the ranks,
I hit my horse down the shoulders and I spurred him in the
flanks.
- 12 The wind commenced to blow, and the rain began to fall,
Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin' to loss 'em all.
- 13 I jumped in the saddle and grabbed holt the horn,
Best blamed cow-puncher ever was born.
- 14 Foot in the stirrup and hand on the horn,
Best blamed cowboy ever was born.
- 15 We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.
- 16 Oh it's bacon and beans 'most every day,—
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.
- 17 I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at a run,
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.
- 18 I went to the wagon to get my roll,
To come back to Texas, dad-burn my soul.

- 19 I went to the boss to draw my roll,
He had it figgered out I was nine dollars in the hole.
- 20 With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by.

UTAH CARROLL

- 1 AND as, my friend, you ask me what makes me sad and still,
And why my brow is darkened like the clouds upon the hill;
Run in your pony closer and I'll tell to you the tale
Of Utah Carroll, my partner, and his last ride on the trail.
- 2 'Mid the cactus and the thistles of Mexico's fair lands,
Where the cattle roam in thousands, a-many a herd and
brand,
There is a grave with neither headstone, neither date nor
name,—
There lies my partner sleeping in the land from which I came.
- 3 We rode the range together and had rode it side by side;
I loved him as a brother, I wept when Utah died;
We were rounding up one morning, our work was almost
done,
When on the side the cattle started on a mad and fearless run.
- 4 The boss man's little daughter was holding on that side.
She rushed; the cattle saw the blanket, they charged with
maddened fear.
And little Varro, seeing the danger, turned her pony a pace,
And leaning in her saddle, tied the blanket in its place.
- 5 In leaning, she lost her balance and fell in front of that wild
tide.
Utah's voice controlled the round-up. "Lay still, little
Varro," he cried.

His only hope was to raise her, to catch her at full speed,
And oft-times he had been known to catch the trail rope off
his steed.

- 6 His pony reached the maiden with a firm and steady bound;
Utah swung out from the saddle to catch her from the
ground.

He swung out from the saddle, I thought her safe from harm,
As he swung in his saddle to raise her in his arm.

- 7 But the cinches of his saddle had not been felt before,
And his back cinch snapped asunder and he fell by the side of
Varro.

He picked up the blanket and swung it over his head
And started across the prairie; "Lay still, little Varro," he
said.

- 8 Well, he got the stampede turned and saved little Varro, his
friend.

Then he turned to face the cattle and meet his fatal end.
His six-shooter from his pocket, from the scabbard he quickly
drew,—

He was bound to die defended as all young cowboys do.

- 9 His six-shooter flashed like lightning, the report rang loud
and clear;

As the cattle rushed in and killed him he dropped the leading
steer.

And when we broke the circle where Utah's body lay,
With many a wound and bruise his young life ebbd away.

- 10 "And in some future morning," I heard the preacher say,
"I hope we'll all meet Utah at the round-up far away."
Then we wrapped him in a blanket sent by his little friend,
And it was that very red blanket that brought him to his
end.

THE ZEBRA DUN

- 1 WE were camped on the plains at the head of the Cimarron
When along came a stranger and stopped to arger some.
He looked so very foolish that we began to look around,
We thought he was a greenhorn that had just 'scaped from
town.
- 2 We asked him if he had been to breakfast; he hadn't had a
smear,
So we opened up the chuck-box and bade him have his
share.
He took a cup of coffee and some biscuits and some beans,
And then began to talk and tell about foreign kings and
queens,—
- 3 About the Spanish war and fighting on the seas
With guns as big as steers and ramrods big as trees,—
And about old Paul Jones, a mean, fighting son of a gun,
Who was the grittiest cuss that ever pulled a gun.
- 4 Such an educated feller, his thoughts just came in herds,
He astonished all them cowboys with them jaw-breaking
words.
He just kept on talking till he made the boys all sick,
And they began to look around just how to play a trick.
- 5 He said he had lost his job upon the Santa Fé
And was going across the plains to strike the 7-D.
He didn't say how come it, some trouble with the boss,
But said he'd like to borrow a nice fat saddle hoss.
- 6 This tickled all the boys to death, they laughed way down
in their sleeves,—
“We will lend you a horse just as fresh and fat as you please.”

Shorty grabbed a lariat and roped the Zebra Dun,
And turned him over to the stranger and waited for the
fun.

- 7 Old Dunny was a rocky outlaw that had grown so awful
wild

That he could paw the white out of the moon every jump
for a mile.

Old Dunny stood right still,—as if he didn't know,—
Until he was saddled and ready for to go.

- 8 When the stranger hit the saddle, old Dunny quit the earth
And traveled right straight up for all that he was worth.
A-pitching and a-squealing, a-having wall-eyed fits,
His hind feet perpendicular, his front ones in the bits.

- 9 We could see the tops of the mountains under Dunny every
jump,

But the stranger he was growed there just like the camel's
hump;

The stranger sat upon him and curled his black mustache
Just like a summer boarder waiting for his hash.

- 10 He thumped him in the shoulders and spurred him when he
whirled,

To show them flunky punchers that he was the wolf of the
world.

When the stranger had dismounted once more upon the
ground,

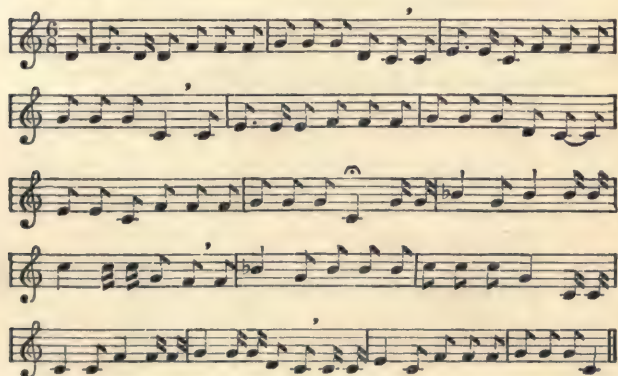
We knew he was a thoroughbred and not a gent from town.

- 11 The boss who was standing round watching of the show,
Walked right up the stranger and told him he needn't go,—
“If you can use the lasso like you rode old Zebra Dun,
You are the man I've been looking for ever since the year
one.”

Whoopee ti yi yo, git Along, Little Dogies 151

- 12 Oh, he could twirl the lariat and he didn't do it slow,
He could catch them fore feet nine out of ten for any kind
of dough.
And when the herd stampeded he was always on the spot
And set them to nothing, like the boiling of a pot.
- 13 There's one thing and a shore thing I've learned since I've
been born,
That every educated feller ain't a plumb greenhorn.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES



- 1 As I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher all riding alone;
His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

- 2 Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.
- 3 It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and "go on, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home."
- 4 Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But there's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them all along.
- 5 Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sandburrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on the prickly pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.
- 6 Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along, little dogies
You're going to be beef steers by and by.

NEW BALLADS

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

- 1 It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.
- 2 Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.
- 3 The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.
- 4 Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
- 5 "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
- 6 Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

- 7 Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.
- 8 "Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."
- 9 He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.
- 10 "O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.
- 11 "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"
- 12 "O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
- 13 Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

- 14 Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.
- 15 And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.
- 16 And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
- 17 The breakers were right beneath their bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.
- 18 She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.
- 19 Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
- 20 At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

- 21 The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
 On the billows fall and rise.
- 22 Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

- 1 A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."—
- 2 "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—
- 3 "And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.
- 4 "His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"—
- 5 Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
 It is not for your silver bright;
 But for your winsome lady:

- 6 "And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—
- 7 By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
- 8 But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—
- 9 "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—
- 10 The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—
- 11 And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—
- 12 For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.
- 13 "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"—

- 14 'Twas vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon

LOCHINVAR

- 1 O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

- 2 He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
- 3 So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
- 4 "I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
- 5 The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
- 6 So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
- 7 One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

- 8 There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WALTER SCOTT.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

- 1 KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
 he sighed:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
 below.
- 2 Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
 with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one
 another,
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
 smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the
 air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
 there."

- 3 De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
the same;
She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.
- 4 She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him
and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.
"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat;
"No-love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

- 1 THE laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.
- 2 Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
- 3 His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

- 4 He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen."
- 5 Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine.
"An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.
- 6 An' when she cam' ben she bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.
- 7 Dumfounder'd was he, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE.

THE COURTIN' ¹

- 1 GOD made sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.
- 2 Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

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- 3 A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.
- 4 The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.
- 5 Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.
- 6 The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.
- 7 'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.
- 8 He was six foot o' man, A r,
Clear grit an' human natur',
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.
- 9 He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

- 10 But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.
- 11 She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.
- 12 An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upun it.
- 13 Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.
- 14 She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.
- 15 He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.
- 16 An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder,

17 "You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
 "To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

18 To say why gals act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

19 He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

20 Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

21 When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldys sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

22 For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

23 The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

- 24 Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

- 1 Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.
- 2 In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.
- 3 A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.
- 4 And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
- 5 This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.
- 6 Around from all the neighboring streets,
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

- 7 The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
 To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.
- 8 But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BETH GÊLERT

- 1 THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.
- 2 And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.
- 3 "Oh, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
 The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase?"
- 4 In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.
- 5 That day Llewelyn little loved
 The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gêlert was not there.

- 6 Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.
- 7 But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.
- 8 Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.
- 9 Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.
- 10 O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.
- 11 He called his child—no voice replied,—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.
- 12 "Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

13 Aroused by Gélert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh:
 What words the parent's joy could tell
 To hear his infant's cry!

14 Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed.

15 Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

1 'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school:
 There were some that ran and some that leapt,
 Like troutlets in a pool.

2 Away they sped with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in:
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

3 Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,—

Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

4 His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

5 Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

6 At last he shut the pond'rous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

7 Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

8 "My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?

Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

- 9 The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;
- 10 And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;
- 11 And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!
- 12 He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!
- 13 "And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—

Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

14 "One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

15 "Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

16 "Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

17 "And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

18 "Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!

But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gushed out amain!
 For every clot, a burning spot,
 Was scorching in my brain!

- 19 "My head was like an ardent coal,
 My heart as solid ice;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the Devil's price:
 A dozen times I groaned; the dead
 Had never groaned but twice!
- 20 "And now, from forth the frowning sky,
 From the Heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
 'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
 And hide it from my sight!'
- 21 "I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream,—
 A sluggish water, black as ink
 The depth was so extreme:—
 My gentle Boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream!
- 22 "Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And washed my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young,
 That evening in the school.
- 23 "Oh, Heaven, to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim!

I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed
'Mid holy Cherubim!

24 "And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

25 "All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

26 "All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

27 "One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

28 "Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,

And sought the black accursèd pool
 With a wild misgiving eye;
 And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
 For the faithless stream was dry.

29 "Merrily rose the lark, and shook
 The dew-drop from its wing;
 But I never marked its morning flight,
 I never heard it sing:
 For I was stooping once again
 Under the horrid thing.

30 "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
 I took him up and ran;—
 There was no time to dig a grave
 Before the day began:
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
 I hid the murdered man!

31 "And all that day I read in school,
 But my thought was other where;
 As soon as the mid-day task was done,
 In secret I was there:
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
 And still the corse was bare!

32 "Then down I cast me on my face,
 And first began to weep,
 For I knew my secret then was one
 That earth refused to keep:
 Or land or sea, though he should be
 Ten thousand fathoms deep.

33 "So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
 Till blood for blood atones!

Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted off his flesh,—
 The world shall see his bones!

- 34 "Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake!
 Again—again, with dizzy brain,
 The human life I take;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake.
- 35 "And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
 It stands before me now!"
 The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow.
- 36 That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist;
 And Eugene Aram walked between,
 With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE NECKAN

- 1 In summer, on the headlands,
 The Baltic Sea along,
 Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
 And sings his plaintive song.
- 2 Green rolls beneath the headlands,
 Green rolls the Baltic Sea;
 And there, below the Neckan's feet,
 His wife and children be.

- 3 He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.
- 4 He sits upon the headland,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth
Far from the kind sea-wave.
- 5 Sings how, a knight, he wander'd
By castle, field, and town—
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea-children own.
- 6 Sings of his earthly bridal—
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
“—And who art thou,” the priest began,
“Sir Knight, who wedd’st to-day?”—
- 7 “—I am no knight,” he answered;
“From the sea-waves I come.”—
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream’d,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.
- 8 He sings how from the chapel
He vanish’d with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea-halls,
Beneath the salt sea-tide.
- 9 He sings how she sits weeping
’Mid shells that round her lie.
“—False Neckan shares my bed,” she weeps;
“No Christian mate have I.”—
- 10 He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain,

- 11 He sings how, on an evening,
 Beneath the birch-trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
 Beside the river-pool.
- 12 Beside the pool sate Neckan—
 Tears fill'd his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
 A cassock'd priest rode by.
- 13 “—Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
 And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
 Than thou shalt Heaven behold.”
- 14 But, lo, the staff, it budded!
 It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.
“—O ruth of God,” the priest cried out,
 “‘This lost sea-creature saved!’”
- 15 The cassock'd priest rode onwards,
 And vanished with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight grey
 Wept by the river-pool.
- 16 He wept: “The earth hath kindness,
 The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
 But, ah, not human souls!”
- 17 In summer, on the headlands,
 The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
 And sings this plaintive song.

MATTHEW ARNOLD,

*THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN*¹

- 1 THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.
- 2 Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.
- 3 "I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"
- 4 He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.
- 5 They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.
- 6 Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.
- 7 "Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair;"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

¹ From *Poetical Works*, copyright, 1912, by the Macmillan Company.
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- 8 He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"
- 9 "And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.
- 10 "When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.
- 11 "He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.
- 12 "He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

LITTLE MOCCASINS ¹

- 1 COME out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the snow!
Come out, O tiny beaded feet, and twinkle in the light!
I'll play the old Red River reel, you used to love it so:
Awake, O Little Moccasins, and dance for me to-night!

¹ From *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead & Co.
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- 2 Your hair was all a gleamy gold, your eyes a corn-flower blue;
Your cheeks were pink as tinted shells, you stepped light as a fawn;
Your mouth was like a coral bud, with seed pearls peeping through;
As gladdening as Spring you were, as radiant as dawn.
- 3 Come out, O Little Moccasins! I'll play so soft and low,
The songs you loved, the old heart-songs that in my mem'ry ring;
O child, I want to hear you now beside the campfire glow!
With all your heart a-throbbing in the simple words you sing.
- 4 For there was only you and I, and you were all to me;
And round us were the barren lands, but little did we fear;
Of all God's happy, happy folks the happiest were we. . . .
(Oh, call her, poor old fiddle mine, and maybe she will hear!)
- 5 Your mother was a half-breed Cree, but you were white all through;
And I, your father was—but well, that's neither here nor there;
I only know, my little Queen, that all my world was you,
And now that world can end to-night, and I will never care.
- 6 For there's a tiny wooden cross that pricks up through the snow:
(Poor Little Moccasins! you're tired, and so you lie at rest.)
And there's a gray-haired, weary man beside the campfire glow:
(O fiddle mine! the tears to-night are drumming on your breast.)

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

*OLIVER WEST*¹

- 1 OLIVER WEST came riding down;
His face was lean and keen and brown,
And his eyes were fixed on the desert town
At the end of the Sunset Trail.
- 2 Without the ghost of a good excuse,
He set his spurs in his roan cayuse,
"Lay to it, Sarko! Cut her loose!"
And the pebbles flew like hail.
- 3 "Hi! Yip! I can hear the silver strings,
And the song that the little Bonita sings;
Say, Sarko, I wish that your feet were wings,
But you're doin' your best, all right!"
- 4 The sun rolled down to the western range,
And he watched the shadows shift and change,
And the little lights of the town looked strange
As they beckoned across the night.
- 5 An hour—and he clinked to the doorway glare
Of the 'dobe. The singing girl was there,
With a southern rose in her midnight hair,
And lips like a bud of June.
- 6 "Onda, La Onda," the song began,
As softly the silver music ran
To the heart of the swart El Capitan,
'T was the Gringo lover's tune.
- 7 The little Bonita saw and smiled,
With the pouting lips of a teasing child;
She loved—but the Gringo was not beguiled;
'T was a heart that she could not tame.

¹ From *Songs of the Outlands: Ballads of the Hoboes and Other Verse*, copyright, 1914, by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Reprinted by permission.

- 8 A word—and the swell of the music broke;
The room was a pit of flame and smoke,
But Oliver West not a word he spoke,
As into the night he came.
- 9 Then with more than the ghost of a good excuse,
He set his spurs in his roan cayuse;
“Lay to it, Sarko! Hell’s broke loose!”
And the pebbles flew like hail.
- 10 “Onda, La Onda’s a right good song,”
Said Oliver West as he loped along;
“Was it he or she or me done wrong?
Well, she’s there—and I’m here, and we’re goin’ strong,
Back over the Sunset Trail.”

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

- 1 THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.
- 2 On Dyfed’s richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o’erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

- 3 As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.
- 4 We there, in strife bewild'ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.
- 5 We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

HOME THEY BROUGHT

- 1 HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

2 Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

3 Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

4 Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

*HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX*

16—

1 I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2 Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

- 3 'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"
- 4 At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:
- 5 And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.
- 6 By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
- 7 So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

- 8 "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.
- 9 Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.
- 10 And all I remember is—friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE HIGHWAYMAN¹

PART ONE

I

- 1 THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
 The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
 The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
 And the highwayman came riding—
 Riding—riding—
 The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

¹ From *Collected Poems*, copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reprinted by permission.

II

- 2 He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace
at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the
thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III

- 3 Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-
yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV

- 4 And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and
peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V

- 5 "One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning
light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the
 way."

VI

- 6 He rose upright in his stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt
 like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
 breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped
 away to the West.

PART TWO

I

- 7 He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

II

- 8 They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of
 her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their
 side!
There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he*
 would ride.

III

- 9 They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering
jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel be-
neath her breast!
“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

IV

- 10 She twisted the hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or
blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours
crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

V

- 11 The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her
breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her
love's refrain.

VI

- 12 *Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs
ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they
did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!
 The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up,
 straight and still!

VII

13 *Tlot-tlot*, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
 Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep
 breath,
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
 Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—
 with her death.

VIII

14 He turned; he spurred to the West; he did not know who stood
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her
 own red blood!
 Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew grey to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the
 darkness there.

IX

15 Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier
 brandished high!
 Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was
 his velvet coat,
 When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
 And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace
 at his throat.

.

X

- 16 *And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

XI

- 17 *Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

ALFRED NOYES.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG ¹

- 1 *I SAW a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing
Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.*
- 2 *I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
With roses in red thread worked upon her sails;
With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering,
Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.*

¹From *The Story of a Round-House*, copyright, 1915, by The Macmillan Co. Reprinted by permission.

- 3 I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking,
With glittering sea-water splashing on her decks,
With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking,
Pulling claret bottles down, and knocking off the necks,
The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the
wrecks.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

*DRAKE'S DRUM*¹

- 1 DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.
- 2 Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long
ago."
- 3 Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

¹ From *Admirals All*, copyright, 1897, by John Lane. Reprinted by permission,

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' and the old flag flyin',
 They shall find him ware 'an' wakin', as they found him
 long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

IVRY

- 1 Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.
- 2 Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
 flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war.
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.
- 3 The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the
King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

- 4 Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain, ¹
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

- 5 Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man,

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

6 Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the hosts may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

7 Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright;

Ho! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward
to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

*THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW
ENGLAND*

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

- 1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
- 2 And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
- 4 Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
- 6 The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

- 7 There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
- 8 There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.
- 9 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
- 10 Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SONG OF THE CORNISH MEN

- 1 A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
- 2 And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
- 3 Outspake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

- 4 "We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay—
With one and all, and hand-in-hand,
And who shall bid us nay?
- 5 "And when we come to London wall,—
A pleasant sight to view,—
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you!
- 6 "Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

- 1 JULY the first of a morning fair
In seventeen ninety famous,
King William did his men prepare
To fight with false King Shamus.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.
- 2 Thereat revenge the Irish vowed
Upon King William's forces,
And vehemently with cries did crowd
To check their forward courses.
A ball from out their batteries flew
As our King he faced their fire;
His shoulder-knot away it shot,
Quoth he, "Pray come no nigher!"

- 3 Then straight his officers he did call,
 Saying, "Gentlemen, mind your station,
 And prove your valor one and all
 Before this Irish nation.
 My brazen walls let no man break,
 And your subtle foes you'll scatter;
 Let us show them to-day good English play,
 As we go over the water."
- 4 Then horse and foot we marched amain,
 Resolved their ranks to batter;
 But the brave Duke Schomberg he was slain,
 As we went over the water.
 Then King William cried, "Feel no dismay
 At the losing of one commander,
 For God shall be our king to-day,
 And I'll be general under."
- 5 Then stoutly we Boyne river crossed
 To give the Irish battle;
 Our cannon to his dreadful cost
 Like thunder-claps did rattle.
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 The stream ran red with slaughter
 As with blow and shout we put to rout
 Our enemies over the water.

ANON. *Adapted by A. P. GRAVES.*

AFTER AUGHRIM

1691

- 1 Do you remember long ago,
 Kathaleen?
 When your lover whispered low,
 "Shall I stay or shall I go,
 Kathaleen?"

And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green."

2 *Mavrone*, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;
Your heart is sad and full of woe,
Do you repent you bade him go,
Kathaleen?
But quick you answer proudly, "No!
For better die with Sarsfield so,
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green."

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

1 OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

2 Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

- 3 But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.
- 4 Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—
- 5 Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—
- 6 Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.

While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

- 7 Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!
- 8 Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

- 1 You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

- 2 Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.
- 3 Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.
- 4 "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.
- 5 The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

1857

- 1 OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.
- 2 To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.
- 3 There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.
- 4 She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she
said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."
- 5 She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.
- 6 It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

- 7 I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.
- 8 There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near and spoke:
- 9 "The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!
- 10 "God bless thae bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.
- 11 Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?
- 12 They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.
- 13 Then Jessie said, "That slogan's done;
But can ye hear them noo,
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through."
- 14 We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

- 15 It was not long ere it made its way,
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.
- 16 It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.
- 17 And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.
- 18 That happy day, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.
- 19 And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

1862

- 1 Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
2 The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
3 Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

- 4 Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
- 5 On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,
- 6 Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
- 7 Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
- 8 Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
- 9 Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
- 10 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
- 11 In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
- 12 Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
- 13 Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
- 14 "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
- 15 It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

- 16 Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
- 17 She leaned far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
- 18 "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said.
- 19 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;
- 20 The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life at that woman's deed and word:
- 21 "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
- 22 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;
- 23 All day long that free flag tost
 Over the heads of the rebel host.
- 24 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well;
- 25 And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.
- 26 Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
 And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.
- 27 Honor to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

28 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

29 Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

30 And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

1 O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

2 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

3 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

*BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST*¹

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall
meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's
pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn
and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far
away.

5 Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the
Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal
hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Res-
saldar:

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where
his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,

10 But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,

¹ From *Collected Verse*, copyright, 1907, by Rudyard Kipling. Reprinted by permission.

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the
Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye
then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown
with Kamal's men.

15 There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean
thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is
seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun
was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head
of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to
eat—

20 Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his
meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue
of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her
back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the
pistol crack.

25 He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball
went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can
ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren
doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
30 But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden
plays with a glove.

- There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean
thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man
was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs
drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a
new-roused fawn.
- 35 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the
rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was
there to strive,
“‘T was only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long
alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump
of tree,
- 40 But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on
his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she
could not fly.”
- 45 Lightly answered the Colonel's son: “Do good to bird and
beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest
a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones
away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief
could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men
on the garnered grain,
- 50 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the
cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to
sup,

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call
them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and
stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way
back!"

55 Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his
feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey
wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn
with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of
my clan:

60 Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has
carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against
his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth
the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded
rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups
twain."

65 The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take
the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the
risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I 'll send my son to
him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest—

70 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

75 So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,

80 They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

85 And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son. “Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night ’t is a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall
meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from
the ends of the earth!*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

NOTES AND COMMENT

(Heavy numerals refer to stanzas, light ones to lines.)

BABY LON

The refrain is the same for all stanzas, but is here given with the first stanza only.

1, 1. Bower: ladies' chamber.

2, 1. In several ballads the pulling of a flower or a nut offends some evil being infesting (or haunting) the place, who immediately appears to seek redress or vengeance. See note on *Hind Elin*, 1, 3.

4, 2. Wee pen-knife. We should expect sword or at least dagger. It has been suggested that the undue prominence of wee pen-knives in ballads shows the influence of female tradition. See page xxiii.

6, 1. May: maiden, girl.

18, 2. Twined . . . o': separated . . . from.

STUDY

State the situation in one or two sentences. (Be careful to leave out unessentials.) Are three sisters necessary for the story, or are three introduced because that is a favorite ballad number? Some versions have three brothers as well as three sisters: is that an improvement? Is there a sufficient reason given for the sisters going into the woods? Did they know they might incur danger? Do we know all we ought to know about the reasons for Baby Lon's banishment? Does the recognition seem reasonable? Should it have come earlier? Are we satisfied that the tragedy could not have been averted? How might a modern story-teller answer or forestall these and similar questions? What would he add (motive, explanation, character description)? What would he leave out? Try to sketch a better plot based upon this ballad.

Point out the incremental repetition. Is it merely cumulative, or is there climax or antithesis?

State the situation of *The Hangman's Tree* (page xiv). Compare *Baby Lon* and *The Hangman's Tree* with regard to: simple situation, motive, incremental repetition, leaping and lingering, dialogue.

What seems to suggest that the present ballad may have been sung as an accompaniment to a dance?

THE CRUEL BROTHER

The bridegroom has asked the consent of all the relatives, except the brother; the brother avenges the slight by killing the bride. The Scotch poet Aytoun, writing in 1858, says of *The Cruel Brother*: "This is, perhaps, the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, being commonly recited and sung even at the present time."

2-4. The three colors are merely a bit of ballad ornament. Compare the three flowers in the refrains below. Three persons clothed in three colors are common in ballads. The gentleman's courting three sisters must here be taken accordingly. What the ballad is trying to impress upon us is that he was particularly attentive to one particular lady. If he actually slighted two other ladies, "that is another story."

11, 1. Compare the note on the fourth stanza of *Baby Lon*.

15, 2. The last part of this line has been forgotten. Compare the questions in *Cospatrick*, Scott's version of *Gil Brenton*:

"O is your saddle set awry?
Or rides your steed for you o'er high?

"Or are you mourning in your tide
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"

and those in another version of *Gil Brenton*:

"O is there water in your shee?
Or does the win' blow in your glee?

"Or are you mourning i' your meed
That e'er you left your mither gued?

"Or are you mourning i' your tide
That ever ye was Gil Brenton's bride?"

These questions, then, are commonplaces and may find their way into any ballad where the situation admits. The last question in

any such series is usually the only pertinent one, and in the present case is more so in the *Gil Brenton* ballad than in the one we are studying, for Gil Brenton is a kind of Blue Beard who has already executed seven wives.

25, 2. Gallows pin: beam or cross-piece of gallows.

27, 2. Meal-pock: pouch or bag carried by beggars as a receptacle for meal and other food given them. The curse of beggary is thus bequeathed to the brother's children. See note on *Edward*, 6, 5.

28. This weak stanza has an English rime instead of Scotch, and reads just like the "fine writing" of some writer of broadsides. See comment on the last stanza of *Sweet William's Ghost*.

STUDY

PLOT. State the situation in two sentences. (We have here the so-called "split situation.") How is each part developed? Show the leaping and lingering. What would a modern story-teller add? What leave out? Would he make any use of the "relative climax" or the "ballad testament?" Can you think of any device he might use serving somewhat the same purpose as either of these? Can you suggest any way to make the story seem more real to a modern reader? Compare as regards simplicity of plot and use of ballad devices, with *The Hangman's Tree* and *Baby Lon*.

INCREMENTAL REPETITION. With the exception of stanzas 1, 11, 14, and 28, every stanza is part of an incremental series. Stanzas 2-4 focus our attention on the bride. 5-6, in dialogue, repeated as narrative in 7-8 (parallel repetition), dwell on the knight's affront to the brother. The next group leads up to the murder. 12-21 consist of three (or four?) groups, all progressing to the catastrophe. Comment on 22-27, also on the relation of 20-21 to 18-19.

REFRAIN. Lines 2 and 4 of stanza 1 as here printed were sung as lines 2 and 4 of each succeeding stanza. Does this refrain tell any part of the story? What does it do? Can it be omitted? Why? Can you read the stanzas better with or without the refrain? Would it be the same in singing? Is the refrain more appropriate to one stanza than to another? Compare the refrains, below, of versions A, C, D, E, and K; note that the refrain of E adds a fifth and sixth line to the stanza. Which do you think is the best one? Do you make this decision on musical grounds or on grounds of suggestiveness and the story? Or do you rather respond to the appeal of color?

With a heigh-ho and a lily gay . . .
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Hech hey an' the lily gay . . .
An' the rose is aye the redder aye.

Farin-dan-dan and farin-dan-dee . . .
With adieu, sweet honey, wherever you be.

Wi' a hech hey an' a lily gay . . .
An' the primrose springs sae sweetly.
Sing Annet, an' Marret, an' fair Maisrie,
An' the dew hangs i' the wood, gay ladie.

Gilliver, Gentle, and Rosemary . . .
Sing O the red rose and the white lily.

Compare with K the refrain of one of the *Devil and Girl* ballads:

Jennifer Gentle and Rosemaree . . .
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

Could they be interchanged, even though the ballads are so different? (Gilliver is probably gillyflower or pink, jennifer probably either the same or juniper, and gentle may be for gentian. Very likely the language of flowers—the rose signifies passion, the lily purity—plays into these refrains.)

Note the Scotch words: gae, sae; ha', a'; bluidy, guid; mithier, brither, anither; straucht, licht; the auxiliary verbs wad, maun, dinna, dought na.

THE TWA SISTERS

One of the most popular ballads and one still sung in Great Britain. It is as popular in Scandinavian countries as in the British Isles.

Common to all the versions is the harp strung with three locks of the drowned sister's hair, or some variant of this motif. The full import of this is lost, as Child points out, in the English versions. "All the Norse ballads make the harp or fiddle to be taken to a wedding, which chances to be that of the elder sister with the drowned girl's betrothed." Then, instead of three tunes, each string should have its say, as in an Icelandic version (Child's translation):

The first string made response:
"The bride was my sister once."

The bride on the bench, she spake:
 "The harp much trouble doth make."

The second string answered the other:
 "She is parting me and my lover."

Answered the bride, red as gore:
 "The harp is vexing us sore."

The canny third string replied:
 "I owe my death to the bride."

He made all the harp-strings clang:
 The bride's heart burst with the pang.)

1, 7. **St. Johnstone**: ancient name for the city of Perth.

2-3. Glove an' ring as against brooch an' knife is a mere incremental variation, like the colors in *The Cruel Brother*, 2-4. All four articles are frequently mentioned as gifts. For knives, compare the lines from Chaucer's description of the Friar:

His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyvès
 And pinnès, for to yeven faire wyvès.

The wooing of two sisters has here a plot reason. Explain. How was it in *The Cruel Brother* and *Baby Lon*?

2, 2. **Thing**: old neuter plural, like sheep, swine, deer.

4, 2. Scan this line, and the following, from Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, ii, 1, 18:

Is it for him you do envy me so?

Scan also this line from *Julius Caesar*, v, 5, 70:

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.

What part of speech is envy in each case?

11, 2. **I's make**: I shall make. See 's in glossary.

12, 2. Girdle was also pronounced griddle. Would that be a better reading here? Why? For the metathesis of the r, compare brast in 5, 2 and our burst.

14, 2. **Wardle's make**: world's mate, life-mate. Point out the metathesis.

16, 2. Compare 7, 1. The confusion here may be due to two different forms of the story, one in which the younger sister is drowned

in the sea (and her body recovered by fishermen) and one in which the drowning occurs in a mill-stream.

18, 1. **Draw your dam:** draw off or drain your dam.

20-22. Ballads and folk stories are lavish of gold and pearls and purple and all things rich and rare.

22, 2. **Gryte:** great.

23, 2. **Dine:** dinner.

25. Another version may here be noted as an example of incremental repetition run to seed. The miller makes a viol of the girl's breastbone, pegs of her fingers, a bridge of her nose-ridge, and strings of her veins. And then:

What did he do with her eyes so bright?
Upon his viol he played at first sight.

What did he do with her tongue so rough?
Unto the viol it spake enough.

What did he do with her two shins?
Unto the viol they danced Moll Syms.

It is worth mentioning that this is in a broadside. As Touchstone says in *As You Like It*, "I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market."

27, 1. **Nexten:** next; formed with the adjective ending of wooden, golden; or the en may be for an, ane, i. e., one, see note on *The Laily Worm*, 4, 4.

Syne: since, after that.

28, 1. **Lasten:** last.

STUDY

Compare with the ballads previously studied: simplicity of plot, development of situation, leaping and lingering, absence of characterization, sufficiency or insufficiency of motive, details that might be supplied or omitted.

Compare also the use made of incremental repetition.

Note the refrain and the refrain-like repetition of the first line of each stanza. Each stanza thus becomes a seven-line stanza when sung. But most versions have metrically the same structure as *The Cruel Brother*, four lines, the second and fourth constituting the refrain.

You could not see her yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie
 For goud and pearls that were sae rare.
 By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie

The Bin'norie (or, in version M, Binno'rie) refrain, Scott tells us, was the most common and popular. This refrain caught the ear of Wordsworth; see his *The Seven Sisters*; or, *The Solitude of Binnorie*, with its refrain of:

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Why, do you think, was Wordsworth inspired by the Binnorie refrain? Might he have been thus inspired by one of the refrains cited under *The Cruel Brother*? Compare the Binnorie refrain with the one in the seven-line stanza and with the refrain of *Baby Lon*.

Note the Scotch words: twa, stane, gae, sae, nae, wae, sair, ever-mair; a', sma', fa', wi', an', stran', lan', ta'en; goud; bonny, syne; the auxiliaries gar, couldna, I's, ye's.

EDWARD

The text has been but slightly modernized and the repetitions and refrain are printed out in full: partly because the ballad is so well known to the general reader in such a form and such completeness, and partly because the repetitions and refrain are particularly impressive. Just how far the ballad is genuine tradition and how far it was revised and polished by Percy or one of his correspondents, no one can say. The artistic effect is unusual, but the means employed are wholly those of the ballad. But Henderson's arguments for literary origin (*Ballad in Literature*, p. 25), from the artistic effect and the correct language, cannot simply be ignored.

2, 1. **Hawks:** -is is the genitive ending, pronounced as a separate syllable.

2, 1. **Reid:** red. The old long vowel is retained in the family name Reid (Scotch), Reed, Read, Reade.

2, 8. **Free:** ready, eager.

3, 1. **Gat:** got. Have got for have has been in more or less good use for three centuries or more.

4, 1. **Whatten:** what, what a. For the syllable en, see note on *The Laily Worm*, 4, 4.

4, 5. **Boat**: not strictly a Scotch word; if it were it should have the vowel sound of mair, stane, etc. What does the rime indicate?

5, 1. **Wull**: will. Wull is still heard dialectally; the negative of it is won't, pronounced wunt in New England, but riming with don't in other parts of this country.

5, 8. **Maun**: must, here perhaps may. The modal auxiliaries shade into each other.

6, 5. **The warldis room**: the world's space, the whole wide world.

STUDY

PLOT. Everything is suggested, almost nothing is told. Read, in such a book as Gayley's *Classic Myths in English Literature*, the story of Orestes, and then try to tell the story of Edward as clearly as the story of Orestes is told. Do you note anything gained? anything lost?

DEVELOPMENT. State what is strongly and impressively suggested in the ballad. Then show how this suggestion is heightened by the following devices: verbal repetition, incremental repetition, the anti-phonal arrangement of each stanza, the refrain, the ballad testament, and the two climaxes.

DIALOGUE. Note that the ballad is wholly in dialogue. Compare with *The Hangman's Tree*. Try to put *Baby Lon* wholly in dialogue. Could you succeed as well with *The Cruel Brother* or *The Twa Sisters*?

Note particularly the Scotch forms and words: sae, nae, wae, frae, ain, mair; hae, ha', fa'; bluid, guid, steid, reid, feit, deir, leive, beir, bairns, dois; sic, gang, mither, sall, auld, dule, dree; genitive, etc., in -is.

THE BONNIE WEE CROODLIN DOW

The ballad of *Lord Randal*, of which this is a nursery version, tells the story of a lover poisoned by his mistress. Originally the poison was a snake served as food; in later versions the snake became an eel and then a fish. In this nursery version the cruel mistress becomes a cruel step-mother, the lover a child. If the mammie is the child's mother, the ballad is quite disordered; but perhaps we may think of the mammie as a nurse. In any case tragedy has become merely pathos; other examples of this?

The ballad is printed unchanged and with all the repetitions to give more immediately the full effect of the nursery tone.

The ballad, especially in the more original versions, suggests *Ed-*

ward: question and answer, mother and son, repetition, ballad testament. But the relation of mother and son is changed and the dramatic effect accordingly lost.

STUDY

Compare with *Edward*, working out the suggestions in the preceding paragraph.

REFRAIN. Compare with *Edward* and *The Two Sisters*.

DIALOGUE, as suggested under *Edward*.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

Tradition in Selkirkshire, Scott tells us, preserves minute details concerning the places and incidents of this ballad. But the story, however often it may have been reënacted, is of an ancient and honorable lineage, which bred such epics as the German *Kudrun*, the Old English *Waldere*, the Norse lay of *Helgi Hundingslayer*, and the medieval Latin *Waltharius*. The *Waltharius*, again, inspired—and is incorporated in—Scheffel's *Ekkehard*, an excellent historical novel, of which an English translation exists. As is usual in such cases, the ballad goes to the heart of the story, and in the course of tradition softens tragedy to pathos.

1, 4. **Under night**: at night, clandestinely.

3, 3. **Bugelet**: a diminutive of bugle, which itself represents a Latin diminutive meaning young ox. The bugle-horn we now call simply bugle, just as we say calf for calf-skin in describing the binding of a book.

7, 1. When Margaret calls on Lord William by name to spare her father, we are to understand that by speaking his name she dooms him to death. This "dead-naming" comes out more clearly in the Scandinavian ballads. Thus in the Danish ballad of Ribold and Guldberg, Ribold enjoins Guldberg:

"If thou see me bleed,
Name thou me not to death.

"If thou see me fall,
Name thou me not at all."

At the critical moment Guldberg in her anguish does name him and he falls.

8, 2. **Holland**: fine linen from Holland. Compare note on bugle (-horn) above.

9, 4. **No other guide**: no other escort than yourself.

11, 3. **Wan water**: colorless, "as contrasted with wine" (Child).

12, 3. **Good**. Good modifies the whole phrase heart's blood.

15, 4. **Win**: won.

18, 2. What part of the church is the choir? nave? aisle?

19, 1. **Plait**: plaited, intertwined. How is plait pronounced?

STUDY

PLOT. What is the tragic conflict in Lady Margaret's breast? Does the dead-naming heighten the tragedy? Or do you think it rather heightens the pathos? Would the story seem materially changed to you if you knew that Margaret was betrothed to another? Does this ballad suppress as many details as *Edward*? Compare with *Edward* for tragedy and pathos.

DIALOGUE. If you read only the stanzas in dialogue, you will find that the story is fairly complete. Try it. The dialogue, we may assume, represents the communal ballad as it was danced and acted out, while the narrative stanzas were gradually added as the ballad became a piece to be recited. What ballads have had no narrative stanzas whatsoever?

COMMONPLACES. What commonplace did we note in *The Cruel Brother*? Stanzas 18-20 of the present ballad are found in many ballads. If you have access to Sargent-Kittredge, you may compare *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* (No. 74), *Lord Lovel* (No. 75), *The Lass of Roch Royal* (No. 76), and *Lady Alice* (No. 85). Does this commonplace seem to belong to one of these ballads rather than another? Compare our stanza 20 with the corresponding stanzas of 74A, 75A, and 85A: which fits in best with the rest of the ballad in which it occurs?

Stanza 3 might be called a commonplace within the ballad. Where does it occur again? What other stanza is used over again in this way?

THE BONNIE LASS OF ANGLESEY

If we assume that the gifts of stanza 4 were originally offered in stanzas of incremental repetition, as they are in a somewhat similar Danish ballad, and the partners were similarly introduced one after another, it seems as if we might have here a survival of a genuine old

communal dance-song. The incident, in that case, was one of neighborhood rivalry. The king was at first the local lord of revels, like the "king of the husking bee" of our own pioneer days. The grand folk of the ballad as we have it, may be taken as an example of the ballad's love of splendor.

2, 1. **Cry:** proclamation.

2, 3. **Gar saddle ye:** have your horses saddled.

3, 3. **Hae to ask:** may count on.

4, 1. **Ploughs.** A plough of land is as much land as a plow can cultivate yearly.

7, 1. **Dead:** death. See note on *Bonny Barbara Allan*, 8, 2.

7, 4. **Gaed:** gave. The word is apparently a blend of the more usual Scotch forms *gae* and *gied*.

STUDY

What ballads suggest the dance? Wherein does the suggestion consist? Describe some game of forfeits you have played, which enacted a story, and point out the similarity to some ballad. Show that in either case the plot reduces to a simple situation. Develop the situation of each into a complete story.

War-dances often mock the conquered foe, improvised songs are often in derision of some enemy. Of what ballad may this be equally true?

If you have read the story of the *Iliad*, show how the boasting and exultation of the Homeric heroes is like the boasting and exultation of "rooting" and similar expressions of school spirit. Show also how the latter is of a communal nature.

THE DEVIL AND THE GIRL

When the girl, in the last stanza, names the "foul fiend," he disappears, as we are expressly told in another version:

As soon as she the fiend did name,
He flew away in a blazing flame.

This ballad is probably of a very ancient kind. "Riddles . . . , probably the oldest extant form of humor. They spring from man's earliest perception that there are such things as analogies in nature. . . . After inventing the riddle, men began to use it in a kind of game; bets were staked on the answer and sides were made, each

side backing its champion. These sports in Marriner's time were common in Tonga; they are no less popular among the African Woloffs. Samson's riddle set to the Philistines is an instance of the sport in a Semitic country. In märchen and ballads, the hero's chance of winning his beloved, or of escaping punishment, is often made to turn on his power of answering riddles."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

We can trace the development of this ballad, theoretically, as follows. First, in the primitive communal dance, a give and take of question and answer. Clever riddles are remembered, new ones are added, and a riddle dance-song is evolved. There is as yet no story. This comes when the dance-song is made part of a simple situation: the clever lass must answer the riddles to escape the fiend, or to win a husband. Once such a situation is acted out in song and dance, we have a ballad according to our definitions. Finally such a ballad becomes traditional. In time it ceases to be a dance-song and is merely sung or recited by an entertainer:

Will ye hear a wonder thing
Betwixt a maid and the foul fiend?

This is the stage at which most of our ballads have arrived.

In a similar kind of ballad the imposing of puzzling or impossible tasks takes the place of the questions or riddles. Thus in one ballad the lover demands:

"I want you to make me a cambric shirt
Without any seam or needlework, etc."

The young woman counters with:

"I want you to buy me an acre of land
Between the salt sea and the sea sand, etc."

Such ballads and riddle ballads proper may be classed together as wit-matching ballads.

Poetic riddles form a considerable portion of Old English literature. What they were like can be seen from Burns's *John Barley-corn*. In Grimm's *Fairy Tales* you will find a riddle story entitled "The Peasant's Clever Daughter." Samson's riddle is in *Judges*, xiv. The story of Oedipus and the riddle of the Sphinx will be found in Gayley's *Classic Myths in English Literature* or any similar book of

old Greek stories. Read also the casket scene in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and Merlin's "riddling triplets of old time" in Tennyson's *The Coming of Arthur*. In Gozzi's *The Princess Turandot*, recently revived on the London and New York stage, Turandot will wed only the suitor who guesses her riddles, and she puts to death all who fail.

1, 1. **Wonder:** wonderful, strange.

1, 1. **Thing:** perhaps in the original sense of a matter of dispute between two contestants or a meeting to settle a dispute.

3, 1. **Mote:** may, optative; mote I: "if I might." Compare "so mote it be" in the Masonic burial service. The past tense of this verb was *must*, now present in meaning and used in the older sense of obligation.

3, 1. **Leman:** lover, loved one; a contraction of *lief-man* as darling is of *dear-ling*, the *f* being lost as in *woman*, *lady*, and *lammas*.

4, 2. **Forward hold:** keep your agreement or promise.

7, 2. **Rather:** earlier, sooner, quicker; Milton uses the positive in speaking of the "rathe primrose" (*Lycidas*, line 142).

8, 2. **Dead:** death.

10, 2. **Richer:** used here perhaps in an older sense of more powerful.

12, 1. **But:** unless.

12, 1. **Answery:** answer, ME. *andswerien*. There were so few verbs in *-ien* and so many in *-en* that the *-ien* verbs were made to conform to the *-en* verbs; later the *-en* was lost in all verbs.

13, 1. **Jesu:** Latin vocative, often found in earlier works.

17, 1. **Looking:** expectation; "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

18, 1. **God's flesh:** the host partaken of in holy communion.

22, 2. **Will:** for *ne will*, *will not*; compare *willy-nilly*, "will I or will I not."

STUDY

What ballads have had in them some suggestion of the dance? Is there any such suggestion here? How do we know that riddles are used for games? Show that a succession of riddles and answers might well become a dance-song. Would a group of riddles followed by the answers all in one group serve as well? Show how the game might take on the form of a situation, then of a story.

Make a story of the situation in the present ballad by supplying motives, setting, characterization, etc. Why, for instance, may the

devil have come to this particular girl? What had happened before, or what kind of girl was she, that he should have done so?

What in the present ballad suggests the dead-naming of *The Douglas Tragedy*?

Do you think this ballad had a refrain? Why? Would any of the refrains you have studied be in some way appropriate here? Why did people, when they came to write down ballads, fail to write down the refrain?

Note the use of assonance instead of rime.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT

The text is that of Percy's *Reliques* and represents the popular version in the Percy Folio very considerably retouched by Bishop Percy. The result is a well rounded story. There is a proper introduction, the transitions are marked (one exception), the characters are described, motives are explained, the language is more literary. Still there are many of the marks of the traditional ballad. The student may therefore both compare and contrast it with one of the previous ballads. The glorification of the poor shepherd is a late touch, but found in all versions; in the older ballads the actors are high-born personages.

Note the dactylic movement of the verse, which gives a rollicking tone to the ballad, and suggests that the riddles are of the kind called *Demaundes Joyous* in the title of a collection of them printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

2, 3. House-keeping. It was on too lavish a scale to suit the King. This, it will be remembered, was one of the causes of Wolsey's downfall.

3, 3-4. The servants are designated by their—magnificent enough—livery.

5, 3. Dere: harm.

5, 4. True-gotten. Compare ill-gotten.

7, 1. Stead: place.

11, 3. Doctor: learned man.

16, 1. Sire and sir are different forms of the same word.

16, 2. Wit: understanding.

18, 3. The episcopal staff or ornamental shepherd's crook, the crown coming to a point front and back, the linen vestment, and the cape are here represented as the abbot's insignia of office. The crozier

belongs properly only to a bishop; in some versions of the ballad the persecuted churchman is a bishop.

19, 4. **Living:** benefice, here abbacy.

21, 4. **Worser:** worse; worse and near were the old comparatives: -er was added to both to make them "regular" and became good usage in the one case but not in the other.

22, 1. **St. Bittel.** St. Bittel was put into the ballad by Percy and explained by him as St. Botolph; under the circumstances we may assume that the explanation is correct. Boston is Botolph's town.

27, 1. **Nobles.** A noble was worth a third of a pound.

STUDY

Is there in this ballad any suggestion of the dance or of choral singing? Why is this ballad less well adapted to use as a dance-song than the previous one?

Verify and illustrate the statements in the head-note concerning narrative method. Show that this is a well rounded story.

Compare and contrast with previous ballads as regards: simplicity of plot (situation), repetition, refrain, leaping and lingering, dialogue.

Compare the metrical form of this ballad with that of the ballads already studied. Do you remember any rimes made up in play by yourself or some of your playmates? If so, compare the metrical form with the forms just discussed and with the metrical form of Mother Goose rimes. What forms seem to come easiest for improvisation?

PROUD LADY MARGARET

We have here one of many examples of ballad contamination, the welding of two or more stories into one. Proud Lady Margaret is, like Turandot (p. 229), one of the Perilous Princesses. With this riddle ballad is combined a ballad of the return from the dead, of which we shall presently have two other specimens. In these ballads the dead were superstitiously supposed to return for one of two reasons: a lover returned to ask back his troth-plight or promise of marriage in order that his sleep in the grave might be undisturbed by any sense of unfulfilled obligations; or the dead one returned to rebuke the bereaved one or ones for excessive weeping and mourning, which disturbed his peace in the grave. The return for the purpose of giving admonition, as in the present ballad, seems to belong in a general way under the second head.

1, 3-4. A commonplace.

3, 3. **Cunning**: skilful. "Esau was a cunning hunter."—*Genesis*, xxv, 27.

5, 2. **Mean**: moan. We have lost the verb mean and use the noun moan as a verb. Compare streak and stroke below.

6, 1. **Read my riddle**. Read originally meant to explain a difficulty, to advise, to guess. Compare German *raten*. Riddle is from the same root.

7, 1. **Leems**: gleams, "but *longs*, belongs, is the word required."—Child.

7, 4. **Twine**: towel. Etymology? Compare twill.

9, 2. We omit the relative only when it is in the objective case; in earlier English the nominative case could also be omitted, as here. Other examples?

12, 4. **Swims**: this verb plural is Northern or Scotch. Other examples?

14, 4. **Heir**: inherit.

STUDY

Can you point out where the welding of the two stories is imperfect?

Special study: narrative style (introduction); dialogue; internal rhyme; Scotch forms of words (note especially the frequent riming of die and lie with three, me, etc.).

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

Sweet William's Ghost is perhaps the best known of the ballads dealing with the return of the dead. It occurs twice as a continuation of another ballad, *Clerk Saunders*, in which the lover is slain in the lady's company, and one of these continuations has been affected by Proud Lady Margaret:

"O, I'm Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become of thee."

The return of the dead lover is to receive back his troth-plight. But since the touch of a ghost is fatal, the loved one must "streak" (stroke) her plight upon a wand and hand over the wand. Then the ghost may return to the grave in peace. So in version B; in version D

she has taken a silver key, and "gi'en him three times on the breast." In C "she struck him in the breast" with her white, white hand, in E she "smoothed it [her milk-white hand] on his breast." In our version, A, all this has become very vague. Query: Are we to suppose that here and in *Proud Lady Margaret* the ghost's fatal touch causes death? See also Scott's *Pirate*, Advertisement.

In C there is a powerful scene in the churchyard, in good incremental stanzas:

"What three things are these, Sweet William," she says,

"That stands here at your head?"

"It's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,

"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, Sweet William," she says,

"That stands here at your side?"

"It is three babes, Marjorie," he says,

"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, Sweet William," she says,

"That stands here at your feet?"

"It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,

"That's waiting my soul to keep."

And one is tempted to think that these stanzas must in some version have been followed by the beautiful lyric which Hogg communicated to Scott:

"But plett a wand o' bonnie birk
An' lay it on my breast,
An' drap a tear upon my grave,
An' wiss my saul gude rest.

"But fair Marget, an' rare Marget,
An' Marget, o' verity,
If e'er ye loe another man,
Ne'er loe him as ye did me."

But up then crew the milk-white cock,
An' up then crew the grey;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
An' she gaed weepin' away.

But Hogg or some other poet must have retouched these lines, especially the second stanza, unless indeed he composed them outright.

The narrative stanzas, with some allowances to be made for 10 and the substance of 16, are clearly adulterations: grievous groan, evanished, the constant Margaret, soft limbs are not ballad-like. They are easily accounted for. Our version first appeared in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1740, in which the ballads were dressed up to suit the taste of the time. The ballad would suffer scarcely at all if these stanzas (10 excepted) were omitted, and would then be in the good old dialogue form.

1, 3. **Tirlèd at the pin:** rattled the latch-pin.

5, 1. **Thou's:** thou has to, thou shalt.

7-9. Compare 4-6.

9, 2. Lines that are stop-gaps are frequent in ballads, as in improvisation; sometimes they are not merely weak, but wrong. So this line.

10, 2. This line should tell us that Margaret handed over the troth-plight; but all recollection of such a procedure has faded away. Such failures of memory are frequent in our texts.

10, 3. **Hae:** have, take; possibly the interjection hey is meant.

11, 1-2. This is the stock ballad description of a girl getting ready to run after her lover or on an errand. The stanza, however, seems to have some *Tea Table* retouching.

11, 4. The s of corps(e) was taken to be a plural, so a new singular corp was made; pea, cherry, sherry, burial, riddle, etc., lost an original s of the singular in the same way.

12-13. Compare 2-3.

13, 4. **Meet:** well-fitting.

14. Compare stanza 9 of the next ballad. Possibly something more than ballad color-variation. According to Icelandic tradition, at the break-up of the world (ragnarok, or twilight of the gods) the bright-red cock calls to the last battle those in the "Bird Wood," the golden-combed cock those in the house of Odin, and the sooty-red cock those in the dwelling of Hel beneath the earth.

STUDY

Examine the narrative stanzas. What is there in each that makes it seem a literary addition or sophistication? Is this true also of stanzas 10 and 16? Are any of the suspected stanzas necessary for the story? How does this ballad bear out the theory that epic treatment (i. e., narrative) came comparatively late? What other ballads have pointed to the same conclusion?

Is this ballad as far removed from a dance-song as *The Devil and the Girl*? as *King John and the Abbot*?

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

"There is no indication that the sons come back to forbid obstinate grief, as the dead often do. But supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of these verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting."—Child.

1, 1. **Wife:** woman. Cf. Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*.

2, 3. **Carlina:** woman of low birth, then in general old woman; here an adjective.

3, 1-2. Standard arithmetic for ballads, occurring over and over again. In the preceding stanza, of which this is an incremental variation, the arithmetic is not so surprising.

5, 1. **Martinmas:** the feast of St. Martin, November 11. The Scotch quarter or rent days are: Candlemas (February 2), Whitsunday, Lammas (August 1), and Martinmas.

5, 4. The birch signifies death. See next stanza.

9, 1-2. Commonplace, found e. g. in *Sweet William's Ghost*.

11, 3. **Our place:** "our place in Paradise."

12, 2. The homely touches of this stanza have evoked many comments on their charm. A like homeliness has caused the more bitter words of the ghost of Achilles to Odysseus, *Odyssey*, xi, 489ff., to be so well remembered.

STUDY

The other two return of the dead ballads are more dramatic, this one is more idyllic. Justify this statement.

Compare with *Sweet William's Ghost*: proportion and relative importance of the narrative stanzas. Is there any dialogue in the present ballad?

What commonplaces are found in this ballad? Can you say anything about their fitness?

Make a list of superstitious beliefs referred to. Which of these are quite new to you? Which suggest to you existing superstitions of which you have knowledge?

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

That the Jews ever made a practice of offering Christian children as sacrificial victims or crucified them in mockery of the passion of

Our Lord, no one now believes. That those who persecuted the Jews in the middle ages, believed such wickedness of them, is only too certain.

The Annals of Waverley and of Burton and the chronicle of Matthew of Paris relate the persecution of Jews for the murder of Hugh of Lincoln. The date given is 1255. The Peterborough Chronicle tells under date of 1137 of the death of William of Norwich at the hands of Jews. Chaucer's Prioress, at the close of a tale on the same theme, says

O yongè Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
With cursed Jewès, as it is notable,
For it nis but a litel whyle ago.

Maurice Hewlett's tale of Gervaise of Tilbury in his *New Canterbury Tales* treats the same theme with a wealth of romantic coloring.

This is one of the few traditional ballads rather widely spread in this country. An independent version, with its own air, was reported in one of the present editor's classes. In an Irish-American version the old wicked belief about the Jews has disappeared. The Jew's daughter has become "the duke's daughter" and little Hugh bears the more modern name of Harry Hughes. (Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*, page 75.)

1, 3. Came him sweet Sir Hugh: as we frequently hear "Hugh he came." This redundant him before the noun is common in ballads.

3, 1. Done him: betaken himself.

11, 2. Coffer: trunk or box. This seems out of place. No doubt a commonplace.

15-17. Miraculous incidents are common to all the versions and all the stories.

STUDY

How does this ballad resemble, how does it differ from, the return of the dead ballads?

Plot and narrative method. Split situation. Proportion and relative importance of narrative stanzas. Introduction; transitions. Incremental repetition. Parallel repetition.

COMMONPLACES. The number four and twenty will be found again in two incremental stanzas in *The Gay Goshawk* and in *Katharine Janfarie*; there are some fifty references in all in the index to Child. What well-known occurrence of the number in Mother Goose?

Stanza 8, lines 1-2, are in *Robin Hood's Death*. 10, 1 occurs upwards of thirty times; 11, 1 occurs a dozen times and in three or four of these with the same second line.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

"This admired and most admirable ballad is one of the many which were first made known to the world through Percy's *Reliques*. Percy's version remains, poetically, the best. It may be a fragment, but the imagination easily supplies all that may be wanting; and if more of the story, or the whole, be told in [version] H, the half is better than the whole."—Child.

The tragic interest is in the hero; in *Edward* it is in the situation.

The historic basis of the ballad, if it has one, has never been clearly established. Andrew Lang says: "This ballad is a confused echo of the Scotch expedition which should have brought the maid of Norway [granddaughter of Alexander III] to Scotland, about 1285."

See note on *Bonny George Campbell* (page 273f.).

1, 1. **Dumferling:** Dunfermline. "While *Dunfermline* is still spoken of as the favorite Royal residence, the Scotch nobles wear the *cork-heeled shoon* of a later century, a curious example of the medley common in traditional poetry."—Andrew Lang.

3, 1. **Braid letter:** perhaps a detailed or an authoritative letter; but braid may be merely an instance of the epic adjective or epithet.

3, 4. See note on *Proud Lady Margaret*, stanza 9, line 2.

4. Similar stanzas occur in various versions of at least six different ballads, including one version of *The Gay Goshawk*.

6-7. "There is neither choice nor thought, but prompt obedience to orders. The ship must sail the morn, and this without regard to the fearful portent of the new moon having been seen *late* yestreen with the auld moon in her arm."—Child.

10, 2. **Kems.** Compare with unkempt.

11, 4. **Scots.** OE. Scottisc (earlier Scyttisc) became Scottys and then Scots (English Scottish and Scotch).

"A modern writer has pointed out that Germanic popular poetry, along with Celtic and Slavic, has always loved the beaten cause and echoed the tragedy of life. Who does not recall that large simplicity in which doom is announced, as if to a Greek tragic chorus, at the close of the *Nibelungen Lay*? Who does not feel the same spirit, playing in smaller bounds, at the close of *Sir Patrick Spens*?"—Gummere.

STUDY

Comment on the passages quoted from Child and Gummere.

Narrative and dialogue. Leaping and lingering. Action and character. Is character so important in any other ballad?

ST. STEPHEN AND HEROD

The story of the first martyr of the Christian church will be found in *Acts*, vi and vii. The connection with Herod and the miracle here told is, however, legendary and not biblical. St. Stephen's day is December 26; how is this expressed in the ballad?

The text of the ballad is, with one exception, the oldest we have, and final e was still pronounced as we have indicated. But if the student will read with lively emphasis, and observe the caesura, he will, even with his everyday pronunciation, get a spirited and satisfactory rhythm. The lilt of this old Christmas carol can, indeed, scarcely be destroyed; and it is infectious. "I sing it all over the house," Child once said to Gummere.

For the metrics, see Introduction (page xxxii).

1, 1. **Clerk.** The successive meanings of clerk are cleric or clergyman, scholar (learning was confined to men intended for the church), the incumbent of a royal office requiring some learning, any royal officer, amanuensis or other assistant. The *Oxford Dictionary* cites "His Clerk of the Kitchen or his Cook" from Cowley's *Liberty*, and "Clarke of the Spicery to King Henry the eight" from a book printed in 1631.

1, 2. **Servèd . . . cloth:** waited on the table, acted as butler. **Befallè:** this is subjunctive, but the use of the mode here is not clear.

2, 2. **Bedlem:** Bedlam, Bethlehem. The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London was used as an insane asylum, hence our use of bedlam.

5, 1. **Quat:** what; the spelling indicates the Scotch guttural pronunciation of wh. **Befallè:** befallen.

5, 2. **Meat:** food (of any kind).

7, 1. **Wood:** mad, crazy.

7, 1. **Breedè:** have strange fancies.

7, 2. **Weedè:** robe, garment: compare widow's weeds.

8, 1. **Ne none:** nor no, nor any. The double negative was in good use up to about 1600.

10, 2. **Christus natus est:** "Christ is born."

11, 1. **Riseth**: this is plural imperative, as in Chaucer. So also leadeth and stoneth in the next line.

11, 1. **By two . . . by onè**: by twos and singly: all intensifies one, as in alone from all-one.

12, 2. See introductory note above.

STUDY

Are any of the narrative stanzas essential to the story? Compare with *Sweet William's Ghost* for narrative and dialogue.

Rewrite two or three of the stanzas so as to indicate that they are essentially like the ballad stanza you are already familiar with. What lines are used somewhat like refrains? Why should they not be regarded as refrains?

KEMP OWYNE

Transformation is the theme of this and the ensuing ballads. Here we have the hero who in spite of danger and disgust breaks, with a kiss, or three kisses, or by marriage, the spell which has turned a beautiful lady into a loathsome hag. As to how Owain became the hero of such an adventure, we may venture two guesses.

1. In the tale of *The Lady of the Fountain*, in the Welsh *Mabinogion*, Luned is imprisoned by the Countess, her mistress, and condemned to be burned alive, unless Owain shall come to her rescue, as he does.

2. In another version of our ballad the hero is called Kempion, i. e., Champion. This appellative may have been broken up into Kemp Owyne; though it is equally possible that the reverse process telescoped Kemp Owyne into the single appellative.

3, 4. **Borrow**: redeem. Connect this with the modern meaning of the word.

5, 1. **News**. What is the number in present usage?

8, 2. **Brought him wi'**: brought (back) with him.

11, 1. **Brand**: sword; compare the verb brandish.

STUDY

Probably two versions blended. The four-line stanzas are dull and listless, with almost no marks of ballad workmanship. The six-line stanzas sparkle with animation, and are in the true ballad manner. Show this difference by a study of the incremental repetition, parallel repetition, and dialogue in the text. Show also where the four-line stanzas draw the attention away from the story.

May this have been a dance ballad? Why?

Note the monotony of the rime. Stanzas 4-6 have been printed as two six-line stanzas. Would the rime permit this?

THE LAILY WORM AND THE MACHREL OF THE SEA

1, 1. **Year**: old neuter plural.

1, 2. **Fan**. Point out other instances of f for wh.

2, 1. **Laily worm**: loathly serpent.

2, 3. **Lays**: lies.

2, 4. **Machrel**: mackerel.

3, 1. The spell is broken over Sunday, and the sister and perhaps both sister and brother resume their human shapes for the time being.

4, 4. **Eight an**: eighth one; compare note on *nexten* and *lasten*, *The Twa Sisters*, 27-28. Eight is the older form of the ordinal; *The Famous History of King Henry the Eight* is the title of Shakespeare's play in the *First Folio*.

10, 3. **Far**: where.

11, 2. "Serving for food and wages." The line is a commonplace.

11, 4. **Mary**: lady in waiting, maid of honor. From the proper name. **Free**: noble.

13, 1. **Wan'**: wand.

14, 3. **Came her till**: came to her.

14, 5. **Unshemly**: unseemly.

14, 6. **Ye's**: ye shall.

15, 2. **Fun**: whin, furze, heather.

STUDY

What seems to have been lost from the story? Can you complete the story from *Kemp Owyne*? Or would Grimm's story of *The Enchanted Stag* give a more satisfactory hint? (The brother is changed to a stag. The sister escapes the wicked designs of the witch, their stepmother. The witch is burned. As soon as she is consumed to ashes, the stag returns to his human shape.)

Such details are often forgotten in the course of tradition. But it is not always necessary to assume that they were unknown. Sometimes such points were so well known that they could be taken for granted. In *The Hangman's Tree*, which is really the story of a girl saved from pirates, the incidents may be supposed to have been known to all who took part in the dance commemorating the event,

and the dance-song needed to take up only such details as seemed worth lingering over. That such a communal ballad may have been handed down, as this was, after such details were actually forgotten, does not alter the original fact of their having been known when the ballad was truly a dance-song. Examine the ballads you have studied and pick out one which may reasonably have been a ballad in which details were suppressed because well known.

Note the autobiographical features of *The Laily Worm*. Show that the use made of them is dramatic rather than narrative. Is the whole ballad autobiographical? If this ever was a communal ballad, actually danced and sung, what part of the ballad represents the supposititious old dance-song?

THOMAS RYMER

Thomas the Rhymer has been identified with Thomas of Erceldoune (Earlston) surnamed Leirmont (13th century). The Russian poet Lermontoff claimed descent from Thomas the Rhymer, for which there is at least so much of a basis in fact that in the later middle ages Scotchmen migrated to the eastern Baltic and adjoining lands.

The ballad is derived from a romance, in which Thomas upon returning to "middle-earth" brings with him the elf-queen's gift of prophecy. Much of the romance is taken up with these prophecies. Many of True Thomas's prophecies are still current in Scotland, or were a generation ago.

Stanzas 9 and 15 detail articles of folk-belief. The kiss or embrace which puts Thomas into the elf-queen's power should have been told about between stanzas 4 and 5.

1, 1. True Thomas: so called from the truth of his prophecies.

1, 3. Brisk and bold: vivacious and full of spirit.

7, 2. Wade: waded.

8, 3. Free: generous, well-born, noble.

13, 2. Lilly leven: liefly (i. e., lovely) lea or lawn.

16, 1. Even: smooth.

STUDY

Note the literary influences in stanzas 1 (characterization, alliteration), 7 (imagery), and 11 (involved sentence). Note the influence of Christianity in stanzas 3 and 12-13. Point out, against these, the marks of the popular ballad. Does the ballad afford a hint as to the

possible outcome of *The Laily Worm*? What traits has the ballad in common with Grimm's *True John*?

HIND ETIN

"Commerce of mortal with creatures of the other world is among the oldest themes in story" (Gummere); and is fraught with tragedy. A modern literary treatment of this theme will be found in Matthew Arnold's two poems, *The Neckan* and *The Forsaken Merman*. Compare also *The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry*.

The etins were giants. The forms eotinde, eotandes suggest that the word may in popular usage have been associated with the present participle of eat, namely etende, and taken to mean devourers. In Scandinavian and German ballads the hero is a dwarf, elf, hill-king, or merman, but not for that less sinister.

Hind Etin means Young (man) Etin.

1, 1. **May**: maid.

1, 1. **Bower**: lady's chamber.

1, 2. Ladies in their bowers are represented either as combing their golden hair or as sewing a silken seam. See *Sir Patrick Spens*, stanza 11.

1, 3. She probably rather heard a *note*, a call she could not resist. The conception nut has then further crept into stanza 3, where the usual thing is a rose.

2. Compare *Sweet William's Ghost*, stanza 11, and note.

3. Compare *The Wife of Usher's Well*, stanzas 2-3, and note.

5, 1. **The tither**: that ither (other); the other.

8, 2. **Free for thee**: free for all of thee; for anything you can do.

8, 3. **Gif**: if; not connected with give.

16, 1. "The lark in the air."

STUDY

Commonplaces. Incremental and parallel repetition. Details suppressed or forgotten. Ending.

Show that this and the preceding ballad are stories rather than dance-songs.

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

The "seal of Sule rock" (among the Shetland isles and now famous for its lighthouse) describes himself sufficiently in stanza 3. We may

note the superstition, though it is of no importance for the present story, that if his sealskin had been stolen he could never have changed back from a man to a seal. This holds true also of the werewolf or man-wolf, who plays a large part in folklore.

The tragedy of the situation is given a pungent turn of fatalism in the last two stanzas.

1, 2. "Bye, lovely wee one!"

4, 4. "Should have come and owed a child to me."

6, 2. **Sin**: sun.

STUDY

Compare and contrast with *Hind Etin*: story, relations of the characters, tragedy and pathos, use of repetition, dialogue and narrative, leaping and lingering, ending.

Make a list of superstitions that play into the ballads. Is the superstition always an essential part of the story?

THE THREE RAVENS

Repetition and refrain in stanzas 2-10 as indicated in stanza 1.

2. The rime was probably perfect originally. See *The Twa Sisters*, stanza 14.

4, 2. **Can**: probably do. The verb *gan* (i. e. began) was used as a mere auxiliary, meaning did; *can* was substituted for *gan* and often, under the influence of *can*, *be able*, came to be used as a present auxiliary, *do*. In one of these senses, *do* or *did*, *can* is very frequent.

4, 2. **Keep**: take care of.

5, 2. **Fowl**: bird; compare "the fowls of the air" in *Genesis*, vii, 3.

6, 1. **Fallow doe**: so called from its fallow or yellowish color.

7, 1. **Lift**: lifted; *lift* is the same kind of past tense as *hurt*, *thrust*, etc.

8, 2. **Lake**: pit. An old author, quoted in the *Century Dictionary*, tells of Daniel in "ye lake of lyons."

9. **Prime**. Prime (about nine in the morning) and even-song or vespers (about four in the afternoon) are two of the seven canonical hours or periods of prayer.

10, 2. **Leman**. See *The Devil and the Girl*, stanza 2, note. The fallow doe is, of course, to be taken allegorically for the knight's lady.

We print below a cynical side-piece to this ballad; cynicism is a rare fault in the popular ballad, but will be encountered again in *The Baron of Brackley*.

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies making a mane:
 The tane unto the tother say,
 "Where shall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dike,
 I wot there lies a new slain knight;
 And naebody kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
 His lady's ta'en another mate,
 And so we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
 But nane sall ken where he is gane;
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

STUDY

How does the story of the two songs differ? Are the ravens needed in the story or are they introduced because the beast fable can always count on a kindly interest? *The Three Ravens* is probably the only ballad you have ever heard sung. Can you tell why it maintains its popularity as a song? Is it on account of the story? the conceit? the sentiment? the music of the lines? the tune to which it goes? Compare with other ballads.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

"... a third class of ballads, just halting and trembling on the border of pure song. Here belong *Barbara Allan* and *Lady Alice*; while the pretty sentiment, the long-range sympathy, of *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray* have converted it in England 'into a nursery rime.' 'Ballad or song' is Professor Child's account of it. These ballads of

lyric tendency have repetition, but not of the incremental and dramatic kind."—Gummere.

The ditty first mentioned above seems to us somewhat over-sentimental. But sung by an actress it delighted Samuel Pepys and sung by an old dairy-maid moved little Oliver Goldsmith to tears; and it may therefore claim some attention. It is still sung in Canada as a student song.

The same facile refutation of Rosalind's philosophy: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love," underlies *Lord Lovel* (Child, No. 75) and *Lady Alice* (No. 85). Lady Alice and Lord Lovel were, however, guilty of philandering, not cruelty.

1, 1. **Martinmas:** November 11.

4, 1-2. Compare the refrain of *Captain Car* (page 97).

4, 3. **Ye's:** you shall.

7, 1. **Raise:** rose. Raise is Scotch; the English form is used in stanza 3.

8, 1. Compare *Hind Elin*, stanza 3, and note.

8, 2. **Dead-bell:** death-bell. We still have dead-march and have recently formed dead-line.

STUDY

Show that the repetition is "not of the incremental and dramatic kind."

Note the curiously halting feminine, or double, rimes, if rimes they may be called.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

The two close friends whose names are handed down to us in "this little ballad, or song," sought to escape the plague that raged in and around Perth in 1645 "and a year or two following" by retiring to Lednock, several miles distant, and secluding themselves in a bower built for that purpose.

The nursery rhyme referred to by Gummere in our note on Barbara Allan has two stanzas, the first practically as here given, the second as follows:

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

3. Compare *Spens*, stanzas 8-11.
- 3, 3. **Stronach haugh**: this should be Dranoch-haugh.
- 3, 4. "To bask in the sun."

STUDY

What have the last three ballads in common? What previous ballad comes nearest to them in lyric quality? See note on *Bonnie George Campbell* (page 273f.).

MINSTREL AND BROADSIDE BALLADS

The ballads we have studied thus far show many marks of communal authorship or at least of communal singing in connection with the communal dance. We have thus far had fewer marks of the minstrel addressing an audience or of the writer for the broadside press. We shall from now on have more, especially the following.

1. An introduction giving the setting.
2. Comment, especially a weak "moral" at the end.
3. Weak fillers or stop-gaps.
4. Transitional stanzas.
5. Narrative stanzas.
6. Literary touches, i. e., phrases that seem to have flowed from the pen and not risen spontaneously to the lips of anyone.

KING ESTMERE

The Three Ravens, *Bonny Barbara Allan*, and *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray* were songs rather than ballads. *King Estmere* is the ballad that approaches nearest to the character of the verse romances, "desultory adventure-chronicles" that were a favorite form of entertainment in the 13th and 14th century.

The typical form of a romance is described by Ten Brink in his *History of Early English Literature*: "Subject-matter: A pair of lovers, persecuted and separated and undergoing all kinds of adventures, rescued again and again from ever recurring dangers. In execution: Absence of motive and characterization, the large part played by mere chance, a soft sentimentality in the treatment of love, and detailed descriptions of beautiful gardens, fountains, etc. Among the stock incidents, characters, etc., may be noted storms, ship-

wrecks, robbers and pirates or merchants who buy and sell human flesh, caves in which refuge is taken, etc."

Young Adler has perhaps been suggested by Ogier or Hølgær, the Danish national hero. Read in Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales* the beautiful patriotic fantasy, "Hølgær Danske." The identification of the other characters is more doubtful. But the relations are to Danish rather than other story.

The pages of the Percy Folio which contained *King Estmere* were torn out and lost. The version as printed by Percy in his *Reliques* has been retouched by him.

1. A typical minstrel opening.

1, 3. **Brether:** brothers.

4, 4. **Able:** of suitable rank and condition.

6, 2-3. The more natural order would reverse these two lines. The somewhat artificial arrangement here is not ballad-like.

8, 1. **Renisht them:** harnessed themselves (i. e. put on their armor), got ready. In the next line *renisht* may be the participial adjective or it may be for *renish*, fierce, fiery. Perhaps harnessed in line 1 and *renish* in line 2 should be read.

10, 2. **See:** guard, protect.

10, 3. **Be:** are. "There be land-rats and water-rats."—Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3, 23. See also 18, 3; 59, 4; and 61, 4 (where the older plural form *been* occurs).

12, 2. **King his:** king's. "The son of the King of Spain."

12, 4. **Doubt:** fear.

13, 1. **Paynim:** pagan, heathen. Gummere thinks this is "surely Percy's own word"—i. e. that he used it in touching up this ballad; the word is frequent in romance and was taken from there by Spenser.

13, 2. **Mahound:** Mahomet.

15, 1-2. This is medieval etiquette. In the *Nibelungenlied* Siegfried does not see Kriemhilt until he has been at the Burgundian court some time and has conducted a war for her brothers.

16, 2. **Laced:** clad (with reference to laces used for fastenings). **Pall:** mantle, then fine cloth.

17, 1. **Talents:** either clasps or ornaments, or in general wealth. See *Century Dictionary*. Relative subject of *were* is omitted.

17, 4. "Shone with the splendid crystal." Crystals play an important part in primitive magic; that may account for the preference shown a merely "semi-precious" gem here.

19, 4. **Sped:** executed, attended to.

22, 3. **King his.** In the 16th and 17th century his was frequently written for the genitive ending -es. The whole phrase means "the son of the King of Spain."

22, 4. **Doubt:** fear.

23, 3. **To:** for, as.

28, 1-2. A commonplace, usually part of the larger commonplace beginning as in *Johnie Cock*, stanza 20, where it is out of place.

34. We should expect more self-assertion on the part of the hero. His dependence on a more energetic and resourceful younger brother is not without parallels in ballads and romances.

34, 2. "Counsel must come from thee."

36, 1. **Western.** Western may imply beyond seas and so strange, or be a corruption for some compound of wise or witch, or simply ornamental (see note on *Young Beichan*, stanza 13, line 3).

36, 2. **Gramarie:** grammar, then learning, then magic. "All learning fell under suspicion, till at length the very grammar itself . . . gave to English the word gramary."—Lowell, cited by the *Oxford Dictionary*. The present use of both gramary and its cognate glamour is due to Scott and Percy and is a result of the study of ballads and other medieval literature.

36, 3. **Learned at:** went to.

36, 4. **Something:** somewhat.

37. What part does this herb play in the story?

37, 3. "The color of anyone who is fair" (as all ballad heroes and heroines are). His is emphatic.

39, 2. **North:** probably ornamental adjective, see note on 36, 1 above; certainly not referring to the north as the abode of Satan and his fellows, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v, 688-9, Shakespeare, *I Henry VI*, v, 3, 6, Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 112-18—all deriving, according to Masson, from *Isaiah*, xiv, 12, 13.

39, 3. **Fain of:** eager for.

41, 2. **And.** And is pleonastic, but gives perhaps some emphasis.

41, 4. **Christiantie:** Christendom.

43, 3. **Proud porter.** Compare *Young Beichan*, stanzas 13-14, and note.

47, 1-2. From a spiral of gold worn on the arm kings broke off rings to reward the followers, etc. In the *Beowulf*, e. g., the king is often styled ring-giver.

47, 3. **Will thee:** desire thee, ask of thee.

48, 1. **Sore:** hard, intently, seriously.

48, 4. **Let:** hindered.

49, 1-2. Customary in medieval times: compare 50, 2-4. Other instances in *The Lady of the Fountain*, mentioned under *Kemp Owyne*, and in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*.

51, 1. **Lither:** lazy (and mischievous).

51, 4. Subject relative omitted.

53, 4. Of is a mere expletive, as so frequently in Norse verse.

54, 4. **Near:** probably nearer (the old meaning), but see 55, 6.

56, 3. **Upstart:** started up. Our adjective upstart is of different origin; consult dictionary.

57, 3. **And:** if.

57, 4. **Till:** lure, entice.

59, 3. **Noble:** a coin worth a third of a pound.

59, 4. **Rings:** arm-rings or hitching rings?

60, 3. **Fitt:** canto, lay

61. Boasting was not a vice.

61, 4. **Been:** are; see note on 10, 3.

62, 3. **Body:** person, as in anybody, somebody, etc.; my body, his body, etc., frequently for I, he, etc. "My little body is aweary of this great world."—Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2, 1. Fair (body) is here not an expletive (epic adjective). Why? See note on 37, 3.

65, 1-2. Such self-consciousness is rare in ballads, and is here doubtless due to romance—or Percy.

67, 4. **Can:** did; so also in 68, 1.

STUDY

Of the features of romance noted by Ten Brink, which do you find in *King Estmere*? Why is it nevertheless a ballad?

Illustrate from *King Estmere* the points made on page 246. Compare with *King John and the Abbot*, where the hand of Percy is also evident.

CHARACTERIZATION. Are characters described in any of the previous ballads? in many? May you expect the "epic process," that is the making more and more of the story, to increase the amount of character description?

YOUNG BEICHAN

The story of this ballad is wide-spread. It has several times attached itself to historical personages. Thus a legend of Gilbert Becket, father of the famous Thomas Becket, tells of his imprisonment

among the Saracens and his escape. The Saracen princess, whom he had instructed in Christianity, sets out to find him, knowing only two English words: London, Gilbert. She reaches London, is found and recognized by Gilbert's servant, Richard, is cared for, baptized, and married to Gilbert. History adds a disconcerting postscript to the legend: Gilbert's wife was, like himself, a Norman! The influence of the legend on our ballad is seen in the name of our hero, Beichan, Bicham, Bekie, etc.; probably also in the baptism of Susie Pye, and in certain details of other versions.

In most versions, as in ours, Susie Pye (or whatever she is called) sets out to find Beichan because she longed for her love. In one version she has a premonition that all is not right. In two other versions she is warned, by a fairy or by Billy Blin, a household sprite who appears in some half dozen different ballads. The cause of Beichan's inconstancy is a magic drink (as in the tragic saga of Siegfried and Brunhild), but this important part of the story has been lost in the English versions.

There are numerous versions of the ballad, nearly all Scotch. But a Cockney version of the early nineteenth century, *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, interested Dickens and Trollope (whose Mr. Crawley makes a Greek metrical version) and was illustrated by George Cruikshank.

4, 3. In several versions she is attracted by the prisoner's song of lamentation, which itself has three different versions. The love affair of Beichan and Susie has many parallels in romance and at least one, more or less close, in history: the courtship of James I of Scotland and Jane Beaufort.

5, 4. **Free:** noble.

7, 2. **White money:** silver.

11, 4. The minstrel "I" never strikes a really personal note.

13, 3. **Gay:** a standing epithet (epic adjective). Such epithets often occur where they do not fit the situation. Find other examples, e. g. in stanza 14 of this piece.

15, 3. **Won up:** win up, get up; compare win out. The original meaning of win is fight, then struggle, then gain.

19, 2. A similar commonplace to denote great excitement is kicking over the table.

21, 1-2. A commonplace; compare *Johnie Armstrong*, stanza 11; also *The Douglas Tragedy*, stanza 4.

23, 2. **Fountain stane:** font-stone, baptismal font.

61, 1. **Lovely London:** This is a standing expression.

63, 4. **Hombildown:** Homildon. The battle of Homildon Hill was fought September 14, 1402. There is no such close connection as the ballad here makes out. But Harry Percy, or Hotspur, who was *not* killed at Otterburn, fought at Homildon Hill and there took prisoner Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, grandson of James, second Earl of Douglas, who *did* fall at Otterburn.

64, 3. **Glendale.** Glendale Ward is the district in which Homildon is situated, according to Bishop Percy. The line then would mean: "(The men of) Glendale glittered in their armor bright."

65, 2. Meaning more than doubtful. Perhaps, "That there began this spurn," referring to the supposed connection between Otterburn and Homildon. **Spurn:** kick, here action.

67. "There never was a time on the Border, after Douglas and Percy met, but that it was strange if," etc. That is, the feud was kept up.

68. The minstrel's benediction.

68, 1. **Jesu:** Latin vocative used as nominative.

STUDY

The *Otterburn* and *Cheviot* ballads are chronicles. Their treatment is epic, fuller of detail, names of persons and places, characterizations, comment, circumstantial information of various kinds.

The *Otterburn* versions are three and four times as long as the versions of *Sir Patrick Spens*. But if only the essential features of each story are outlined, the two stories will be of about equal length. What makes the difference in the length of the ballads?

The use of detail is different. Compare the first four stanzas of *Otterburn* and of *The Cruel Brother*. The details in *Otterburn* tell us "all about" the beginnings of Douglas's raid: this is "epic breadth." The details in *The Cruel Brother* really tell us nothing, merely keep insisting on the one point that a knight wished to marry a lady: this is "lingering." Compare *The Battle of Otterburn*, stanzas 10-14, with *The Cruel Brother*, stanzas 5-8; stanzas 28-34 of the former with stanzas 12-21 of the latter.

The appeal is to the historic sense. Compare with *King Estmere*, a romance, where the appeal is to wonder.

The chronicle ballads are all minstrel ballads (page 246). Explain and illustrate.

But *Otterburn* and *Cheviot* are ballads after all. Point out similarities to earlier ballads.

Alliteration is a mark of minstrel and broadside ballads. Find examples. Note also, especially in the *Cheviot* ballad, the frequency with which the first and third lines rime. Do you find examples of such rimes and of alliteration in the earlier ballads studied?

Of the six versions of *Otterburn* and the two of *Cheviot*, some are from the English point of view, some from the Scotch. Which side does each of our ballads favor?

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

The Armstrongs were a powerful clan in the Batable Land. The Batable or Debatable Land was a Scotch district near the western end of the border; it was so called because both England and Scotland claimed it, the fierce inhabitants paying little attention to either claim. In 1530 James V brought them and many other wild clans under subjection. How he proceeded against Johnie Armstrong is told with a fair degree of accuracy in the present ballad.

"The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*," Goldsmith says in an oft quoted passage in his *Essays*. Goldsmith's title fits version C better, which contains a "last good-night" (see headnote on *Young Waters*). In this version Johnie does not fight, but offers the king successively twenty-four milk-white steeds, twenty-four ganging mills, and twenty-four sisters' sons, if the king will spare him. Our version is much more heroic.

- 1, 1. Westmoreland cannot be right. Why?
- 2, 1. **Harness:** armor.
- 2, 2. "Steeds which were," etc.
- 2, 3. An' is an expletive merely, as also in 4, 1.
- 2, 4. Uniform equipment was a point of honor. Compare stanzas 6-7.
- 3-4. How did he support his band?
- 4, 2. Compare note on *Sir Patrick Spens*, 3, 1.
- 11, 2. **Grievous:** grievous.
- 11, 3. This saying may be historical (Lindsay's *Chronicles of Scotland*) or it may be proverbial. It is *not* a ballad phrase.
- 16, 1. What is the subject of saying?

17. Similar incidents are frequent in ballads and folk-tales. At times even it is an unborn child that vows vengeance.

STUDY

What is the relative importance of the single situation and epic chronicle here and in the two Chevy Chase ballads? What minstrel characteristics found there are wanting here? Our version is English as shown by 1, 1; 3, 4; 15, 3 (perhaps), and 17, 4. Explain.

CAPTAIN CAR, OR EDMOND O' GORDON

The ballad recounts an incident of the year 1571 in the feud between the Gordons and the Forbeses, a feud embittered by the fact that the families belonged respectively to the Catholic and the Protestant faction.

In some versions Adam Gordon himself is the hero, and not his lieutenant Thomas Ker (Car). The minstrels, Percy remarks, "made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humor their hearers . . . [he] would, when among the Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay farther west, and *vice versa*."

1, 1. **Martinmas:** November 11, Scotch quarterday.

1, 5-8. This reads like a burden or undersong (page xiii), but in a ballad of so late a date it was more likely sung as a chorus-refrain.

7, 1-3. "No sooner were they at supper set and after that grace said, than Captain Car," etc.

7, 4. **Were light:** had alighted.

8, 2. **Band:** bond, agreement.

9. The eldest son is not of the heroic mold of his mother. In a version found among Scott's Abbotsford papers he is reproved by his next younger brother.

16, 1. "He spoke with a mental reservation."

17, 2. **Knit:** knotted; this is the original meaning of knit.

17, 2. **Of:** with, in.

19, 4. The Percy manuscript has "smothers," but our reading is more in keeping with the ferociousness of the ballad.

21. This retainer, as is explicitly stated in other versions, has gone over to the other faction. In the Abbotsford version mentioned above,

the lady recognizes the fact that he is but doing his duty to his new master:

"Awa, awa, Jack my man!
Seven year I paid you meat and fee,
And now you lift the pavement-stane
To let in the low to me."

"I yield, I yield, O lady fair,
Seven year ye paid me meat and fee;
But now I am Adam McGordon's man,
I must either do or die."

"If ye be Adam McGordon's man,
As I true well ye be,
Prove true unto your own master,
And work your will to me."

22, 1. **Close parlor:** either a parlor on the close (or yard), or an inner parlor.

23, 3. **In close:** in a close place, surrounded, entrapped.

25, 1. **Busk and boun:** get ready.

27, 4. Compare 7, 4.

30, 1. **Ought:** owed.

STUDY

Compare with *Johnie Armstrong* as to ballad features, situation and plot, characterization, and epic treatment. How does it differ in tone (tragic, pathetic, heroic, ferocious)? By what device of the older ballads is the tone suggested? What secondary characters are introduced and why? For what different purpose are secondary characters introduced in the older ballads, e. g., *The Cruel Brother*? Explain the double title. Could stanzas 24-30 be omitted?

JOCK O' THE SIDE

"The ballad is one of the best in the world, and enough to make a horse-trooper of any young borderer, had he lacked the impulse."—Child.

John Armstrong, called Jock o' the Side from his residence and to distinguish him from other John Armstrongs, was a nephew of the laird of Mangerton, who was the elder brother of the Johnie Armstrong betrayed by James V. Since Side is on the Liddel near Man-

gerton and Johnie's hall, Giltnock, was on the Esk, farther south, Jock's father is presumably a third brother.

Hobby Noble was probably an Englishman banished for his misdeeds, and not a half-brother of Jock's. This is the account given of him in version B of our ballad and also in the ballad in which his own betrayal and capture are sung.

Much, the Miller's son, belongs to the band of Robin Hood. How he came to be taken over into our ballad will appear when we come to study the Robin Hood ballads. Robin Hood's forest was also a kind of Debatable Land.

1, 1. The abruptness is probably due to the loss of stanzas, and is not an example of the old leaping and lingering. Explain. In the ballad of Hobby Noble, Hobby acknowledges that he slew Peter o' Whitfield. This gives us a clew to the contents of the missing stanza.

1, 4. **New Castle.** Newcastle-on-Tyne derives its name from a castle built on the site of a former castle, by Henry II; it was the strongest castle in northern England.

How can we restore the rime? How in stanzas 2, 4, 36?

3, 2. **Meat:** food, meal. Our use of meat for flesh-meat is quite modern.

3, 4. **Might:** could.

5, 4. **Loose:** release.

6, 2. **Hie:** proud(ly), bold(ly). What is the rime and where else does this Scotch rime occur?

7, 1. **Thou'st:** thou shalt.

7, 4. **Tividale.** Compare *Cheviot*, stanza 12.

8, 4. **Badgers:** hawkers, hucksters.

9, 2. In version B and also in *Archie o' Cawfield* the shoes are set backward; but this does not in either case affect the story. Compare Kipling's *Ballad of East and West*, line 4.

11, 4. **Gate:** "way" (12, 3), passage, ford.

12, 2. **See:** protect, guard.

13, 4. **Horse of tree:** foot-bridge (?). Roundabout answer of a suspicious person; compare *Hind Horn*, stanzas 8-9.

16, 4. **Perill:** peril; accent on second syllable. Compare *Castell*, 5, 4.

17, 4. What other examples of thirty and three as a ballad number?

18, 4. **Whereas:** where.

22, 3. "Applies rather to his capacity as a thief than to his mettle." (Compare stanzas 30, 36.)—Child.

23, 3. **Him:** the man (whom).

25, 3. A commonplace.

32, 1. **Flanders** was the leading industrial country of the middle ages.

32, 4. **Look:** see to it.

33, 1. **Forth of:** out of.

34, 4. **Seat:** sate, sat.

35, 1. **Lough:** laughed. Compare version B.

"O Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upo' ae side!
Sae weel's ye're harness'd, and sae trig!
In troth ye sit like ony bride."

39, 2. Either for joy or because he overestimated the effort required. The latter explanation is more in line with the humorous treatment of the whole incident.

39, 4. **Fellow:** equal.

40, 4. **Fain:** joy. The reference back to 3, 4 is artistic.

In version B after Jock has been rescued and brought home by Hobby, the Laird's Jock, and the Laird's Wat, we read:

"Now Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
"The day was com'd thou was to die;
But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,
Now sitting, I think, 'tween thee and me."

STUDY

Compare the characterization with that of the ballads just studied and with that of the ballads printed first in this book. Compare the use of secondary characters in this ballad and in *Captain Car*. What character serves as a comic foil? What other comic touches? How is the character of Jock presented to us? Is he or Hobby the hero of the ballad? Is their relation to each other like that of Estmere and Adler? How do we designate a group of stanzas such as 20-24? Note the climax in stanzas 31, 37, 39.

Students who have access to Sargent and Kittredge may compare this ballad with *Kinmont Willie* and *Archie o' Cawfield*. Note particularly the literary touches of *Kinmont Willie*. Which of the three ballads reads more like a modern poem?

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

Two incidents are confused in this ballad. In 1592 the aged Baron of Brackley was murdered by Highland robbers whom he had entertained; in 1666 a quarrel arose between John Gordon of Brackley and John Farquharson of Inverey in which the former was killed. The sharply drawn portrait of Peggy is not in accord with the truth of history. The Gordons of Brackley were of the same powerful Aberdeenshire family mentioned in the headnote to *Captain Car*.

The version here given is Jamieson's. It is made up of a version by Mrs. Brown (Anne Gordon) and a fragmentary version obtained by Scott from the recitation of two great-granddaughters of Farquharson of Inverey. The two versions did not differ materially, Jamieson remarks.

2, 2. **Spin**: spurt.

6, 1. **Rocks**: distaffs.

14, 2. Inverey plus thirty-three does make thirty-four, but this accuracy is suspicious in a ballad. Compare *Katharine Janfarie*, stanzas 13-14.

16, 2. **Bann**: curse.

17, 2. **Riving**: tearing.

19, 1. **Ben**: to the inner or front room.

23, 1. **Tour**: circuit (affording thus a roundabout way to elude pursuit).

STUDY

Is this two-line stanza the same as the one found in older ballads?

Compare this ballad with *The Twa Sisters* and *The Douglas Tragedy* for number and grouping of situations, and for leaping and lingering. Compare it with *Johnie Armstrong*, *Captain Car*, and *Jock o' the Side* for character-drawing.

Discuss the movement of this ballad. Do you find marks of epic treatment? Of the four ballads just studied, which is most like an older ballad?

Study the use of quotation marks. Can you suggest changes?

BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL

This is an example of the coronach, or lament for the dead, often also called by the Corsican term for it, *vocero*. Most students will

remember the coronach in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, canto iii, xvi, and some will know the vocero in Prosper Mérimée's Corsican novel *Colomba*, chapter xii, with the interesting account in chapter v of folk poetry as actually found in Corsica. "The noblest coronach of all," says Gummere, "has made a far journey from its original form. Who does not think of those other faithful followers, the Scots lords that sleep by their leader, half owre to Aberdour, fifty fathom under sea?" See also the next ballad, *The Bonny Earl of Murray*.

The ballad is presumably historical, but nothing definite is known of George Campbell (James Campbell in version A). We give two versions, B and D. The relation to the other versions will be seen from the following table. There are of course verbal differences in the corresponding stanzas; some even of a substantial nature, as mothers B, C, sisters A, and wife A, B, bride C.

	A	B	C	D
	1		1	1
Stanza:	2	1	2	
	3	2	3	
	4		4	2
		3, 1-2	5, 1-2	
		3-4	6, 1, 4	

C 5 and 6 read:

Saddled and bridled
 And booted rode he,
 A plume in his helmet,
 A sword at his knee.
 But toom came his saddle,
 All bloody to see,
 Oh, hame cam his guid horse,
 But never cam he.

VERSION B

- 1, 2. **Rade:** rode. What is a raid?
 1, 3. **Toom:** empty.
 2, 2. **Greetin':** weeping.
 2, 4. A has "Tearing her hair."

VERSION D

2, 2. **Corn:** grain (wheat or rye); so always in the Bible and in English literature generally.

STUDY

The coronach is properly a lyric. Why? What stanzas in our versions are purely lyrical? purely narrative? both narrative and lyrical? Which stanza might be a refrain or burden? Find the coronach referred to in the quotation from Gummere. What other more lyrical ballads have we had? Are any of them of the nature of coronachs? "All ballads are lyrical ballads:" explain. Are some ballads more lyrical than others? Why?

Note that a coronach, like a last good-night, may make up only part of a ballad. Find examples.

Study the table given above and point out how a ballad singer adds and subtracts stanzas freely. This is true of all popular poetry. Can you illustrate it from Mother Goose rimes?

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

The Earl of Murray was James Stewart, son of James Stewart of Doune (see stanza 6). The Earl of Huntly was the head of the house of Gordon mentioned in previous notes, nephew in fact of Adam Gordon (Edom o' Gordon); he was a bitter enemy of Murray. Murray was charged with being implicated in the attempt to take Holyrood castle, in 1591, and James VI commissioned Huntly to arrest him (compare the king's speech, stanza 2). Murray, after being forced out of his mother's house by fire and smoke, almost effected his escape, but was discovered and slain. Although Huntly had overstepped his commission, he was never brought to justice. This too in spite of the indignation universally felt. It was to avenge the death of Murray that Highlanders attacked and murdered the Baron of Brackley.

Version B identifies Murray's wife with Huntly's sister, thus heightening Huntly's treachery. There is no historical warrant either for this detail or the last line of stanza 5.

The ballad is notable for its lyrical qualities. It is probably to be regarded as a coronach (see the preceding ballad). Stanzas 1 and 6 bear out this view as do especially the last two stanzas of version B:

"Her bread it's to bake,
Her yill is to brew;
My sister's a widow,
And sair do I rue,

"Her corn grows ripe,
Her meadows grow green,
But in bonny Dinnibristle
I darena be seen."

1, 1. "Ye men of the Highlands and the Lowlands."

3, 2. **Rid**: rode; rid was originally the plural of rode. To ride at the ring was a sixteenth century form of tilting; the ring was suspended at some height and the knight tried to catch it on his spear as he rode by.

5, 2. "Unexplained; possibly, spearing a glove when riding rapidly."—Child.

6, 4. **Sounding**: perhaps "with clatter of arms and horse's hoofs."

STUDY

Leaping and lingering. Incremental repetition. Entire absence of setting, characterization, and other epic traits. Likeness to the older communal dance-song (but there is not a particle of evidence of its having been a dance-song). Compare with *Bonny George Campbell*: lyrical quality; ballad structure; dance-song; historical definiteness.

JOHNIE COCK

"This precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad."—Child.

The place-names seem to be Northumbrian. But there is some evidence from tradition that Johnie Cock was a Scotch freebooter of Annandale in Dumfriesshire.

1, 3-4. Other versions have a more intelligible reading, D, e. g.:

And he has called for his gude gray hunds,
That lay bund in iron bands, bands,
That lay bund in iron bands.

2, 3. **Benison**: benediction. What is malison?

3, 1. **Forsters**: foresters (who were officers of the law). Compare the family names Forster, Foster.

4, 4. **Lincolm**: Lincoln—the right outlaw green.

5, 2. The bent bow or benbow is the bow ready for shooting, not slacked.

6. In version D:

His mither's counsel he wad na tak,
 He's aff, and left the toun,
 He's aff unto the Braidscaur hill,
 To ding the dun deer down.

6, 2. **Buss o' broom**: bush of heather.

6, 4. **Ling**: a thin, long grass; same as bent-grass.

7, 3. **Wan**: colorless. See note on *The Douglas Tragedy*, II, 3.

7, 4. **Stemm'd**: checked.

8, 1. A pen-knife three quarters of a yard long is known only to ballads. See note on *The Cruel Brother*, II, 1.

9, 1. Pronounce eat.

10, 1. **Palmer**. A palmer was properly a man who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Most of those we read about seem to have done nothing else worth while.

10, 4. **Drie**: stand to go. What is the rime?

11, 3-4. In version D:

I heard na news, I speird na news
 But what my een did see.

Compare *Hind Horn*, stanzas 8-9, and note; *Jock o' the Side*, stanza 13, and note. What is the rime? Compare stanza 15.

12, 2. **Scroggs**: scraggly underbrush.

12, 3. **Well-wight**: stalwart, sturdy.

13, 3. **American leather**. The reference has not been satisfactorily explained. In older literature we read much of Cordovan leather. Cordova is in Spain. (What is a cordwainer?)—This is the only reference to America in Child's ballads.

13, 4. Ballads are lavish of gold and other things precious or rare.

14, 3-4. Versions D, E, F, H have each two incremental stanzas showing that counsel was divided.

15, 1. **Y**: "ae," one; first y, first.

15, 2. This suits the fierceness of the ballad better than the wound over the ee (eye) B; or over the bree (brow) C.

15, 3. **His sister's son**. See note on *Otterburn*, 23, 3. This is found also in Scott's version F; D and E have uncle's son, a corruption.

17, 4. **Brae**: brow; bree, the usual Scotch form of the same word, would restore the rime.

18, 3. **Belive**: straightway, at once.

19, 3. **Wan**: "won," got. The omission of one after that is unusual; perhaps we should read: that wan (=one) wan (=won).

19, 4. **Bode-words:** message, news.

20, 1. A boy, "who will win him hose and shoon," is frequently called for as a messenger in ballads. But here boy seems to be a corruption for bird (versions B, F). This would make the second line clearer. Version K consists of this one stanza:

"There's no a bird in a' this foreste
Will do as meikle for me
As dip its wing in the wan water
An straik it on my ee-bree."

Buchan's version, H, has the inevitable parrot (see head-note on *The Gay Goshawk*), Scott's, F, a bird, then a starling.

21, 3. **Many ae:** many (a) one.

STUDY

Note the refrain in stanza 1. What would it be in stanzas 2, 3, 4, etc.? What other ballad features do you note?

Compare for ballad and narrative treatment with *Johnie Armstrong* and *The Baron of Brackley*. Compare for ferociousness with *Captain Car* and *The Hunting of the Cheviot*.

What outlaw ballads have we had? What have they in common? How do they differ? Do any of them show an appreciation of nature (see the Robin Hood ballads)?

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

Some learned men have tried to show that Robin Hood was originally a mythological character: a wind-god (Wodan) or an elf (Robin Goodfellow, Puck). Others have tried to assign him a definite place in history: in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted (thus Scott in his *Ivanhoe*) or of Simon de Montfort or of Edward II. But all such speculations are beset with difficulty and doubt.

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn,
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood
Kens little whare he was born.

What cannot be doubted is that Robin Hood was the ideal hero of the English people in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth cen-

turies. Ballads about him were current as early as 1377, and his fame extended, then or a little later, over all England and well into Scotland. In the fifteenth century if not earlier dramatic representations of his exploits were given, played in the open air by the people, much as they played the Bible stories, the mysteries. Toward the close of the fifteenth and throughout the sixteenth century Robin Hood and his merry men were standing figures in the Morris dances and May day games, and the observance of "Robin Hood's day" emptied the churches. But his fame rose first, and lasted longest, in ballads. The first mention of him is as a ballad hero, it is from ballads that historians of the fifteenth century gleaned the first "historical" notices of him, while throughout the eighteenth century garlands of Robin Hood ballads were still among the most regular and most popular of such publications. Of Child's great collection one ninth consists of Robin Hood ballads, "and perhaps none in English please so many and please so long."

Robin Hood represents first of all popular justice, the smouldering protest of the common people against harsh forest laws and the oppression of the nobles and the higher clergy; but he represents also the awakening of the common people in the century in which the House of Commons was formed, the yeoman archery distinguished itself at Crecy and Poitiers, and Wat Tyler led the revolting peasants to the presence of the king himself. Robin Hood thus became a gathering point for a mass of tradition, concerning which the writers in the *Britannica* say: "What perhaps is its greatest interest as we first see it is its expression of the popular mind about the close of the middle ages. Robin Hood is at that time the people's ideal as Arthur is that of the upper classes. He is the ideal yeoman as Arthur is the ideal knight. He readjusts the distribution of property: he robs the rich and endows the poor. He is an earnest worshipper of the Virgin, but a bold and vigorous hater of monks and abbots. He is the great sportsman, the incomparable archer, the lover of the greenwood and of a free life, brave, adventurous, jocular, open-handed, a protector of women."

Certain stories about him the people never tired of telling or singing or enacting: How he outwitted the sheriff of Nottingham; How he rescued others or was himself rescued from the law (for if Robin was an outlaw it was because the law was out and needed righting); How he humbled "these bishops and these archbishops;" How he helped the needy or distressed; How he played this or that practical

joke; How he honored the Virgin and was often helped by her out of dire straits; How he often met his match in some potter or pinder or butcher or beggar, only in the end to induce him to join his band.

There were two groups or cycles of Robin Hood ballads. The scene of the one is Barnsdale in southwestern Yorkshire, of the other, Sherwood forest in the heart of Nottinghamshire. In both cycles we find associated with him Little John, William Scathlock or Scarlet, and Much the Miller's son. Gilbert of the White Hands and Reynold are less often heard of, and Friar Tuck and Maid Marian belong only to the later and less popular tradition. Robin's "official enemy" is the sheriff of Nottingham, who in the ballads cuts much such a figure as the Vice did in the miracle plays.

An interesting development of the greenwood balladry is *A Little Gest of Robin Hood*, a miniature epic of 456 ballad stanzas, divided into eight fitts or cantos. It was printed about 1500 by Wynkyn de Worde and several times besides in the course of the sixteenth century. It delineates lovingly and at length the character of Robin Hood and weaves into a sort of unified whole most of the characteristic stories about him. It is delightful to read, a ballad grown up, but still in the fresh glory of youth and awkwardness. For the advanced student it is the best work with which to begin a study of how an epic may grow out of ballads.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

The text of this ballad is of about the same date as those of *The Devil and the Girl* and *St. Stephen and Herod*, about 1450. There is only one text older, a thirteenth century ballad of *Judas Iscariot*. It must be remembered, however, that the date of a text has little direct bearing upon the age of a ballad. Robin Hood ballads were widely popular as early as 1377 and must have been current a considerable space of time before that. Other ballads are even older, very much older, though the texts we have of them date only from the seventeenth and eighteenth century.

"Too much could not be said in praise of this ballad, but nothing need be said. It is very perfection in its kind; and yet we have others equally good, and beyond doubt should have had more, if they had been written down early, as this was, and had not been left to the chances of tradition. Even writing would not have saved all, but writing has saved this (in large part), and in excellent form."—Child.

1-2. Such lyric introductions, called burden-stems, are characteristic of Danish ballads. In British ballads they are practically confined to the Robin Hood cycle and always have the same theme.

1, 1. **Shaws**: thickets, groves.

1, 4. **Fowles**: birds.

2, 3. **Shadow hem**: seek shadow for themselves.

3, 1. **Hit**: it.

3, 1. **Whitsuntide**: the seventh Sunday after Easter with the week following, the feast of the descent of the Holy Spirit. As a popular festival it is the welcoming in of summer.

3, 3. **Can**: did. This occurs in next line also and in a number of other places.

3, 4. **Briddès**: birds; metathesis of *r* may be observed in our pronunciation of pretty as perty.

4, 2. **Tree**: rood (18, 2), cross.

4, 3-4. "'Oh evil day, if I were sullen!' says with all his heart this outlaw of the fourteenth century."—J. W. Hales.

6, 3. **May**: can.

6, 4. **Matins**: morning prayers.

7, 2. "Since I have looked upon the crucifix."

7, 3. Infinitive omitted, being easily supplied; so also in 23, 4; 26, 4.

7, 4. **Might**: power.

8, 1. **Milner**: miller's. The genitive sign is wanting also in 18, 1; 23, 1; 24, 3; 27, 3; 28, 1; 38, 3. Compare the family name Milner, Milnor.

8, 2. "May good fall to his lot always."

8, 5-6. Much is thinking of the sheriff. He would take Robin Hood if Robin came alone, but would hesitate to attack him if Robin came well attended.

9, 4. **Me list**: it pleases me; list is the usual contraction for listeth.

10, 3. **Sheet a penny**: shoot for (stanza 11) a penny.

10, 4. **Line**: linden-tree, basswood; compare 23, 2.

11, 4. **Hold**: wager, offer as a wager. Odds three to one!

12, 2. **Busk**: bush.

12, 2. **Broom**: broom-corn, the *planta genista* from which the Plantagenet kings derived their name.

12, 4. **To**: for.

14, 1. **Lied**: passed the lie to, called him a liar.

14, 2. What is the rime? See stanza 71.

15, 2. **'Bye**: abye, now abide, pay for; abide, "wait for," is another verb.

- 17, 4. **Save**: safe.
- 18, 2. **Rood**: cross.
- 20, 4. **Sparred**: closed, barred.
- 22, 3. **Is long of**: depends upon.
- 23, 2. **Lind**: line (10, 4), linden.
- 24, 2. **Radly**: "rathely," quickly. **Yare**: ready.
- 25, 1. **Dures**: doors.
- 25, 1. **Throly thrust**: stubbornly thrust, eagerly pushed.
- 25, 2. **Full good wone**: a very great number.
- 26, 3. **There as**: there where, where.
- 27, 1. **Thoroughout**: throughout, quite through.
- 28, 4. A blending of the constructions: "I pray to God to work," etc., and "I pray, God work," etc.
- 29, 2. **Again**: against.
- 29, 3. **But if**: unless.
- 29, 3. **May**: can.
- 31, 1. The break comes in the manuscript at the turn of the page, which in itself might account for the omission of one or more stanzas. Someone brings to Robin's men news of his capture, and (35, 3) of the monk's mission to the king.
- 31, 1. **As**: as if.
- 31, 3. **Here**: their; so *hem* for them in 53, 1 and often.
- 32, 1. **Rule**: "going on, taking on" (Child): dule, "sorrow," has been suggested as an emendment.
- 33, 1. "Has in times past," etc.
- 34, 2. **Securelie**: surely.
- 34, 4. Substantive clause, object of trust.
- 37, 1. **Tristil tree**: trysting tree, rendezvous.
- 37, 2. **Smale**: small; smale is the old plural; compare 82, 2.
- 38, 2. **On fere**: infere (53, 3), together.
- 38, 3. **Eamè's**: uncle; compare the family name Eames, Ames.
- 38, 4. Relative clause; what is the subject?
- 39, 2. **At a stage**: on or "from a story" (Child); or: down a stretch of road.
- 40, 2. **Tithingès**: tidings.
- 41, 2. **Courteis**: courteous. **Hende**: "handy," clever, polite.
- 42, 3. **Outlay**: outlaw; lay and law are related as say(ing) and saw (wise saws) or as day and daw(n).
- 45, 2. "Humor, by the bye, begins to lift its head in this ballad."—Gummere. Other instances?

- 47, 4. **Soon**: immediately. Compare 20, 2.
 48, 4. **For**: in order that.
 50, 2. **Hie**: haste.
 50, 3. **Should be dead**: had to die.
 52, 2. **Dwell**: stay, wait, put off.
 53, 1. **Hem**: them; compare 31, 3 and note.
 53, 2. **Ling**: thin, long grass, bent-grass.
 56, 2. **Mote I thee**: may I thrive; th of thee as in thin, not as in the pronoun thee.
 57, 4. **After**: along.
 62, 4. Relative clause.
 63, 4. **Sawten**: assault.
 65, 2. **Did off**: doffed; doff is do off.
 66, 1. Antecedent of he?
 66, 1. **Fain of**: taken with.
 68, 1. **On sleep**: asleep; compare afoot, alive, aboard.
 70, 4. **Bare**: bore, forced.
 73, 4. **Common bell**: town bell.
 73, 4. **Made he ring**: caused to ring, had it rung. Other examples of made in this sense?
 74, 2-3. "Whether he who could bring, etc., were a yeoman or a servant."
 74, 4. **Warison**: reward.
 75, 4. **Heng**: hang.
 76, 1. Compare note on 73, 4. **Seek**: search.
 76, 2. **Stye**: alley, narrow street.
 77, 4. **Quit thee**: make amends, requite it.
 80, 3. **Fellow**: comrade, member of the band.
 80, 4. **Keep**: care to.
 82, 1. **Hem**: them, themselves.
 82, 3. **Yeat**: eat (like yerl for earl) or get.
 86, 3. **Grith**: peace, safe conduct.
 89, 2. **In street and stall**: abroad and at home (Child).
 90, 2. **I-wis**: certainly; often falsely printed I wis, as if present of I wist, the true present of which is I wot.

STUDY

To which of the two Robin Hood cycles does this ballad belong? What traits of Robin's character and what stock incidents of his story appear here? What characters are clearly drawn? Comment

on the humor in this ballad. What parts of the story must we supply? Is this for the same reason as in *The Cruel Brother*? If the story were told as in the last-named ballad, what would be omitted from it? What ballad or ballads does this one resemble most in its method of telling its story?

Repetition like that in stanzas 21-22 is frequent in minstrel or recited ballads; find other examples. How does this chain repetition differ from the incremental repetition of the choral ballads?

Note the number of "tags," as 17, 2, used only to fill in.

What other marks of minstrel origin: comment, alliteration, benediction, etc.? The alliteration particularly is remarkable and is presumably due to Danish influence. What other Danish influence?

Note that morning (3, 2) has (secondary) stress on second syllable: are there many such words in this ballad? Have there been any before? Where?

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBURN

A little play, written before (and probably a century before) 1475, is founded on this ballad (Child) or at least has the same plot. There is no mention made of Robin's quarrel with Little John. On the other hand (see note on 45, 3 ff.) Robin Hood, in the play, after putting on the knight's clothes, meets a man, from whom he learns that the sheriff has taken "Robin Hood and his meinie."

Gisburn is in western Yorkshire on the boundary of Lancashire. For the pronunciation see note 34, 4.

1, 1. **Shrads:** copses, underwood, brushwood.

2, 1. **Woodweel:** woodwale, woodpecker.

2, 2. **Line:** lime-tree, linden, basswood.

2, 3. **By:** of. In the next line by is the usual preposition of oaths and asseverations.

3, 1. Robin Hood has had a dream. The dream opening, as also the May morning opening (see *Robin Hood and the Monk*), are literary.

3, 1. **Methought:** it seemed to me; compare 23, 3. I thought, etc., is a different verb.

6, 4. Blend of two constructions: had rather be and would most gladly be.

7, 3. **Capull:** horse; compare cavalry, chivalry.

9, 1. "You don't think much of me."

10, 1. "It requires no skill," etc.

- 11, 3. See note on 45, 3 ff.
- 11, 4. See *Robin Hood and the Monk*, 16, 4.
- 12, 2. **Heaviness**: sadness.
- 16, 3-4. For the antithesis compare the old proverb, "When bale is highest, boot is nighest."
- 17, 1. **Shoot**: shot.
- 20, 1. **Quoth the sheriff**. This is not a part of the line, but merely thrown in, perhaps spoken where the rest is sung. Explain drawn.
21. Compare *Bewick and Graham*, 24, 1, and note.
- 22, 3. "To see what dealings they had with each other."
- 24, 1-2. **Wilful**: astray; derived from wild not will. "I have lost my way and my reckoning of time."
- 26, 1. **Whether**: which (of two).
- 27, 1. **Masteries**: trials of skill.
- 27, 2. **Even**: together.
- 27, 4. **Unset steven**: unappointed time, unexpectedly.
- 28, 1. **Shrogs**: shrubs, here wands; summer, as also in "a wee simmer-dale wanny" (Child, No. 82), apparently means "of one summer's growth," hence slender.
- 28, 2. The rime demands the older form *brere*.
- 28, 3. **In twin**: "between," apart (one being at each end of the range).
- 28, 4. The prick is the center, then the target as a whole.
- 29, 1. **Fellow**: comrade.
- 31, 2. **Garland**: wreath hung on the prick-wand.
- 34, 2. **Curst**: vicious, fierce.
- 34, 4. What does the alliteration show as to the pronunciation of the last name?
- 35, 2. Compare 9, 1.
- 38, 1. **Reachless**: reckless.
- 38, 2. **Tide**: time.
- 39, 1. Whom is he addressing?
- 39, 2. **May**: maiden, virgin.
- 40, 3. Compare *Bewick and Graham*, 43, 2, and note.
- 42, 2. **Nicked**: hacked.
- 42, 3. **He**: the man . . . (who).
- 44, 2. Sir Guy is indirect (dative) object.
- 45, 3 ff. If Robin is merely returning to his stamping ground, why does he assume the disguise? (Practical joke?) If he assumes the disguise to deceive the sheriff (and that is the point of the story from

here on), then the query is, How did he know that the sheriff is in Barnsdale and has taken Little John prisoner? And where are Robin's merry men all this time?

50, 2. **Knave**: servant.

51, 2. **Fee**: estate given by and held under an overlord.

52, 2. **Steven**: voice. Same word as in 27, 4!

54, 2. Me is dative after near: "so near me."

54, 4. "One person should hear another's confession."

56, 2. **Rawsty**: reasty (i. e., rancid) or rusty; "clotted with blood at the feathered end."

57, 1. Fifty miles away! But Nottingham is near Sherwood.

58, 4. **In twin**: in two.

STUDY

What is a burden-stem? Why is the dream introduced? What stock traits and incidents appear in this ballad? Does this ballad belong to the Barnsdale or the Sherwood cycle? Where have the cycles become confused?

Do you think this ballad was sung by a chorus or by a reciter (minstrel)? Why? Compare with *Robin Hood and the Monk* for "tags" and for chain repetition from one stanza to another.

Is the narrative flow anywhere interrupted? Is the plot anywhere disturbed? May there be missing stanzas? Where? Compare with *Bewick and Graham* for action and for character; for tragic motive.

Is this a better story than *Johnie Cock*? Is it told better? Compare them for choral and for epic treatment; for fierceness of passions. Which would lend itself better to dramatization?

Point out artistic touches in the present ballad: 36, 1-2 ("anticipates Byron: . . . *Childe Harold*, i, 40, 1-2."—Child, notes); 43, 3-4; 51, 3-4, etc. Examine *Cheviot*, stanza 62, in the light of note on 20, 1 of this ballad; other examples in *Johnie Armstrong*.

Compare with *Robin Hood and the Monk* for alliteration, chain repetition, secondary accent.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR

This also, like the *Guy of Gisburn* episode, is the subject of a popular play, or rather of the first half of it. The Play of Robin Hood, as it is called, is appended to two sixteenth century editions of the *Gest of Robin Hood*.

Curtal, having charge of the garden; but apparently referred to curt, hence wearing a short gown.

1, 2. How are we to understand thirteen here?

1, 2. **I say**. Child's emendation for the manuscript reading in May.

2, 2. Half a page torn out of the Percy Folio. Robin Hood and his men, we learn from the garland version, compete in games. Robin praises Little John.

"I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
To find one could match with thee."

That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
"There lives a curtal friar in Fountains Abbey
Will beat both him and thee."

3, 4. **Cuttid**: short-frocked; see note on curtal.

4, 1. **Builded**: sheltered, hid.

4, 2. **Nunnery**: loosely used for monastery.

5, 1. Fountains Abbey is near Ripon in Yorkshire.

5, 2. **Whereas**: where.

5, 4. **Can**: did.

7, 1. **Wet**. Child would emend to well.

8, 2. **Of**: during.

9, 2, 4. The rime was either drough: enough or drow: enow.

11, 3. Half-page lost. In version B, the friar a second time takes Robin on his back, carries him to the middle of the stream and throws him in. Robin shoots all his arrows, which the friar wards off. After fighting for six hours, Robin craves a boon, three blasts of his horn. The friar consents, and adds:

"I hope thou'lt blow so passing well
Till both thy eyes fall out."

Robin blows and

Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came raking over the lea.

13, 4. **Convent**: assembly, assemblage.

14-15. In version B:

"A boon, a boon," said the curtal friar,
 "The like I gave to thee;
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
 And to whute whutes three."

"That will I do," said Robin Hood,
 "Or else I were to blame;
 Three whutes in a friar's fist
 Would make me glad and fain."

14, 3. **Bid:** offer.

16, 3. **Bandogs:** dogs kept on a chain (band) because of their fierceness.

17. The two lines are in the manuscript marked bis, i. e. repeat. But that would hardly give us a stanza. Something has been lost, but not as at three other points, from the tearing out of a portion of the manuscript.

21, 3. Half-page lost. The friar doubtless accepts, as in version B. But from the coming of the bandogs the two versions differ materially.

STUDY

To which cycle does this belong? Why? What stock incidents, etc., occur? How does the humor of this ballad differ from that of *Robin Hood and the Monk*? Compare the beginning of this ballad with that of the other Robin Hood ballads. Is the story here handled more as in *Johnie Cock* or as in the *Gisburn* ballad?

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, as he is called in the title of Robert Greene's play, was almost as famous in his day as Robin Hood. As town pinner or pinder it was his duty to impound stray cattle, etc., and to arrest trespassers. One of his adventures was with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John (or Much), whom he beats one after another. Our fragment gives only the ending of the story.

Wakefield was a place in southern Yorkshire to which belongs one of the four cycles of mystery plays that have come down to us. The plays are known as the Towneley mysteries from the name of the family owning the manuscript.

- 2, 1. **Meat:** food, anything to eat.
 4, 6. **Picklory:** a kind of cloth.
 5, 1. **Michaelmas:** the feast of St. Michael and all the Angels, September 29. An English quarterday.
 5, 3. **Set . . . by:** care for.

STUDY

Compare with the previous ballad, using the questions there given.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

Here again three half pages are missing from the Percy Manuscript. But even if we had them the story would probably present some difficulties. Nor does the garland version help us much.

1 ff. Version B has a different beginning:

When Robin Hood and Little John
 Down a down a down a down
 Went o'er yon bank of broom,
 Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
 "We have shot for many a pound.
 Hey down a down, etc.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
 My broad arrows will not flee;
 But I have a cousin lives down below,
 Please God, she will bleed me."

- 2, 1. **Read:** advise.
 6, 1. **You'st:** you shall; 'st should be for hast; the st for s may be due to must.
 6, 2. **Nor:** read "and" with Child.
 7, 4. "(Being) laid."
 8, 2. "Out of her proper malignity, surely, or because she is a hired witch, for Robin is the friend of lowly folk. But if this woman is banning, others no doubt women, are weeping, for somehow they . . . foresee that ill will come."—Child.
 8, 3. Half-page missing.
 9, 2. See note on 8, 2.
 12, 2. Confusion between knocking on the door and tirling at the pin (i. e., shaking the latch).

13, 4. Note the rime, which is perfect.

14, 2. *Ilk*: same (moment). How did this word ever come to mean kind?

17. Compare *The Jew's Daughter*, stanza 8. One expects the same ending here; "but Robin is not dead yet, and the singer is wary."—Gummere.

17, 4. How did he know it?

In version B at this point, Robin "blew out weak blasts three."

Then Little John, when hearing him,

As he sat under a tree:

"I fear my master is now near dead,

He blows so wearily."

He runs to his aid, breaking "locks two or three." The rest of the story as in our stanza 24 ff. There is no mention of Red Roger and his illicit love affair with the prioress, but our version agrees here with the *Gest*.

19, 1-2. Who speaks these words? Green is the outlaws' color, and a short gown would be of advantage in leaping from the window.

20, 1. *Shop*: shaped, carved; but probably shot-window is meant, an unglazed window often found in stair-cases.

20, 2. *Could*: did; could is for can which, in this sense, is for gan.

20, 3. *Grounding glaive*: ground (?) sword. Robin apparently falls into Roger's hands when he leaps. John is probably waiting for him at another window.

20, 4. The milk-white sides are characteristic of the heroes of the older ballads, who are all people of quality.

21, 2. "And thought to lower Roger's pride."

22, 3. *Housle*: shrift, confession, extreme unction. Roger has died "with his sins upon him; Robin can still confess."

23, 1. *Mood*: courage, encouragement; but Child suggests reading "God," i. e., the host given in extreme unction.

23, 4. "Even though it is not given me by a priest."

26, 2. *Street*: road, highway.

26 ff. Compare version B.

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,

And a broad arrow I'll let flee;

And where this arrow is taken up,

There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet."

STUDY

Compare the beginning with that of version B; of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisburn*. Who is the yeoman of 3, 1? What characters are contrasted in this ballad? What use is made of foreshadowing?

What does Gummere's comment on stanza 17 indicate as to the rationalizing influence, or logical check, of some individual singer or reciter? Do we find such checks in the oldest ballads? Point out some instances where they are wanting. How else does this ballad differ from the oldest ballads? Do any of the Robin Hood ballads seem to have been choral ballads?

If you have recently read *Ivanhoe* or *As You Like It*, show the influence there of the Robin Hood tradition.

AMERICAN BALLADS

In communities living apart and living a life the tenor of which is much the same for all, ballads are still cherished and made. In the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky ¹ are still sung the ballads brought over from the British Isles, seventy-six (or more) of the three hundred five in Child. Ballads are made, too, but ballad creation is more vigorous among the Negroes of the South, the cowboys, the lumberjacks, in the ghettos of our great cities, etc.

These ballads, like the traditionals, are simple and "sing themselves," they lie close to the heart of the community from which they spring, and they are changed as they pass from mouth to mouth. But they have little or no connection with dance or dramatic representation, they are not built up of repetition or dialogue, they tend

¹ See "Song-Ballets and Devil's Ditties" by W. A. Bradley in *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1915. "'It was not until I read a volume of early English ballads,' said a mountain woman who had received a better education and lived a life less shut-in than the majority of her sisters, 'that I had any idea what the songs really were that we used to sing here in the hills when we were children.'"

toward song and monologue rather than story. The community is no longer dancing and singing itself into a ballad, but is merely singing about itself in some type-form of character.

See also the notes on *Little Moccasins* and *Oliver West*.

Probably the most popular of all American ballads is the coronach of *Jesse James*. It begins (Lomax's *Cowboy Songs*):

Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;
He robbed the Danville train.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children, they were brave.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

and ends, after five more thin chronicle stanzas:

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast;
The devil will be upon his knee,
He was born one day in the county of Clay
And came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

The ballad of *Jesse James* is sung all over Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Southwest. The collectors—Professor Lomax, Professor Perrow, of the University of Louisville, Professor Shearin, of Hamilton College of Transylvania University, Professor Beldon, of the University of Missouri, Professor Miller, of Wabash College—all account for the popularity by the fact that like Robin Hood, Jesse James is regarded by those who sing of him as one of their kind, a

man who defied authority and was a friend of the poor. The folk still sees itself in its heroes.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

"As long as the old cattle trail from Texas to Montana," says Professor Lomax. One cowboy sang to him a version containing a hundred forty-three stanzas.

The ballad fairly "gives a dare" to improvisation. Its framework is loose and capacious, its characteristic stanzas lend themselves readily to imitation and parody.

What is the ballad about? What is the story of the ballad? What stanzas carry the story? What do the other stanzas do? What stanzas would be likely to have changes rung on them? Illustrate by making new stanzas. Note the strongly marked rhythm and sharp cesura.

2, 2. 2-U: short for "Two Bar U," = **U**, brand of the owner of the herd; a different short form occurs in 15, 2.

9, 1. Chaps: short for chaparejos, leather overalls.

10, 2. Hung and rattled: "staid right with 'em," to keep them together. The two verbs do not apparently have independent meaning.

15, 2. Two Bars: see note to 2, 2 above.

18, 1. Roll: roll of bedding (and clothing). In the next stanza roll means money, pay.

19. The dishonesty of bosses in overcharging for supplies is a frequent complaint of cowboy song. Many states have passed laws protecting men who work in gangs and live in camps from being thus exploited by the overseer or the "company store."

UTAH CARROLL

This is evidently a different sort of ballad. It was made, it did not make itself. The story is the main thing; if the ballad was sung at all, such a stanza as the fifth must have gone badly to any tune that carried the second and third. Why? And then the story as it stands

is fairly complete; it could not be added to or subtracted from *ad lib.* like the story of the preceding ballad.

But as a composition it is journeyman work, and withal close to the ways of life and thought which it reflects. A study of its language, rimes, and rhetoric will show that it is more like *Bewick and Graham* than like *Oliver West* or *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*.

Professor Lomax in answer to an inquiry about this ballad writes: "*Utah Carroll* is an incomplete version of a song that I was never able to get in a perfect form. As well as I can figure, the blanket was not a saddle-blanket, but a sleeping blanket often carried tied to a cowboy's saddle and sometimes gay colored. The girl was trying to turn the cattle, not run from them, and turned her pony a moment to tie back in place the blanket, probably red, that had become loosened and whose flapping would only frighten the cattle further. As I say, the song is incomplete, poor in rhythm, and not wholly clear in narrative."

Compare the plot with the simple situation of the previous ballad. What do we learn about cowboy life in each of these ballads? Comment on the rimes of stanzas 2 and 7. Comment on the use of adjectives in "Mexico's fair lands" and "his fatal end." Where does the author evince literary skill, where does he lack it? Study the rhythm and the cesura.

4, 1. **Holding:** guarding the cattle to keep them together.

4, 2. **Rushed:** rode toward the cattle to prevent a break.

4, 3. **Turned her pony a pace:** see the letter from Professor Lomax above.

5, 4. **Trail rope:** a rope trailing from the head of some animal chased by Utah.

7, 1. **Cinches:** saddle-girths.

9, 3. **Broke the circle.** "The cattle were all jammed around Utah and the dead leading steer trying to get at the blanket. They had thus horned and tramped Utah to death. He had probably shot the leading steer with the thought of protection from its body. It would take time to get the jam of maddened cattle broken."—(Mrs. Delia Emmert.)

THE ZEBRA DUN

Apply to this ballad what has been said about the preceding one. How does this one differ from both the preceding ones? Which one

does it resemble most in form and method? Which one most in language and spirit? What does it tell us about cowboy life? Compare this ballad with the humorous ballads you have studied.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

Like *The Old Chisholm Trail* this is a song rather than a ballad. It is always a favorite with audiences when Professor Lomax, in his lecture on cowboy songs, can be prevailed upon to sing it.

Dogies (rime with bogeys) are the yearling runts who trail after the herd and are a most frequent source of trouble to the herders.

I have circle-herded,¹ trail-herded, night-herded, and cross-herded, too,
But to keep you together, that's what I can't do;
My horse is leg-weary and I'm awful tired,
But if I let you get away I'm sure to get fired,—
Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up.

("Cowboy yodel") Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo

O say, little dogies, when you goin' to lay down
And quit this forever siftin' around?
My limbs are weary, my seat is sore;
Oh, lay down, little dogies, like you've laid before,—
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.

Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo

HARRY STEPHENS: *Night-Herding Song*.

Study rhythm and cesura: compare with *The Old Chisholm Trail*.

NEW BALLADS

The ballad of literary production is a result of the study of the popular ballad. Before the eighteenth century poets wrote almost nothing that might be called ballad. In such a representative col-

¹ Circle-herding is driving the cattle toward a central place of meeting. Trail-herding or "riding trail" is driving the cattle along the trail from summer to winter pastures and the like, keeping them out of swamps and holes, etc. Night-herding is self-explaining; the cattle at night are allowed to graze but must be kept together. Cross-herding seems to be a special phase of trail-herding, riding back and forth across the trail, keeping the cattle from drifting into broken groups, holding back some and urging others on.

lection as Ward's *English Poets* we find only two likely specimens, Robert Southwell's *The Burning Babe* and Michael Drayton's *Agincourt*, both about 1600. Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1724-27), which was a more pretentious sort of garland, was perhaps the first publication to attract the attention of verse-writers to the charm of simple ballads. But the chief impulse was given by Percy's *Reliques* (1765). For one thing the literary world was tiring of the classicism of Dryden and Pope and was striving for greater naturalness and simplicity and for a broader humanity. Country life became a favorite theme; and Gray's phrase, "the simple annals of the poor," and Burns's, "a man's a man for a' that," reflect the spirit of the age. The study of ballads and the writing of ballads thus became a phase of the romantic movement.

There is a second fact worth noting. Many of the names we shall now introduce will be unfamiliar to the student, and many of the familiar names will be missed. The poets who wrote ballads were not usually the greatest poets. But they were, as the greater poets were not, poets of the people. They knew how to strike the popular tone.

The significance of these two facts seems to be that the ballad never broke the ties that bind it to humbler life. Even after it has found a place in literature, it is like the vizier in the oriental tale, who kept in a secret chamber the crook and pipe of his earlier shepherd days, resorting to them daily to refresh and strengthen himself for the duties of state.

But the ballads we shall now take up, though they show the good old yeoman stock of popular balladry, are after all works of literature. They were conceived and elaborated by men whose tastes and habits of thought we know or can inform ourselves about. They bear the stamp of the author and the artist. This will be seen in some one or more of the following marks:

1. Details necessary to the plan of the poem are given.
2. Repetition is used, if at all, for some conscious purpose.
3. Commonplaces are avoided, originality striven for.
4. Conscious choice of words and turns of phrase.
5. Description is common.
6. Figures of speech are common.
7. Lines are broken for greater dramatic effect; but the lyric quality is impaired.
8. Refrain is rare and used only when it emphasizes the idea of the poem.

9. Reflections and moral observations are made.

10. Allusions and references to history and literature occur.

It will usually not be difficult to see that the poet knows what he wants to do and how to do it. This is art. These differences between popular, or folk, poetry and the poetry of art should be carefully studied. The understanding of them will give a keener appreciation of both kinds of poetry.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Longfellow (1807-1882) has written several excellent ballads besides translating a number from the Danish, German, and Spanish,—a body of balladry easily accessible to most students for further reading.

The poet wrote in his diary, December 30, 1839: "I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write *The Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus*. . . . I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas." We can easily believe this story of improvisation. But we may be sure the poem came by stanzas only because the poet was used to making such lines as compose the stanzas. The poem reads like an old ballad. Why? But when we look closer we see abundant evidence of Longfellow's literary craftsmanship. Specify. Are stanzas 4 and 5 such units as we should expect from the above account?

Explain: schooner, veering flaw, Spanish Main, cable, spar, helm, reef, surf, breakers, stove. Why is the skipper's daughter introduced into the story? How and why are additional characters introduced into *The Cruel Brother*, *The Two Sisters*, and *Babylon*? Try, by supplying a character, to develop the story of *The Bonny Lass of Anglesey*, *The Devil and the Girl*, or some other one of the old ballads. Point out influence of *Sir Patrick Spens*, *Chevy Chase*, etc. What peculiarities of language and what use of dialogue suggest influence of the old ballads? What is the reference to the Lake of Galilee? Did you find such references in the old ballads? Do you find anything like the following in the first dozen ballads of our collection: stanza 2, stanza 14, stanza 18, and the adjectives and figures in stanzas 6, 7, 13, 15, etc.? What particularly fine figure in stanza 16? Could the fisherman really have distinguished "the salt sea . . . frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes?"

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

Campbell (1777-1844), though not a poet of the people like Longfellow, was immensely successful with his ballads. *Lord Ullin's Daughter* was suggested to Campbell during a visit to the island of Mull, west of which lies the smaller island of Ulva. It may be compared with *The Douglas Tragedy*. It presents a simple situation in simple language and in nervous, singable verse. But Campbell was a literary man, this is his work, we have to take account of his skill and care. He has seen to it that the story is complete, connected, and dramatic. His descriptions are carefully wrought. The language, though simple, is epigrammatic and antithetic. The care with which he has carried the feminine rhymes through shows the polish of all of Campbell's work.

Explain: Ulva's Isle (see above), water-wraith. Compare with *The Douglas Tragedy*. Which ballad tells its story better? Which has more description? Is the description deliberate and with an eye to effect? Which story is the more tragic? Where does the "tragic fault" lie? Where and how has Campbell sentimentalized his story? Give examples of epigrammatic turn of phrase and antithesis. How does the verse differ from that of *The Douglas Tragedy*? Does Campbell's ballad have any or as many colorless lines (fillers)? Compare the verse with that of *St. Stephen and Herod*. Do you think Campbell deliberately employed internal rhyme in 6, 1; 8, 3; 12, 1; 14, 3? For what purpose?

LOCHINVAR

A good part of Scott's life may be summed up in the word: ballads. His first published work was a translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, he collected ballads (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*), he retouched ballads (*Kinmont Willie*), he remodeled ballads (*Lochinvar*), he composed ballads of his own, he adapted ballad meters to use in long narrative poems. He caught the spirit of folk balladry and preserved it even in literary forms.

Young Lochinvar is Lady Heron's song in the fifth canto of *Marmion*. It is based on *Katharine Janfarie*; but the bride is English, Netherby Hall being in Cumberland.

2, 2. **The Eske** (Esk) is the border river flowing into Solway Firth.

4, 2. **Solway**. The tides in Solway Firth are strong and rapid; at

ebb-tide the flats are laid bare and it is possible to cross on them from Kirkcudbrightshire in Scotland to Cumberland.

8, 1-2. Scott loves to roll out the names of border clans. Compare *Otterburn*, stanza 2, note.

Explain: brake, measure, galliard, bonnet, croupe, scaur. Compare *Young Lochinvar* and *Katharine Janfarie*. What are the marks of popular origin in the latter, of Scott's authorship in the former? Which tells the story more effectively? Which gives more character description? How is the *Lochinvar* ballad suited to Lady Heron? Would *Katharine Janfarie* have served as well? What suggestion of Hind Horn? Point out the rhetorical question and other rhetorical devices used by Scott. How is the galloping effect of the meter obtained? What suggestion of refrain? Campbell was forever polishing his work, Scott was proverbially careless in writing. Is this difference evident in the two poems just studied?

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

This is a story of Francis I of France which has often been told, in verse e. g. by Schiller, Leigh Hunt, and Browning.

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) "excelled especially in narrative poetry, of which, upon a small scale, there are probably no better examples in our language than 'Abou ben Adhem' and 'Solomon's Ring.'"—*Britannica*. The former of these, an oriental apologue, is given here for comparison.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." ,
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God has blessed,—
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

In what respect does *The Glove and the Lions* resemble an apologue? Why would it probably not be called an apologue? Why is *About Ben Adhem* not a ballad? How can the lines of *The Glove* be arranged so as to get twelve ballad stanzas? Why is the author's arrangement preferable? What part does the king play in the ballad? Does the opening line give an intimation of the end? What impression is made by the playing with the internal rime glove: love? How does the similar rime in the first stanza outline the story for us? Do you think Leigh Hunt merits his reputation for cleverness?

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Caroline, Baroness Nairne (1766-1845), belonged both by birth and marriage to several of the most prominent Jacobite families, i. e., families which in 1745 supported the pretensions of Charles Edward Stuart to the English throne. It was for Charles that she was named Caroline. Many of her songs, the authorship of which she kept secret even from her husband, were written and sung by her to Jacobite tunes, to cheer the old age of her maternal grandfather, Duncan Robertson.

Lady Nairne caught the folk-tone in a number of songs and ballads. Burns has nothing finer than *The Land o' the Leal*, and neither Scott nor Campbell produced a better ballad than *The Laird o' Cockpen*. There is no better humorous ballad anywhere. The ballad was suggested to the author by a snatch of Scotch song:

When she cam ben, she bobbit,
 When she cam ben, she bobbit,
 When she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,
 And syne denied that she did it.

Mistress Jean also might have "bobbit" (curtsied), but Lady Nairne chose the more decorous "bow'd fu' low." The ballad is often printed with two concluding stanzas by Miss Ferrier, a Scotch novelist.

And now that the laird his exit has made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
 "Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green:
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

Compare the humor of the ballad with that of *The Gay Goshawk* and *Get Up and Bar the Door*. Explain the humor of stanza 2, line 4; stanza 3, line 4; stanza 7, line 4. Comment on the character description. Do you think the additional stanzas improve the ballad?

THE COURTIN'

This ballad opens the second series of the author's *Biglow Papers*. In an extended preface Lowell (1819-1891) discusses the use of the New England dialect in these poems and notes many interesting facts concerning so-called Americanisms of speech. The student will readily understand that while many of our old ballads are in dialect, they are not dialect ballads, as this is: there the dialect is the natural expression of the singer, here it is assumed for a purpose. What may that purpose be? Compare *The Courtin'* with other humorous ballads. What descriptions, comments, etc., would not be found in the older ballads? Compare the feminine rimes with those of Campbell.

5, 1. Crook-necks: crooked neck squashes. Peppers, onions, etc., were hung up and dried for winter consumption.

5, 3. Queen's-arm: musket.

5, 4. Concord. What is the allusion?

11, 3. Ole Hunderd: the tune of the rooth Psalm in the old Scotch metrical psalter; it is the tune to which the well-known doxology of T. Ken is sung.

24, 2. The Bay o' Fundy. The tides in the Bay of Fundy are very high.

24, 3-4. "Their marriage banns were published at church the following Sunday."

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

What is an elegy? Why is this poem called an elegy? In what sense is it a ballad? In what does the humor consist? Compare with the other humorous ballads. Has the poem a popular ring? Can you name any other poems of Goldsmith (1728-1774) that show more

of the influences noted in our general introduction to the New Ballads?

BETH GÊLERT

Spencer (1769-1834) was, like Campbell, a poet who could not wholly free himself from the traditions of the Augustan age even when he was touched by the romantic spirit. Much of the present ballad is mere rhetoric, and eight stanzas have for that reason been omitted, including six at the end, which describe Llewelyn's remorse and the tomb he reared for Gêlert.

The story of the poem is current throughout Europe and found in Persia, India, and China. The Welsh version localizes it near Beddgelert, a village at the foot of Snowdon, northern Wales. Beddgelert (pronounce dd as th in then) means "Gêlert's grave." Llewelyn was one of the last native princes of Wales. He espoused Joan, natural daughter of King John Lackland (reference in stanza 4).

What part have animals played in ballads you have previously studied? Has a beast been the hero of any of them?

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

Eugene Aram was executed in 1759 for a murder that had then recently come to light, when, after a lapse of fourteen years, the bones of the murdered man were found in a cave. The motive of the crime appears to have been jealousy. Eugene Aram was a scholar of some distinction and one of the founders of the scientific study of the Celtic languages. His story is the subject of a novel by Bulwer-Lytton as well as of this ballad by Hood (1799-1845).

What is the theme of Hood's poem? To whom is the story told? What occasioned the telling? Why does Hood make Aram tell his story to a school-boy? How does the last stanza prove this? If you have read Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, compare the method of the two poems (contrast, psychological analysis, confession, description). Is description ever employed in the genuine popular ballad? psychological analysis? What suggestions of the old ballads in stanza 1, stanzas 15-16? What is the effect of the last two lines of each stanza?

Explain: usher, sprite, chamberlain.

2, 6. **Lynn** is in Norfolk. Aram was a teacher in a boys' school there.

34, 6. **Cranmer's.** Archbishop Cranmer was burned at the stake in 1556 by bloody Queen Mary. He had made six several recantations, all of which he finally disavowed; and he said his hand should burn first because it had signed the recantations. True to his word, he steadfastly exposed his right hand to the flames, "and several times during the burning was heard to exclaim with a loud voice, 'This hand hath offended—this unworthy hand!'"

THE NECKAN

The neckan (Swedish *nekken*, hence in this poem localized "by the Baltic") is a nix or water-sprite. Compare the story of *Hind Etin*, *The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry*, and *St. Stephen and Herod*. Are the neckan and his bride reunited? What was the popular belief about such a union (compare *Hind Etin* and *The Great Silkie*)? What criticism in Arnold's poem is based upon this belief? If possible read also Matthew Arnold's *The Forsaken Merman*, a finer poem, but not in ballad form. Matthew Arnold was born 1822, died 1888.

Study the use of adjectives in this poem. What is the author's attitude toward his story? Does he draw a moral? Does he criticize mortals or Christians or both? Compare the "moral meaning" of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*:

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The miracle in this story is the same as the miracle in the story of Tannhäuser.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

Yeats was born in the same year as Kipling, 1865, and like him was the son of an artist. John Butler Yeats, the father, was for some years a resident of New York City. William Butler Yeats, like Noyes and Masefield, has visited the United States and given readings from his works. His first volume of poetry, *The Wanderings of*

Oisín (*Usheen*), was incorporated in his collected *Poems* (1895), and he has since published a volume of lyrics, *The Wind among the Reeds*. He has identified himself closely with the Celtic Revival and the Irish Literary Theater. He has published, besides poems, Irish folk stories, criticism (*The Celtic Twilight*, etc.), an Irish literary review, and several dramas for the Irish Theater (*The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Hour Glass*, etc.).

Compare the miracles treated in the ballads you have read. Which is most spectacular? Which is most subtle? Which has a deeper meaning? For which have you yourself the most feeling?

Yeats draws his inspiration in part from the simple faith of the Irish peasantry, in part from Pre-Raphaelitism (observation and depicting of delicate detail). Illustrate. What phrases and fancies of his own has he woven into this poem? How do they suit the subject?

One of Arnold's definitions of poetry is: "A criticism of life." Test *The Neckan* and *Father Gilligan* by this definition. Show that each poem is characteristic of its author. Show the absence of any such personal note in *St. Stephen and Herod*.

LITTLE MOCCASINS AND OLIVER WEST

Two Canadian poets have caught in virile and racy verse the lure and fascination of life in the open.

Saddle and rifle, spur and rope, and the smell of sage in the rain,
As down the cañon the pintos lope and spread to the shadowed plain. . . .

Up on the ledge where the burro creeps, patient and sure and slow,
Above a valley-floor that sleeps ten thousand feet below. . . .

Out where the tumbling schooner fights in the spume of the typhoon's hate;
Up where the huskie bays the lights of the Northland's frozen gate. . . .

Sun and wind and the sound of rain! Hunger and thirst and strife!
God! To be out on the trails again with a grip on the mane of life. . . .

KNIBBS: *The Outland Trails*.

Robert W. Service, the "Canadian Kipling," is the author of *Songs of a Sour Dough* (*The Spell of the Yukon*), *Ballads of a Cheechako*, and *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*. *Little Moccasins* is from the *Rolling*

Stone volume. He was born in England in 1876, but has been long a resident of Canada.

Henry Herbert Knibbs (born 1874), now a resident of California, has published both verse and fiction. Our selection is taken from *Songs of the Outlands: Ballads of Hoboes and Other Verse*.

As with the cowboy singers, Service and Knibbs tend to self-dramatization and lyric utterance. The two ballads we give hint but obliquely at all this. However, each leads us straight to a salt lick of American romance: contact with the Indian in the northern woods, contact with the Spaniard in the great Southwest. They should be read in connection with the cowboy ballads.

LITTLE MOCCASINS

What is the situation? What is the story that led up to the situation? Who is the speaker? What kind of life is he used to?

Supposed Varro loved Utah Carroll. Let her tell the story, by indirection, as the story of *Little Moccasins* is told. Is it as easy to tell the story one way as another? Does this suggest to you wherein *Little Moccasins* is artistic?

OLIVER WEST

This is more clearly a ballad. It reverts in fact to the old split situation, as in *The Two Sisters* and *The Cruel Brother*. But the situation is in the hero's breast, and is developed by the poet's careful selection of details. Test this statement. Compare with the two old ballads named and with the cowboy ballads. How would the author of *Utah Carroll* have treated stanza 8?

Study the stanza form, especially the effect of the last line. Note the internal rime in stanza 1, line 2, and stanza 6, line 3. May there be design in its use in just these two places and nowhere else? How is repetition used and to what end?

2, 2. **Cayuse**: Indian pony.

5, 2. **'Dobe**: a house or hut built of adobe or sun-dried brick.

6, 4. **Gringo**: a depreciatory name given to English speaking persons by the Mexicans.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

Peacock (1785-1866) was a satirical novelist and poet, and a friend of the poet Shelley. "In 1819 he was appointed assistant examiner

at the India House. The papers he prepared as tests of his ability were returned with the comment, 'Nothing superfluous and nothing wanting.' . . . What Shelley justly termed 'the lightness, strength and chastity' of his diction secures him an honorable rank among those English writers whose claims to remembrance depend not only upon matter but upon style."—Garrett. Another critic speaks of his "steely wit." Of the present poem Saintsbury says: "Nothing approaches the 'Dinas Vawr' song, which has a diabolical lightness and swing about it quite unlike anything that is to be found elsewhere. It is probably the succinctest piece of humorous modern poetry in the world: there is not a line, not a word to spare."

The war-song is introduced into Peacock's satirical Arthurian romance *The Misfortunes of Elphin*. Dinas Vawr is the castle of King Ednyfed of Dyfed (pronounce duv-ed) in southwest Wales. It has been taken by storm by King Melvas. "The hall of Melvas was full of magnanimous heroes, who were celebrating their exploits in sundry choruses, especially in that which follows, which is here put upon record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory." Then follows our ballad.

In what sense is this a humorous poem? How did Peacock intend his introduction to be taken? Note the effect of the rimes and of the change in riming in the last four lines. What character is lent the poem by the final line of each stanza? Which stanza is an exception?

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

This is one of the several exquisitely wrought lyrics that serve as interludes in Tennyson's *Princess*. The artistic perfection of the present cameo ballad is attained by the selection and arrangement (parallelism and antithesis) of detail, and the tenseness of its restraint. Every phrase is moulded and shaded with minutest care. There is nowhere a word too much or a word out of place.

What is the situation? What harmony and what contrast of character? Compare stanzas 2 and 3 with two incremental stanzas of an earlier ballad. In which is the climax more effective? Why? With the climax in stanzas 2 and 3 compare the use of contrast (?also climax) in stanzas 3 and 4. Note the effect of inversion in stanza 1, line 1, and stanza 4, line 1; in stanza 3, line 1, and stanza 4,

line 1; in the last line. Why is stanza 1, line 3, unlike a verse of a popular ballad? Can you make a similar statement for stanza 2, line 1? for the inversions? Note the effect of the extra syllable at the beginning of the last line but one.

Compare the earlier version:

Home they brought him slain with spears,
 They brought him home at even-fall;
 All alone she sits and hears
 Echoes in his empty hall,
 Sounding on the morrow.

The sun peeped in from open field,
 The boy began to leap and prance,
 Rode upon his father's lance,
 Beat upon his father's shield,
 "Oh hush, my joy, my sorrow!"

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

An imaginary incident. What is the distance from Ghent to Aix? The poet doesn't tell us what the "good news" is: does it make any difference? Browning's poem may be compared with Thomas Buchanan Read's *Sheridan's Ride* for the handling of incident, climax, dramatic effect, and character. Compare also the account of a ride in the last canto of Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*.

Explain: gate-bolts, postern, pique, (?) half-chime, askance, spume-flakes, croup, buff-coat, holster, jack-boots, burgesses.

How does the story gain by having three riders set out instead of one? Would the story be as exciting if Roos collapsed after the roan fell dead? Why is the former incident told with more detail? How does Browning make us *feel* the fitness of Roland? How is the idea of Roland's endurance borne in on us? How much of Roland's heroism is a reflection of his master's?

How are the riders introduced to us? Why wasn't this done more simply and clearly? How does stanza 2 prepare us for the outcome of the story? Can you explain why the detail in stanza 4, line 2, should have been noted by the rider? Are the details of stanza 3, line 3, and stanza 7, line 4, similar? How about the other details—those of stanza 5, e. g.? Explain the actions of the rider in stanza 9. What do the homely touches in the last line add?

. THE HIGHWAYMAN

Alfred Noyes (born 1880) is a versatile young English poet, frank, engaging, buoyant, happy. His readings from his own works won him many friends in this country and an appointment to a professorship of poetry in Princeton University. Moreover, these readings, like those of James Whitcomb Riley, Seumas MacManus, and John Masefield, got people once more to *hear* poetry and taught them anew the power and charm of the spoken word. Noyes's *Collected Poems* (1913), in two volumes, include the following works previously published: *The Flower of Old Japan*, *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, *Drake*, *The Enchanted Island*, *Sherwood*, *Tales of the Mermaid Inn*, and others.

Very instructive is the refrain of this ballad. As singing becomes "saying" (i. e. recitation) the refrain is lost or absorbed into the stanza (Introduction, page xiii). Here it is neither lost nor absorbed, but made an organic part of the stanza. With all the old trick of repetition it is not sing-song, not thrumming, but a means—and a most effective one—of driving home the meaning. It is perhaps the most haunting spoken refrain since Poe's *Raven*. How does it differ from this? How does this difference make for dramatic life? Which is the more musical? Compare also for spoken refrain the next two poems.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

A sailor and a rover, Masefield is at his happiest in his poetry of the sea. In this respect and in some others the little song we print here is characteristic enough. But there are reaches of Masefield's soul and art not so much as hinted at here. His "strangely imaginative yet realistic poems have renewed the faith of the most sceptical in the compelling power of poetry." (Thomas Seccombe.)

How did the poem impress you most: by the pictures it called up, by its appeal to your imagination, or by the thoughts it made you think? Study the refrain (see preceding note), meter, rhythm, and rime, and show how each of these sensuous (musical) elements is made to express part of the meaning.

What is the story or situation? Compare with the *Dogie* song and *The Old Chisholm Trail*. Compare with *Little Moccasins*. It may also be compared with *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers* and the *Song of the Cornish Men* ("group as hero"), and with *Home they*

Brought her Warrior Dead and *After Aughrim* (selection and grouping of details, parallelism, story told in a series of pictures, dramatic irony).

DRAKE'S DRUM

Henry John Newbolt (born 1862) is the self-devoted laureate of British naval achievement. *Admirals All* (1897), which established his literary reputation, has been followed by *The Island Race*, *The Sailing of the Long-ships*, *Songs of the Sea*, and *The Year of Trafalgar*. His sea echoes remind us of Masfield and his patriotic vein of both Masfield and Noyes.

Review the questions and comments on *The Highwayman* and *An Old Song Re-sung* and apply them point for point to *Drake's Drum*. Compare the three poems with regard to: energy, dramatic force, refinement, appeal, graphicalness. Compare with *Little Moccasins* as a dramatic monologue. A recent reviewer speaks of Noyes and Newbolt sustaining "their positions as foremost among the writers of ballads and of patriotic, heroic, occasional and rhetorical verse." Which of these adjectives can you justify with regard to *The Highwayman*? with regard to *Drake's Drum*?

IVRY

Henry of Navarre, as king of France Henry IV, was one of the most popular heroes of France. His claim to the crown of France upon the death of Henry III, the last of the Valois, in 1589, was supported by the Huguenots, but strongly opposed by the League. In 1590 he won a decisive victory over the League at Ivry, a village 41 miles west of Paris.

The Huguenots were Protestants. They had been fighting for religious tolerance (stanza 6, line 3) and freedom of worship. Rochelle (stanza 1, line 5), a city on the western coast of France, was their stronghold. Coligni (stanza 2, line 8), one of their chief men, had been murdered, with other Huguenot leaders, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew (August 24, 1572; stanza 5, line 6; stanza 2, line 7), which was instigated by Catharine de' Medici, the wicked mother of Henry III. Maximilian de Béthune, Baron of Rosny and later Duke of Sully (stanza 6, lines 4-5), a Huguenot, became one of the ablest statesmen France ever had.

The League was the strict Catholic party, organized and dominated by the powerful family of Guise of Lorraine (stanza 2, line 5; stanza 6, line 6) and actively supported by Philip II of Spain (stanza 7, line 3). Philip ruled also over the Lowlands (Flanders, stanza 2, line 4; Guelders, stanza 4, line 4; Antwerp, stanza 7, line 4) and held Mexico (stanza 7, line 3). The Duke of Mayenne (stanza 2, line 6; stanza 4, line 3; etc.) was Charles of Lorraine, head of the house of Guise and commander-in-chief of the Leaguers. The Duke of Aumale (stanza 5, line 2) was his cousin. Mayenne was supported by Flemish troops under Philip, Count of Egmont (stanza 2, line 4; stanza 5, line 2; stanza 4, line 4; stanza 7, line 4), Swiss mercenaries under Appenzell (stanza 2, line 4; Almayne, another name for Switzerland, stanza 4, line 4; Lucerne, stanza 7, line 1), and Austrian troops (Vienna, stanza 7, line 1); the Austrian contingent, like the Flemish, was furnished by Philip II.

Although the victory at Ivry was decisive, Henry was not fully acknowledged as ruler of France until he embraced the Catholic faith three years later. The political wisdom of this step, which Sully had been urging, was evident in the peace it brought to France after twenty years of civil war. In 1598 Henry issued the Edict of Nantes, which secured to the Huguenots freedom of worship and political rights.

1, 1. The biblical reference is characteristic of the Huguenot speaker. Other examples?

1, 2. **Liege**: lord.

2, 3. Expressions suitable to the Huguenot partisan.

2, 6. **Truncheon**: baton or staff of authority.

3, 10. **Oriflamme**: ancient royal banner of France, rays of gold on a royal purple background.

4, 2. **Culverin**: cannon.

4, 3. **Pricking**: spurring.

4, 6. **Golden lilies**: fleurs-de-lys in the royal arms of France.

6, 4. **Cornet**: white flag borne at the head of the army of the king of France; Mayenne regarded Henry as a usurper and his own army as the royal army of France.

7, 3. **Pistoles**. The pistole was a gold coin worth about four dollars.

7, 6. **St. Genevieve**: the patron saint of Paris; here the name stands for Paris itself.

Ivry is a pean or hymn of praise rather than a ballad. It voices

the strong exultation of one of Henry's Huguenot partisans. The declamatory tone is characteristic of Macaulay's ballads, which include the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Show that the stanza here is really composed of ballad stanzas. What is gained by the arrangement adopted? Note the refrain-like endings of the stanzas. What is the purpose of this refrain?

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Mrs. Hemans (1793-1835) was born in Liverpool of Irish and Austrian parents. She wrote lyrics of genuine feeling and pure and high sentiment on themes drawn from many countries. Her popularity has waned greatly since her death.

Compare the present poem with Ivry as regards group heroism, hymnlike nature, sentiment, dramatic presentation, subordination of narrative, lyrical quality.

SONG OF THE CORNISH MEN

In 1688 James II issued a Declaration of Indulgence to Catholics and Dissenters and ordered the clergy to read it on two successive Sundays. The Declaration was without parliamentary sanction. It was a move in James's two-fold plan of establishing Catholicism as the state religion and of making himself absolute monarch. The clergy refused to do the king's bidding. Seven bishops made representations to the king that the Declaration was illegal. They were cast into the Tower and brought to trial, but acquitted under acclamations of the multitude. The incident hastened the downfall of James and the accession of William and Mary.

One of the seven prelates was Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, a member of a well-known Cornish family. Cornish men not only shared the widespread distrust of the king, but were fired by local patriotism.

And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

Then thirty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why.

was sung throughout Cornwall. The "Cornish mines roared" with the variant:

And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

Then twenty thousand under ground will know the reason why.

The incident has long since passed out of the popular mind, but these two lines have remained alive as a ready expression of vigorous, concerted protest. A similar popularity seems in store for Lord Randolph Churchill's utterance on Home Rule in 1886: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right."

Hawker (1803-1875) was born in Devon and has written a number of poems on Cornish subjects.

Michael's hold (stanza 3) is apparently St. Michael's mount, a rock off the south coast of Cornwall. The Tamar separates Cornwall from Devonshire; Severn must be a mistake—why?

How does this poem suggest the two preceding ones?

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

James II hoped to regain his throne with the help of the Catholics of Ireland and of French troops sent to his aid in Ireland by Louis XIV. He suffered a decisive defeat as recounted, date and all, in the ballad.—Schomberg (stanza 4), grandee of Spain, marshal of France, commander-in-chief of the Brandenburg army prior to joining William of Orange, and possessor of both the French and the English ducal title, was in his day accounted "the greatest living master of the art of war."

Ballads were made about the Battle of the Boyne as about the Trelawney incident. It was an age of partisan songs, and we have seen how they had a far though fine echo in some of the best songs of Lady Nairne. Perhaps the most famous of political songs in this or any period is *Lillibullero* (or *Lilliburlero*), the author of which asserted that he had "sung James out of England." The nursery rhyme of *Humpty Dumpty* is supposed to refer to James's fall.

All these songs and ballads, Jacobin and Anti-Jacobin, have a popular tone. The present ballad is like one of the older chronicle ballads (see notes on *Chevy Chase*), though evidently dressed up for print. Distinguish the popular and the literary touches. Show that *The Battle of the Boyne* is more popular than *Ivry*. Is it also more popular than Hawker's Trelawney ballad? Show that it is more strictly a ballad than these. Graves, more than Hawker, has worked over old material.

Graves (born 1846) has had an active part in the Irish literary revival. He has edited and published *Songs of Old Ireland* (1883),

Irish Songs and Ballads (1893), *Irish Folk-Songs* (1897), *Songs of Erin* (1901), etc.

What may be called the official Boyne ballad of the Orangemen has a more decided Irish flavor. We quote stanzas 4-6. The rime after:water closes five of the ten stanzas.

When we the Boyne began to cross, the enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost, so stoutly we defended;
The horse was the first that marched o'er, the foot soon followed after;
But brave duke Schomberg was no more by venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain, King William did accost
His warlike men for to march on and he would be foremost;
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed for the loss of one commander,
For God will be our king this day, and I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross, to give the enemies battle;
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost, like thundering claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er, his men soon followed after,
With blow and shout put our foes to the rout the day we crossed the water.

This version is attributed to Captain Blacker, but has a popular basis. The feminine rimes e. g. are popular while those of Campbell and Peacock are literary. How should you express this difference?

AFTER AUGHRIM

James fled before the Battle at the Boyne river was over. William's victory was decisive. But the Stuart cause was not dead and the war continued more than fifteen months longer. July 12, 1691, the Irish forces under the French general St. Ruth were defeated at Aughrim. It is the anniversary of this battle even more than of Boyne that is celebrated by the Orangemen, as the Irish Protestants are called from King William's prior title of Prince of Orange.

After Aughrim, though a modern composition (Geoghegan was born 1809, died 1889), may represent for us the sentiment of loyalty to the Stuart cause. It is a touching and graceful poem. It contrasts two situations, two expressions of woman's heroism, and is only the more effective because it leaves the imagination to fill in details. Compare the method with that of Tennyson in his two versions of *Home They Brought Her Hero Dead*.

Patrick Sarsfield was a gallant Irish general. He later entered the French service and lost his life in the Battle of Neerwinden (1693), in which a "hunchbacked dwarf" (Luxembourg) won a victory over an "asthmatic skeleton" (William of Orange).—Green is, of course, the Irish color.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

England's "enforcement of the right of search to enable her ships to take enemies' goods out of neutral vessels exasperated even friendly powers, and Russia was joined by Sweden and Denmark to enforce resistance to the claim."—*Britannica*. A great naval battle ensued off Copenhagen April 2, 1801. The English fleet was under Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson, the hero of the Nile, second in command. In the midst of the battle news came that the czar had been murdered, hostilities ceased, and a compromise was made relieving Great Britain of the dread of isolation and starvation.

Explain: leviathans, adamantine. Elsinore (Danish Helsingör) is a town on the Sound, north of Copenhagen. Riou was an English naval captain who lost his life in the battle.

Study the meter of the poem. The effects combine vigor and grace. The ductile "irregular ode" stanza is made regular by repetition. Note also the dashes and other appeals to the eye.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Ratisbon (German Regensburg) guards the west approach along the Danube to Vienna as Belgrade guards the east, and like Belgrade has suffered siege and assault times innumerable. The incident of the poem occurred in 1809; the messenger, however, was a man, not a boy. Montgomery in his *Heroic Ballads* cites from Major-General Doubleday's *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg* the following similar incident of the Battle of Gettysburg.

"An officer of the Sixth Wisconsin approached Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes, the commander of the regiment, after the sharp fight in the railroad cut. The colonel supposed, from the firm and erect attitude of the man, that he came to report for orders of some kind; but the compressed lips told a different story. With a great effort the officer said, '*Tell them at home I died like a man and a soldier.*' He threw open his coat, displayed a ghastly wound, and dropped dead at the colonel's feet."

What characteristics of Napoleon appear in the poem? What characteristics of his soldiers are exemplified by the young hero? Which of these characteristics is exemplified in the American story cited above? Is the speech in stanza 4 too long? Note that some of the lines are broken up into two, three, or even four phrases. Does this make the ballad less singable? more dramatic? Do you find such lines in any of the old ballads? Browning groups *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* with his "Dramatic Lyrics," *An Incident of the French Camp* with his "Dramatic Romances." Can you explain the distinction?

NOTE. Romance is the Spanish word for ballad. Hence *romanze* in German and *romance* in English as applied to a ballad in which narrative is subordinate to sentiment, especially a ballad that inspires a rather vague sense of awe, mystery, or wonder; such romances often have a marked lyrical tone. The term is similarly applied to certain musical pieces. Quite different, though obviously related, are the metrical romance of the 13th and 14th century, described in the notes to *Hind Horn* and *King Estmere*, and the romance of modern prose fiction. Romance and ballad differ much as, in prose fiction, romance and novel. Apply the definition of romance to the following ballads of our collection: *The Douglas Tragedy*, *Proud Lady Margaret*, *Sweet William's Ghost*, *The Wife of Usher's Well*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry*, *The Three Ravens*, *Bonny Barbara Allan*, *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*, *Young Waters*.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

Robert Traill Spence Lowell (1816-1891) was a brother of James Russell Lowell (1819-1891). He narrates here a famous incident in the rebellion of the Sepoy, or native, regiments in India in 1857. The siege of Lucknow began July 1. Deliverance came finally November 14, when Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the head of five thousand troops.

1, 1. **Lucknow:** the chief city of the province of Oudh in northern India.

1, 3. The Sepoy sappers and miners were bringing their trenches and mines nearer and nearer to the beleaguered city. Compare also stanza 15.

9, 2. **Slogan:** war-cry of a highland clan, here that of the McGregors.

13, 3. Reference here and in 16, 2 to well-known Scotch airs.

14, 2. **Pipes:** bagpipes.

19, 1. Tartan: plaid.

Note the run-over lines. Did you note any in the old ballads studied? How do they affect the singableness of the poem? How does the author use parallelism, contrast, and climax? Does the author bring in everyday matters as Browning does in the *Ghent to Aix* poem?

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Whittier (1807-1892) commemorates an incident supposed to have occurred during the Confederate invasion of Maryland in 1862, which was repelled by McClellan's victory over Lee at Sharpsburg on Antietam creek. The incident (whether historical or not) reminds us that war may have its amenities. Both sides win our sympathy and respect. Such a theme may be supposed to have had a peculiar appeal to the Quaker poet. "In American balladry he was pre-eminent; such pieces as *The Swan Song of Parson Avery*, *Marguerite*, *Barclay of Ury*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, *In the 'Old South'*, hold their place in literature."—Stedman.

The meter is the two-line stanza of the oldest ballads, and the frequent omission of the unaccented syllable at the beginning of the line is also characteristic of popular poetry. But if this were a popular ballad, with what stanza (with slight verbal changes) would it probably begin and with what stanza end? There would probably be no such stanzas as 19 and 20—why? Point out also certain lines and phrases that would be wanting. Give reasons. Note also that the stanzas are not always separate and distinct. How then do we see Whittier's hand in the poem? What stanza might serve as a refrain? Does it make a good refrain? Can you readily conceive of stanza after stanza being sung with this refrain? Should you perhaps say that the poem is picturesque rather than musical? Do you know whether Whittier has written any genuine lyric poetry—hymns, e. g.? Could the poem as it stands have been written immediately after the event? What two stanzas show this?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

In its tense passion of loyalty, its vivid allegory, its sounding of the high dramatic note in Lincoln's death, Walt Whitman's noble coronach is beyond study. Indirect study is suggested and indeed urged: Webster's *Reply to Hayne*, Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, other

selections from a good source-book of American history, Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* and his essay on *Democracy*, etc.

BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Kipling is the poet of British imperialism, the idea that Great Britain should lead in the civilizing of the inferior races. In the present ballad he emphasizes both the difficulty and the possibility of Europe and the Orient understanding each other, and also implies the necessity of England's trying to understand the inferior races if she wishes to succeed in her rôle as civilizing agent. "Statesmen decreed the British Empire. But Kipling was one of the few men who breathed into it the breath of life."—*New York Times*.

Kipling was born in India in 1865, the son of Lockwood Kipling, head of the Lahore School of Industrial Art. His sudden rise to fame when scarcely turned twenty was even more phenomenal than that of Byron. For several years during the 90's Kipling lived in the United States. Here he married the sister of Wolcott Balestier (1861-91), with whom he collaborated on a novel and to whom he dedicated his *Barrack Room Ballads*. Of these ballads the *Britannica* says: "These vigorous verses in soldier slang, when published in a book in 1892, together with the fine ballad of *East and West* and other poems, won for their author a second fame, wider than he had attained as a story-teller." The volume had been preceded by *Departmental Ditties* and was followed by the two volumes with the imperialistic titles, *The Seven Seas* and *The Five Nations*. His mastery of the short-story form nowhere shines forth more splendidly than in his books for children, the two *Jungle Books* and the *Just So Stories*.

The scene is on the Afghan border near Peshawur (line 78), in or near Khyber pass (line 82). British conflicts with the native tribes of these mountains have been frequent.

Line 2. **Lifted**: stolen.

5. **Guides**: mixed Indian and British troops guarding the frontier.

7. **Ressaldar**: title of native captain of Indian cavalry.

8. **Track of the morning mist**: the mist lying in the passes (which here extend east and west) and lifting as the sun passes westward.

16. **Breech-bolt**: mechanism for thrusting the cartridge into the chamber preparatory to firing.

16. **Snick**: click.

42. What is the nature of the jackal? See also line 52.

44. **Kite:** a bird of the hawk kind.

46. **Broken meats:** left-overs.

58. **Dam of lances:** mother of iron-nerved fighters.

80. See note on *Bewick and Graham*, stanza 37, line 2.

82. **Wondrous Names of God.** In primitive religions and also in Mohammedanism (of which Kamal is a professor) certain names of a god (or of God) are believed to be more efficacious in certain prayers and oaths. Compare Milton's "Or hear'st thou rather" (*Paradise Lost*, book iii, line 7).

85. **Quarter-Guard:** a small guard posted before each battalion camp.

Compare the meter with that of *Ivry* and the ballad stanza. Compare the lines at the beginning (and at the end) with refrains and ballad stems (see notes on *Guy of Gisburn*). Do the meter and this "ballad stem" lend power to the ballad? Note similarity of the theme to that of *Barbara Frietchie*. Why does this poem grip us harder? How does Kipling give us a sense of the actuality of the story? *Edward* has been called a powerful ballad: Is it powerful in the same sense as this? Why does this ballad stir our blood more than *Chevy Chase*?

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS

adj. adjective
adv. adverb
aux. auxiliary
comp. comparative
n. noun
p. plural

ppl. participle
prep. preposition
pres. present
pt. past
vb. verb

GLOSSARY

A', all.
- Aboon, abune, above, upon.
Ae, one, an, a; only.
Aff, off.
Aft, aften, oft, often.
Again, against; back, in reply.
Ain, own.
Aince, once.
Alane, alone.
Alang, along.
Ald, old.
Amang, among.
An, an', and, if.
Ance, once.
And, if; and . . . but, if only.
Ane, one, an, a.
Aneath, beneath.
Another, another.
'As, has.
Aught, owed.
Aul', auld, old.
Awa, away.

Ba', ball.
Bad, bade.
Bait, feed.
Baith, both.
Baken, *pl. ppl.*, baked.
Bane, bone.
Bane, death.
Bar, bore.
Bat, but.
Be, are.
Bear, bore.

Bed-fit, foot of a bed.
Been, are.
Beet, *vb.*, amend, remedy.
Beform, before.
Behint, behind.
Beir, *vb.*, bear.
Belive, soon, at once.
Ben, into the parlor.
Benbow, bent bow, bow.
Bent, place overgrown with bent-grass.
Bestood, (hard) pressed.
Bickered, shot off and on.
Biek, bask.
Bigged, built.
Bigly, suitable for habitation, handsome, fine.
Billie, billy, comrade. See **bully**.
Birk, birch.
Blan, ceased, let up.
Blaw, blow.
Blude, bluid, blood; **blude-reid**, **bluid-red**, blood-red.
Bluidy, bloody.
Bobbitt, curtsied.
Boot, advantage; salvation.
Bore, (bored) hole, perforation.
Bot, but, except.
Boun, *adj.*, ready.
Boun, *vb.*, get ready; **boun'd**, got ready. See **busk**.
Bound, boundary, enclosure.
Braid, broad, wide.
Brand, sword.

Words ending in *is* or *ys* for (e)s (genitive and plural of nouns, 3d person singular of verbs) and in *it*, *yt*, *id*, *yd* for (e)d (preterit and past participle) are not glossed.

- Brast**, *pt.*, burst.
Braw, brave, handsome, fine, splendid.
Breast-bane, breast-bone.
Bree, brow.
Bree, broo, broth.
Breeden, *pres. pt.*, breed.
Brether, brothers.
Brither, brother.
Brond, sword.
Broo, bree, broth.
Brook, enjoy, continue to enjoy, keep (life).
Bully, comrade, sworn-brother. See **billie**.
Bund, *pt. ppl.*, bound.
Buntlin, bunting, yellow-hammer.
Burn-brae, brookside meadow.
Busk, get ready. See **boun**.
But, but if, unless.
But an', but and, and also.
Byre, cow-shed.

Ca', call.
Cam, came.
Can, *aux.*, do, did; **could**, did.
Canna, cannot.
Carline, carline wife, old woman.
Carp, tell, talk.
Casten, *pt. ppl.*, cast.
Cauld, cold.
Channerin, fretting.
Christendame, baptism.
Christantee, **Christianie**, **Christendom**.
Chuse, choose.
Clay, mold, earth, grave.
Clerk, scholar, official.
Close, **closs**, court, courtyard.
Comen, *pt. ppl.*, come.
Cop, top (of head).

Corbie, raven, crow.
Coud, could; **coudna**, could not.
Counseil, counsel.
Craw, crow.
Crew, crowed.
Croodlin, cooing.
Cule, cool.

Darena, dare not.
Daw, *vb.*, dawn.
Dead, death.
Dee, die.
Dee, do.
Deil, devil.
Deir, dear.
Denner, dinner.
Dere, hurt, harm.
Dight, attend to, prepare, dress, meet (in battle); **dight**, *pt. ppl.*, done (to death).
Ding down, knock down, lay low.
Dinna, do not.
Dochter, daughter.
Do'en (him, her, etc.), betaken (himself, herself, etc.).
Doubt, fear.
Dought na, was not able to.
Dow, dove.
Down, *n.*, hill.
Drap, drop.
Drawen, drawn.
Dree, suffer, endure.
Dub, pool.
Dule, sorrow.

Early, earthly, human.
Ee, eye; **ee-bree**, eyebrow.
Een, even, evening.
Een, **eyne**, eyes.
Eldern, elderly.
Eneugh, enough.

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Evanish, vanish.
Evera, every one, every.
Everilkone, **everychon**, everyone.
Evermair, evermore.
Everychon, **everilkone**, everyone.
Eyne, een, eyes.

Fa', fall, befall.
Fader, **fadir**, father.
Fadom, fathom(s).
Faem, foam.
Fail, turf.
Fan, when.
Fa'n, fallen.
Far, where.
Fare, go, voyage.
Farley, **ferly**, *adj.*, strange.
Farley, **ferly**, *n.*, wonder, marvel.
Farsed, stuffed.
Fash, trouble.
Fashous, troublesome, vexatious.
Fat, what.
Fause, false.
Feard, fear.
Feared, afraid.
Feit, feet.
Ferly, **farley**, *adj.*, strange, wonderful.
Ferly, **farley**, *n.*, wonder, marvel.
Fettled, made ready.
Fit, foot, feet.
Flang, flung.
Forbot, prohibition; **over God's** **forbot**, against God's prohibition, God forbid.
Forenent, against, in.
Fortnit, fortnight.
Forward, agreement.
Fra, **frae**, from.
Free, noble, generous, brave, precious, fine, etc.

Fro, from.
Fu', full; very, most.
Fun, whin, furze, heather.
Fute, **whute**, whistle.
Ga, **gae**, go; *pt.*, **gaed**, **ged**, went.
Gae, **gaed**, gave.
Gaf, gave.
Gane, gone.
Gang, go.
Gar, make, cause (someone) to; **gar the bells be rung**, have the bells rung; *pt.*, **gard**, **garr'd**.
Gars-green, grass-green.
Gat, got.
Gaun, going.
Gear, property.
Ged, went.
Geid, gave.
Gi', **gie**, give; *pt.*, **gi'ed**, **gaf**, **gae**, **gaed**, gave; *pl. ppl.*, **gi'en**, given.
Gif, if.
Gin, if; (after interjection) but.
Ginnest, beginnest.
Glee, glove.
Glent, glinted, passed swiftly, "like a flash."
Goud, **gowd**, gold; **gowden**, golden.
Graith, equipment, armor, "horse and arms" (Child).
Greet, grit, gravel.
Greves, groves.
Grith, peace, royal assurance of peace.
Grumly, terrible, fierce.
Gude, **gueed**, **gueede**, **guid**, good.
Ha', have.
Ha', hall.
Hadna, had not.
Hae, have.

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Hald, hold; *pl. ppl.*, **halden**, held.

Haled, hauled, drew back.

Hall-yate, portal.

Hame, home.

Han', hand.

Harness, armor.

Haugh, low ground, bottom land.

Hause-bane, collar bone.

Heir, inherit.

Hell-yates, hell-gates.

Helpen, *vb.*, help.

Hem, them.

Hent up, picked up, took up.

Here, their.

Hersel', herself.

Hert, heart; *pl.*, **hertes**.

He's, he shall. See 's.

Het, heated, hot.

Hewen, hewn, hewed.

Hie, haste.

Hie, high.

Hielanders, Highlanders.

Hight, bid, command.

Hind, young man.

Hind, gentle.

Hit, it.

Holland, fine Holland linen.

Hond, hand.

Honged, hanged.

Hooly, slowly, softly.

Hop, hope.

Howk, holk, dig.

Hundrith, hundred.

Ilka, each.

Ilkone, each one, everyone.

I's, I'se, I shall. See 's.

Iwis, truly, indeed.

Jaw, wave.

Jow, stroke, blow.

Kame, comb.

Keep, care.

Keepit, kept.

Kem, comb.

Kemp, warrior, champion; *pl.*, **kempes**.

Kemperry, warlike, fighting.

Ken, know.

Kilt, tuck up.

Kirtle, skirt.

Kist, *pl.*, cast.

Knicht, knight.

Knownen, *pres. pl.*, know.

Kye, cows.

Laigh, low.

Laily, loathly, loathsome.

Lain, lie, falsehood.

Laith, loath, sorry, unwilling.

Lan', land.

Lang, long; *comp.* **langer**; **think lang**, grow tired (of waiting, etc.).

Lap, wrap.

Lap, leapt.

Late, let.

Lauch, laugh.

Lave, rest (of), (the) others.

Laverock, lark.

Lawland, Lowland.

Lee, lie.

Leive, leave.

Leman, lover, loved one.

Lene, lend.

Let, hinder, hindered.

Leven, lawn, glade.

Licht, alight, alighted.

'Lieve, believe.

Lift, air.

Lift, lifted.

Light, lighted, alighted.

Lilly, lovely.

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Lin, let up, cease.
Lind, line, linden tree, basswood.
Ling, bent-grass.
Lither, lazy (and mischievous).
Live-lang, livelong.
Loe, love.
Loose, release, rescue.
Lope, leapt.
Lough, laughed.
Low, flame.
Low, mound, hill.
Luiht, looked.

Mair, more.
Maister, master.
Mak, make.
Make, mate.
Mane, moan.
Manhuid, manhood.
Mare, more.
Mary, lady in waiting, lady's maid.
Maugre: in the maugre of, in spite of.
Maun, must.
Mavrone! my dear! dear me!
Maw, mow.
May, girl, lass, maiden, virgin.
May, can; could, might.
Meal-pock, beggar's bag.
Mean, moan.
Meed, mood, courage, heart.
Meikle, mickle, much, great.
Meinie, retinue, following.
Merk, mirk, murky, dark.
Merry men, followers, companions in arms.
Mervel, marvel.
Met-yard, measuring stick, yard-stick.
Mich, much.
Micht, might.

Mickle, meikle, much, great.
Mider, mother.
Mind on, remember.
Mirk, merk, murky, dark.
Mirry, merry.
Mither, mother.
Mo, *adv.*, more.
Moder, mother, mother's.
Mony, many.
Muckle, much.
Muir, moor, swamp, swampy fields or meadows; **muir-men**, peasants.
Mutch, cap.
Mysel', myself.

Na, *nae*, *adv.*, no, not; **na** often affixed to verb: **dinna**, couldna; *adj.*, no; **nae ane**, **naebody**, no one, nobody.
Nane, *adj.*, none, no one; *adv.*, not once, not at all.
Nat, not.
Ne, nor; **ne none**, nor any.
Neave, fist.
Needna, need not.
Nicked: **nicked him of nay**, refused him.
Nigh, draw near.
No, *na*, *nae*, *adv.*, not.
Noo, now.
Nourice, nurse, nursing mother.
Nouthur, neither.

O', of, for, about.
Ony, any.
Or, ere, before; **or e'er**, before.
Ost, host.
Ought, owed.
Ower, **owre**, over, too (much, etc.).

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- Paction**, pact, agreement.
Pat, put.
Pellet, ball, bullet.
Pestelet, pistolet.
Pike, pick.
Pine, torment, torture.
Pitten, *pt. ppl.*, put.
Plait, plaited, intertwined.
Plett, plait.
Pleugh, plow.
Plight, plighted, pledged.
Pouthered, powdered.
Pu', pull.
Puir, poor.

Quin, queen.
Quit, requited, avenged.
Quo', quoth, said.

Rade, rode.
Raise, rose.
Rank, order; **in rank**, one after another.
Rash, rush, bulrush.
Rather, earlier, quicker.
Read, advice, counsel.
Read, advise, explain.
Reave, deprive.
Reft, bereft.
Reid, red; **reid-roan**, reddish roan.
Richt, right.
Rin, run.
Row'd, unrolled.

'S, 'se (I'se, ye's, etc.), shall, must; contraction of has (cf. "That goodlie gift has be her ain" Child's No. 6A, st. 24, and French future *il donnera*, i. e., *donner a*, literally "he has to give").
Sa, sae, so.
Saft, soft.

Sair, sore; sorely, bitterly.
Sal, sall, shall.
San, since.
Sark, shirt.
Saul, soul.
Saut, salt.
Saw, vb., sow.
Sead, scald.
Scroggs, shrogs, underbrush, sticks or stakes cut from same.
See: Christ you save and see, watch over, protect.
See, pt., saw.
Sen, since.
Sen', send.
Shaw, grove thicket.
Shaw, vb., show.
Sheave, slice.
Shee, shoe.
Sheen, bright, radiant, beautiful.
Sheet, shoot.
Shent, disgraced.
Shet, pt., shot.
Sheugh, ditch, furrow.
Shill, shrill.
Shinnes, shins.
Shold, should.
Shoon, shoes.
Shotten, pt. pl., shot.
Shot-window, unglazed window in a tower for use of archers; lookout.
Shrad, copse, brushwood, under-wood.
Shrogs, scroggs, underbrush, sticks or stakes cut from same.
Sic, sic a like, such, such a.
Side, long, wide.
Sike, trench, ditch.
Silkie, seal.
Siller, silver.
Simmer, summer.

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Sin, since.
Sin, sun.
Sith, since.
Skaith, harm, damage.
Slade, valley.
Slee, sly; sliely.
Slicht, *vb.*, slight.
Slon, slay.
Smale, *adj. pl.*, small.
Sooth, true.
Soud, **sould**, should; **soud hae**,
 should have.
Sowdan, sultan.
Spak, spak.
Sped, brought to an issue, attended
 to.
Speered, asked, inquired.
Speird, **spierd**, asked, asked for,
 inquired.
Sprent, spurted.
Stane, stone.
Stap, stop, live, dwell.
Steid, steed.
Sterre, star.
Stickit, sticked, stuck.
Store: **set no store by**, not think
 much of.
Stour, onset, fight, clash of battle.
Straik, *vb.*, streak, brush.
Strang, strong.
Straught, straight; straightway.
Streen: **the streen**, yesterday even-
 ing.
Strenger, stronger.
Sud, **suld**, should.
Sum, some.
Swapt, smote; **swapt together**,
 struck at each other.
Sware, swore.
Swat, *pl.*, sweat, sweated.
Swerd, sword.

Sweven, dream.
Swithe, stoutly.
Syne, since, then, next, after that,
 thereupon.
Tae: **the tae . . . the tither**, the
 one . . . the other. See **tane**,
tone.
Ta'en, taken.
Tak, take.
Tane: **the tane**, the one (of us, of
 them, etc.). See **tae**, **tone**.
Tane, taken, captured.
Tell'd, told.
Tent, tend, take care of.
Tett, plaited strand of hair.
Thae, those, the.
Thame, them.
Than, then.
The', they.
Theek, *vb.*, thatch, line.
Thegither, together.
Then, than.
Thiderward, thitherward.
Thorough, **thrae**, through.
Thrast, thrust, forced their way.
Thraw, throw.
Thristlecock, thrush.
Thritty, thirty.
Throly, stubbornly, eagerly, boldly.
Thu, thou.
Till, lure, entice.
Till, *prep.*, of place as well as time,
 to.
Tint, lost.
Tirl, rattle (the latch-pin).
Tither, (the) other.
Tithinges, tidings.
Tone: **the tone . . . the tother**,
 the one . . . the other. See **tae**,
tane.

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- Tooken**, *pt. pl.*, took.
Toom, empty.
Tother, (the) other.
Tree, beam, timber, wood; the cross.
Trouth, troth, (sense of) honor.
Trow, true, believe.
True-love, lover, beloved one.
Tul, till.
Turmentures, tormentors, executioners.
Twa, two.
Twin, separate, part; *pt.*, twined, twinn'd.

Unbond, *pt.*, unbound, untied.
Unco, unknown, strange, extraordinary; very.
Unshemly, unseemly.
Until, *prep.*, of place as well as time, to, unto.
Upo', upon.

Verament, truly.
Vew, yew; **vew-bow**, yew-bow.

Wad, would; **wad hae**, would have; **wadna**, would not.
Wae, woe.
Wald, would.
Waly! alas!
Wan, wand.
Wane, **wone**, number.
War, were.
Wardle, world.
Ware, aware.
Wark, **werk**, work, deed.
Warld, world.
Warst, worst.
Washen, *pt. ppl.*, washed.
Wat, **wot**, know, knows.
Wauken, waken.

Waur, worse.
Weel, well; **weel-far'd**, well-favored, goodlooking; **weel-tappit**, well preened, well groomed, spruce.
Weepand, weeping.
Weet, wet.
Weir, war.
Wende, go.
Werk, **wark**, work, deed.
Wha, who; **whae'er**, whoever.
Whan, when.
Whatten, what, what a.
Wheder, whether.
Whute, **fute**, whistle.
Wi', with.
Wight, creature, person, thing.
Wight, strong, sturdy, bold.
Win, *n.*, wind; *vb.*, dry (hay).
Win, won.
Win: **win in**, get (back) in; **win near**, get near (to).
Wiss, wish.
Wist, knew.
Wit, knowledge, understanding.
Withouten, without.
Wold, would.
Wone, **wane**, number.
Won up, win up, get up.
Wood, mad, crazy.
Worth: **woe worth thee**, woe be unto thee.
Wot, know, knows.
Wouch, distress.
Wow! alas!
Wrang, wrong.
Wroken, *pt. ppl.*, avenged.
Wud, wood.
Wull, will.

Yare, ready.

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Yate, yett, gate.

Yede, went.

Yee, eye.

Yeman, yeoman; *pl.*, yemen.

Yer, your.

Yerl, earl.

Yerly, early.

Ye's, ye shall, ye must. See 's.

Yestreen, yesterday evening, last night.

Yett, yate, gate.

Yeven, give.

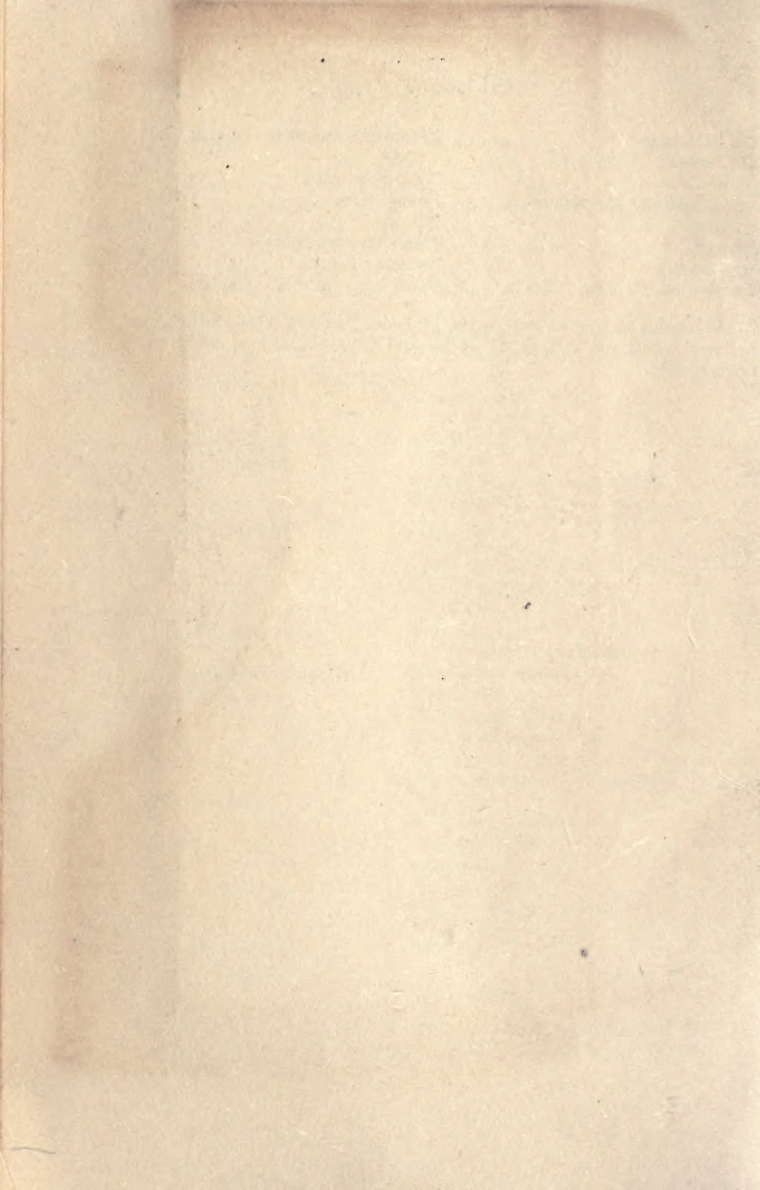
Yill, ale.

Yisterday, yesterday.

Yoman, yeoman.

Yond, *adj.*, *adv.*, yon, yonder.

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